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for Teen-agers

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Miss America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

THIS has been an exciting month for me, and I'm still trying to catch my breath. Just got back from Hollywood and must say it is the most enchanting place in the world. Sweet May Mann, your Western Representative, took me to all the movie sets and—well, there's so much to tell about meeting "Hollywood's Younger Set", that I've set aside space in the May issue to tell you more about my trip.

I will say now, though, that the Shirley Temples, Diana Lynns, Ann Blyths, and many, many of the teen-age stars, are the finest youngsters you'd want to meet. They are like you—typical MISS AMERICAS. You'd never guess they were rich and famous by their good taste, modesty and evident fine breeding. They are as deeply concerned with today's catastrophe as you are. And, like you, they have loved ones in the Armed Forces, are active Nurses' Aides, do all sorts of patriotic war work between pictures.

The rage in Hollywood as, indeed, all over, is Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra. The Younger Set gets as big a thrill from these Prince Charmings as you do. Of course, there are factions who think Frankie is tops, while others go into raptures over Van. It was fun listening to these stars rave about their raves...

Clothes and school and makeup and politics and boys and books and dates and war work dominate their conversation. Their talk is keen, intelligent.

When I returned to my desk I found thousands of your letters saying how much you liked MISS AMERICA and that—yes, you hoped we'd omit the Miss America comics from your magazine. Actually, girls, you are the *real* editors of MISS AMERICA because, after all, all we do is publish the type of stories—fiction, articles and comics—you request. So how about continuing to help us give you the best teen-age magazine ever printed?

By the way, it will be fun printing your pictures in MISS AMERICA SPEAKS, together with your friendly letters which, as you know, we pay \$1.00 each to print.

Another thing, girls, don't think we've forgotten that \$50.00 monthly prize for the best piece of fiction or article. Fact is, my trip—which was business, combined with pleasure—held up the appearance of the first winner. But look for the May issue and continue to send in your compositions—that is, manuscripts—sounds more professional, don't you think?

See you next month. Be good.

Bestest,

JEAN GOODMAN.

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Boy Crazy...

By MAXINE SHORE

It's the story you've been waiting for, because perhaps you have felt the same deep, bitter pangs Diane did, when she heard the girls call her . . .

SKATES whispering over smooth ice, Diane Paul flashed away from the chattering group of girls, across the rink. Her brief scarlet skirt whipped about her slim racing figure. The wind, tanged by the year's first freeze, nipped her cheeks pink. It was fun, she told herself determinedly—wonderful fun!

But it wasn't. Not really. Not without Bob to share it with her.

Over at the side of the rink, the boys had gathered, watching the newcomer in town. Jeff Pollard, cut a neat figure eight. Flying toward them, Diane caught her breath. How much Jeff reminded her of Bob. The way he held his head, the same tawny unruly hair, that sudden way of grinning.

"Gangway!" she called, zipping into their midst. "Come on, somebody, skate me around the rink."

Her laughing dark eyes looked from one to the other of the group, liking them all—Hank, Tom Ganter, Sandy, Duke Simmons. Strong-limbed, healthy, lean-cheeked boys, all man-of-the-world swagger on top, small boy beneath. Like Bob.

No one answered right away.



Elaine hailed them. "Mind if I cut in, Di? You can't have all the boys, you know—not with the present shortage."



ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT FISHER

Then Hank said carelessly, "What's the matter, Di, can't you get around by yourself any more? Practically all of us have toted you around tonight at least once."

Diane stuck out her tongue. "Okay for you, lazy." She skated to Tom Ganter, slipped a mittened hand through his arm. "Come on, Tom."

"Sorry, Di," mumbled Tom. "Promised Liz a whirl."

He skated off toward the group of girls Diane had just left. Diane felt suddenly queer. Awkward. If only Bob were here, she thought chokingly, she wouldn't have to go begging for skating company or any other kind! How she missed him—how cruelly she missed (Continued on page 65)

After the War— WHAT?



PHOTOS COURTESY,
A.W.V.S.—CHARLES KLEIN,—NAT'L. REC. ASS'N.

Your entire future depends upon the answer to the above question. . . . This stuff is thought-provoking, good for you . . .

By ALYCE CANFIELD

HOW about it, teen-agers? After the war—work or school, which?

In the hands of Miss Bobbie Socks rests a great part of the problem of unemployment which will face the world at the war's end. These young girls in Sloppy Joe sweaters with bows in their hair can no longer be dismissed as youngsters who think only of good times. They have proven their ability to hold down men's jobs, and, in many instances, they have also proven that they can take over the home and manage it as successfully as their parents. Children of the war have been forced to accept responsibilities never before demanded of them. They have had to mature quickly.

Many of them have stopped their schooling, and the new independence resulting from being a bread winner has made the family listen more respectfully to their viewpoints. Eighteen-year-old Margie doesn't ask any more IF she can go to a movie—she goes. After all, isn't it her money? Even the girls who have stayed right in school during the halocaust mingle with those who have not. They taste a vicarious kind of freedom, and wait the end of school days eagerly. But many young girls, employed as file clerks, typists, secretaries, sales girls, have these jobs only because the boys are away at war. They don't have the background or education to hold their positions when the boys come back and they are faced with real competition. What will they decide to do? The answer rests not with returning servicemen and women, not with



parents, or school boards. The answer rests with the teen-aged girls, themselves.

Realizing this, MISS AMERICA talked with six representative girls, posing this question: *After the war—what do you intend to do, work or go to school?*

Attractive Lois Flynn, president of the Girls' League at Hollywood High School, had this to say: "I think girls should leave jobs open for the men who are coming back. I think we should all keep on with our schooling: high school, and college, if possible. Now a lot of girls have been able to get jobs without experience, but when the war is over, the competition is going to be terrific. Supposing you do have a job as a file clerk today? You're apt to be at that same job forever if you don't prepare yourself for something better. All the



education, training and experience you can get will one day be the difference between advancement and mediocrity. When the war is over, if girls will concentrate on getting this training, and either give up their present jobs or not go out looking for jobs, it

will help the veterans over that first hump. The more jobs there are to be had, the easier it will be to place 11,000,000 servicemen and women when they come back."

Gloria De Haven, 19, beautiful young star of "Red Adams", was surprised anyone should believe that girls who quit high school or college to help out with the war effort would want to continue working. "Girls who have stopped school to go to work during these times," says Gloria (Continued on page 63)

Hostess Hints...

So you're giving a party? And you want it to be a knock-out? Well, it can be just that if you'll lend an ear to Dorothy's grand suggestions . . .



The hostess starts things off in a happy mood by serving a cool drink to all her guests. No preparation at all was needed for breaking the ice, here.

By DOROTHY DAY

THINGS done with seemingly little effort are usually well done. The rider who pulls and strains and bounces, is surely a poor rider. The swimmer who splashes and beats the water is not to be compared with the girl who "swims like a fish." The "fish" swimmer is graceful, she does not splash and puff and pant. She does it the easy way. This is because she knows how. The same goes for dancing. The pump-handler who jerks his arm up and down with every step, who leads his partner as if he were pushing a plow, is not only hard on himself, but equally so on his partner.

And the same thing applies to the hostess. The flustered, flushed, uneasy hostess, who bustles and flutters among her guests, doesn't

make her visitors feel at ease, either. But the girl who is natural and easy soon has everybody feeling at home.

When you are going to have a party, prepare for it in advance. If you have to rustle out to the kitchen from time to time to see what's cookin', you're soon in the flushed and fluttery class. When you plan to serve refreshments, make your preparations in advance as far as possible, and get the kitchen off your mind.

There are so many good dishes that may be prepared ahead. There are snacks, as well as the more substantial hot dishes which only need re-heating near serving time, so there is no excuse for the hostess to absent herself for long at her party to attend to the refreshments.

To start at the beginning of your party—the manner in which you greet your guests is important. If you seem genuinely glad they've come, you immediately put them at their ease. I don't mean the gushing over-enthusiastic hostess is attractive. Far from it. Is there any greater bore than the one who rushes at you as if she hadn't seen you in years, shouting: "DARLing! How SIMPLY WONderful to see you," when she's seen you that very afternoon in school! However, if she comes forward with a bright smile and warmth in her voice, what she says can be, and should be. (Continued on page 52)



Everybody sing! Hostess again leads the gang without anyone really noticing she started it. And everybody loves to sing.



Soon the party is in full swing as the hostess unobtrusively gets things organized. And the gay party mood continues until leaving-time.



It merely takes a suggestion, prettily said by the hostess, and up bobs Shy-Jack to roll up the rug or to move the chairs so the gang can dance.





STARLIGHT...



No need to wish upon a star for bright, cheery clothes.
These, illustrated here, are within every girl's reach...

2

STARBRIGHT...



4



3

1

Trim teens go for this two-piece June Bentley tailored type of wool 'and rayon. Gay skirt buttons on with colorful flower buttons. Slashed pockets and long sleeves are so practical. Comes in luscious aqua, pink, maize, cream. Sizes 9 to 15. R. H. Macy & Co. \$15.00.

2

This zebra print of Cartwright rayon is so flattering to chubby cherubs. It's the cut of the sleeves and full skirt in this Rainbow Dress that does it. Nice enough for parties too. Comes in coral, lime, chartreuse. Sizes 10 to 16. At James McCreery & Co., N. Y. \$9.00.

3

A wool houndstooth checkered jacket dress is a serviceable and cozy item for teen types. The contrast in binding and double row of buttons gives this Joan Miller dress a military touch. Comes in cherry, lime, cocoa and blue. Sizes 9-15. At Gimbel Bros., N. Y. \$15.00.

4

Nice 'n' neat twosome. Blouse: shadow stripe rayon crepe in white, maize, pink, blue. Sizes 32-38. \$3.00. Skirt: rayon flannel with box pleats, front 'n' back. In cream, green, lavender, yellow, blue. Sizes 9-15. \$6.00. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

All prices approximate.



SO YOU WANT TO BE A DESIGNER...



We consider it a privilege to present this inspirational article by Hattie Carnegie, world famous designer. . . . We have received thousands of letters asking us how a teen-ager goes about preparing herself for a designing career, so we turned to the woman who made her ambitions come true, for the answers . . .

This is the brilliant and beautiful designer, Hattie Carnegie. Her rise to fame did not happen over-night; it took years of hard work and study to achieve greatness in her field.

HATTIE CARNEGIE is a shining example of what can be done in this wonderful land of ours with the right combination of talent, imagination and industry. Far and away America's most noted couturiere, she is as much a name to conjure with in Brussels as she is in Boston, as much admired in Paris as she is in Philadelphia.

Betting commissioners would have said it wasn't in the cards, which only proves—for the nth time—that women are unpredictable and are best omitted from betting commissioners' speculations. Getting back to Miss Carnegie, she was born in Vienna, transported to

America when she was twelve, cast adrift a year later on the death of her father.

At thirteen she was an errand girl at Macy's and contributing to the support of her six brothers and sisters, all of them younger than herself. At twenty she was launching the first Carnegie enterprise, a tiny hat shop over a not-so-tiny delicatessen whose inelegant odors had a way of trickling upstairs. She made the transition from hats to frocks with typical Carnegie ease, modeled her own creations, caught on like a bonfire, and by 1925 was installed in her shop (shoppe, if you prefer) at 42 East 49th Street where she currently

By
HATTIE CARNEGIE
as told to
Kathleen Norris

broods over the fashion problems of the nation's most chic females.

Petite, blond, handsome, married but childless, she lives in a magnificent New York apartment, spends her leisure time, what there is of it, tending a model farm, complete with cows, etc., in neighboring New Jersey.



The field of fashion designing is an interesting field and, to be sure, a very rewarding one. Unfortunately, however, it is also a very misunderstood field, especially by the large portion of Young America which entertains in varying degrees a hope of becoming

one day a prominent part of it. To hear Young America tell it, a designer's job is to sketch or paint fancy creations (which are then executed, presumably, by a host of energetic little gremlins) and to drop around on designated days for the pay check. This, alas, is not the case.

Ability to sketch, to be sure, is often a worthwhile talent and may lead to a job as an advertising artist but hardly to a career as a designer. A talent for sketching is only a minor detail in the make-up of a good designer whose job involves choosing fabrics intelligently, draping models, cutting patterns, and, finally, putting the garment together in such a way that it will display the

wearer's good lines and conceal those that are not so good.

Now that we know what designing is, supposing we take a quick look at the field. Roughly speaking, there are some 8,000 women in the United States with jobs in the field, some of them employed as draftswomen. It goes without saying that the turnover is sizable, women being women and partial to marriage. Substantial as it is, this number is certain to increase when the war ends and the United States assumes the leadership of the world in mass production of ladies' wear, a condition that will call for the employment of more designers.

The fact that we will lead the world in mass production, however, does not mean that New York will become the Fashion Center of the World. In my opinion, Paris will always be the inspiration to couturièrs, which is why I have made a reservation on the first available clipper that can take me there.

But Paris and inspiration are primarily for the "creators" of fashion. There are about eight top designers here in this country who are considered "creators of fashion." We design custom-made originals and these models—so they tell us— (Continued on page 62)



FOR GIRLS ONLY!

By
**NINA
WILCOX
PUTNAM**



Aunt Nina's answers to your problems are helpful, heart-warming...

OH YOU darling girls! You're so sweet! And the longer this column runs, the lovelier your letters get—the more important and interesting, too! I am beginning to feel like the old woman who lived in a shoe, for I have so many nice "nieces" I don't know what to do—to make them realize how much I love them and how happy and eager I am to be of help to them in every possible way. It is like having a great big flower garden in new bloom to look after and tend and I am so proud of my Garden-of-Girls and the blossoming of their fine young minds!

All I can say is, keep writing. Tell me what is in your hearts and on your hearts. I will answer from the depths of mine.

But sweethearts, when you write me a letter to which you want a personal answer, sent through the mail, you *must* remember to tell me what your last name is. The postman and I are not magicians, and so how can I write to you if I don't know your full name? Letters which you don't sign fully can only be answered in this column.

Write soon, and about anything and everything. Write me the things you thought you'd never tell anybody, and see how earnestly I will try to understand and help.

Lovingly,

Aunt Nina.

GIRL-GARDEN FASHION NOTE: With spring not so far off the latest fashion is bright, enameled flowers in the form of matching pin and earrings. Every month has its flowers. May, the violet, June, the rose, etc. Choose these dainty ornaments according to the month of your birth. I saw Shirley Booth of radio fame at the Stage Door Canteen last week, and she was lovely with enameled lilies in her ears, and at the throat, on a snowy nylon blouse. She sings for the boys, for free, of course, every Saturday afternoon before her broadcast.

GOOD FOR YOU, GOOD SAMARITAN! Dear Claire, you blessed girl, so you want to be a Nurse's Aide! I wish more girls of sixteen would get this splendid idea. I honestly hope you and the friends you mention will volunteer immediately. Go to the nearest hospital and tell the receptionist what you want to do. She will put you in touch with the person in charge, who can explain what is required more accurately than I can. Then if you are accepted, *don't quit!* See it through. It is hard work and some of it is unpleasant, but you must always be cheerful, dependable, and you must be physically strong. Don't offer to work beyond your strength. A few hours a day well done is worth more than a full shift when you are over-tired. God bless you and help you in this wonderful undertaking, dear!

TIME WILL TELL, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL TIME. Margo R. At your age of fourteen, dear heart, it does not make the slightest difference that the boy you like is a few months younger. If he is a fine boy and devoted to you in a nice, wholesome way, be friends with him and enjoy his company. When you are old enough to marry, then is the time to think seriously about a difference

in age.

NO KISS—NO NOTHIN' SECTION: For Pat R. and practically every other girl in America. Listen, sweets, the thing to say to a boy who wants to kiss you when you don't want to kiss him is NO. There are, however, many ways of saying "no," and which one you use depends on how much you'd like to go out with him again on a kissless basis. If he wants to start a necking party, just for the sake of necking, you should say, "No," very firmly. If it is merely an affectionate impulse on his part, and you don't want to respond, you might say something like, "Look Joe, let's not. This sort of thing is important to me and I don't throw my kisses around. What say we forget it?" Say it lightly and pleasantly. If he persists, walk out on him, still lightly and pleasantly *but not flirtatiously*. Refusing a boy in a tactful, charming way, never yet kept him from coming back for more. But make your attitude plain the first time you go out with him.

BREATH OF SWEET SPRING IDEA: I'll bet not even your best friend has told you this one. We all of us use mouth wash to guard against you-know-what. But some girls can't stand the medicated taste of ordinary breath disinfectants. Here's a swell substitute. Into a tumbler of lukewarm water put one-half teaspoonful of your favorite eau de cologne or toilet water. Mix well and rinse your mouth thoroughly. Tastes clean and you'll give out like a flower.

PARTY OF THE FIRST PART DEPARTMENT: Zoina G. Darling, it certainly is a problem, this business of how to give a party in a home where the father has to go to bed early because of having to be on the job first thing in the morning; or where there (Continued on page 26)

Hollywood's

YOUNGER SET***

By May Mann

May brings us the latest, scoopiest news of the cinema city . . .

HI! Last month I took a flying trip to New York City from Hollywood. . . . And, I saw all of your wonderful letters. . . . Thousands of 'em stacked in the offices of MISS AMERICA. . . . Lovely, dark-eyed Jean Goodman, your supervising editor, and vivacious, wonderful Bessie Little, your editor, were exclaiming, "You must read this one!" . . . "Listen to this!" . . . "This is what the hundreds of thousands of MISS AMERICAS want to read and hear about Hollywood, May!" . . . So here I am reporting the Younger Set right on the scene in Hollywood, and what's new, as I see it; as I know it:

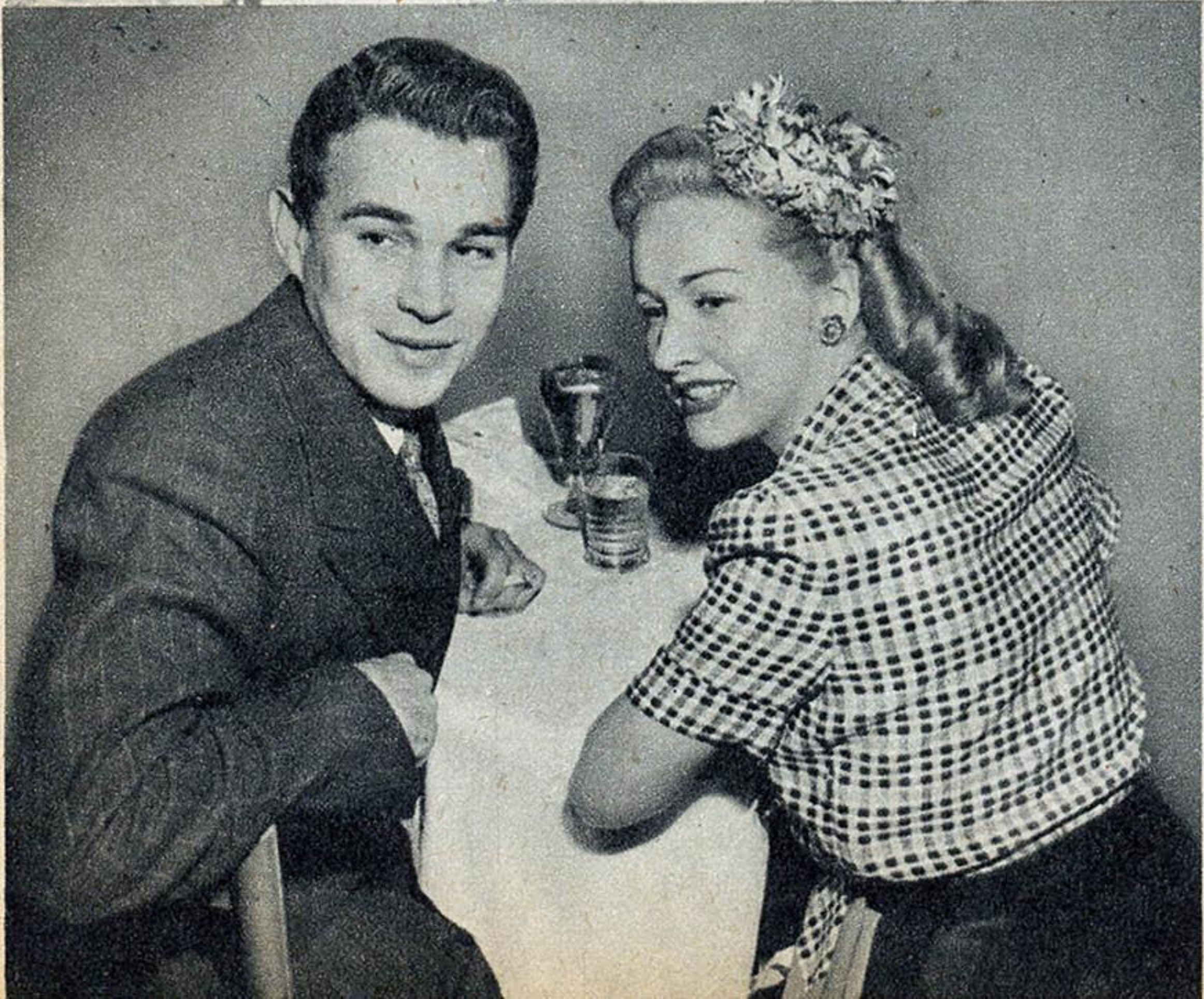
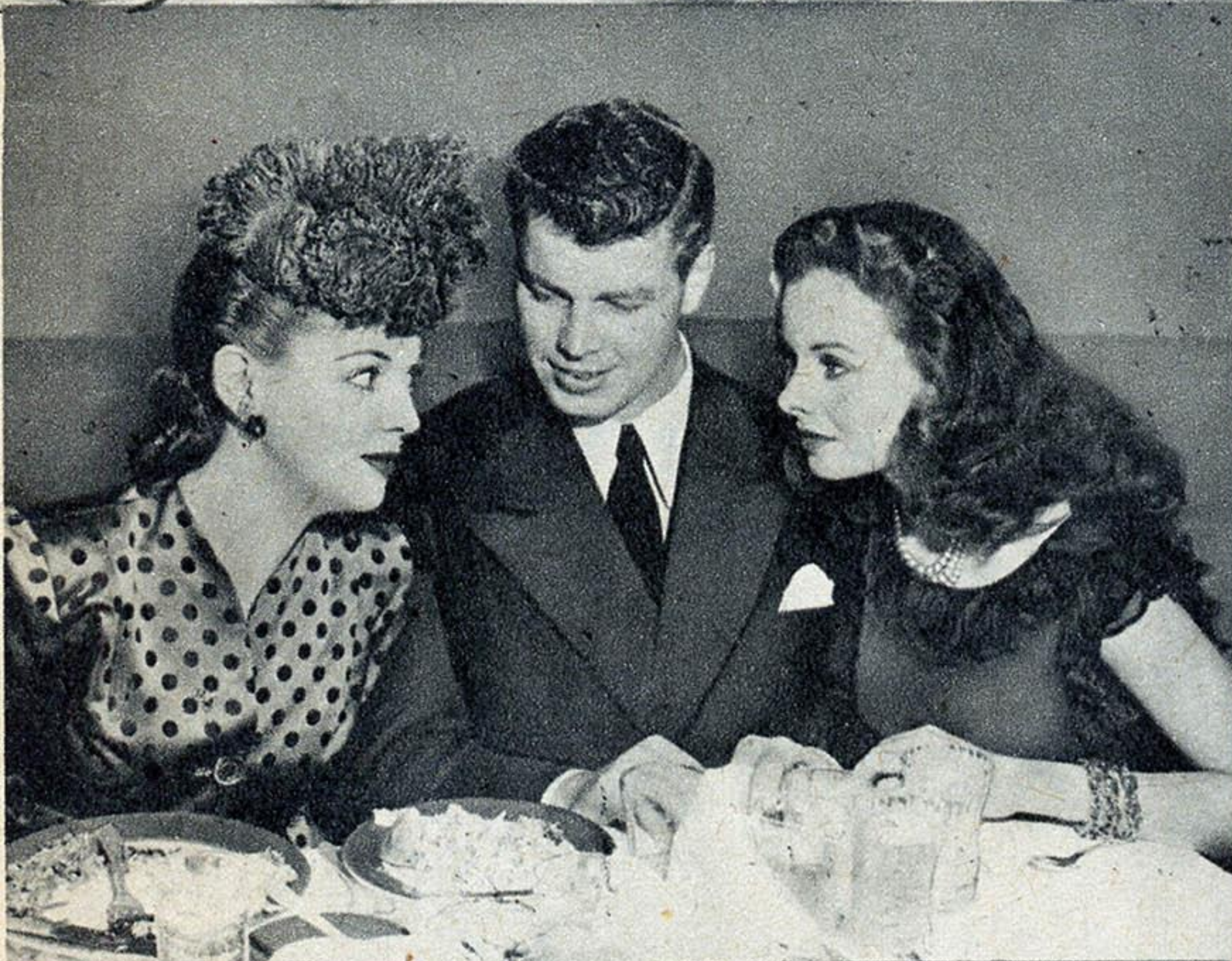
Dream-Puss Adele Jergens, the blonde model who plays the lead in "A Thousand and One Nights" opposite heaven-sent Cornell Wilde, is dating that drooly Ross Hunter. Saw 'em at the Mocambo, hand in hand. And Ross, who was a school teacher in Ohio, until his English class decided that he out-Sinatraed Frankie, and postered the school with banners saying so (the principal fired him and Ross had to go to Hollywood and make good), is receiving congrats for the lead in "A Guy, A Girl and a Pal."

Janie Withers' play (Continued on page 51)

■ Top, Adorable Diana Lynn and bespectacled Robert Walker doing the town together. Art Weissman got this sweet shot of the pair dining at the Mocambo.

■ Center, Vivian Blaine, Dick Crane—he's Hollywood's latest rave—and Jeanne Crain, at the annual Photographers' dinner-dance at Ciro's, swank eatery.

■ Below, Two of Hollywood's Younger Set enjoying Zero Mostel's looney antics at the Clover Club are attractive thespians, Bonita Granville and Dean Harens.



be poised for CHARM..



*do you walk
like this?*



*do you twiddle
your hair?*



*do you bite
your nails?*

By KAREN VAN LISSEL

We've heard the question countless times: "How can I be charming?" Listen, darlings, the teens can and should be the loveliest years because your bodies are lithe and flexible and your minds so eagerly open for suggestions . . . Here are a few . . .

I AM not going to ask you whether you want to be a charming girl. Of course, you do. Every girl does. The real question is, "How can you be charming?"

Well, there are many ways, but now, we'll talk about just one of them: poise.

WHAT IS POISE?

The easiest way to find out what poise is is to look at several girls that you may know.

Anna always walks as fast as she can walk. She leans far forward. Maybe, she humps up her shoulders and gives them a little jerk every time she takes a step. As if she could walk with her shoulders! Perhaps, she sways from side to side or even wiggles her whole body. One thing is certain: her muscles are so tense that she might be mistaken for a first class wrestler and the lines in her forehead suggest that she (Continued on page 40)

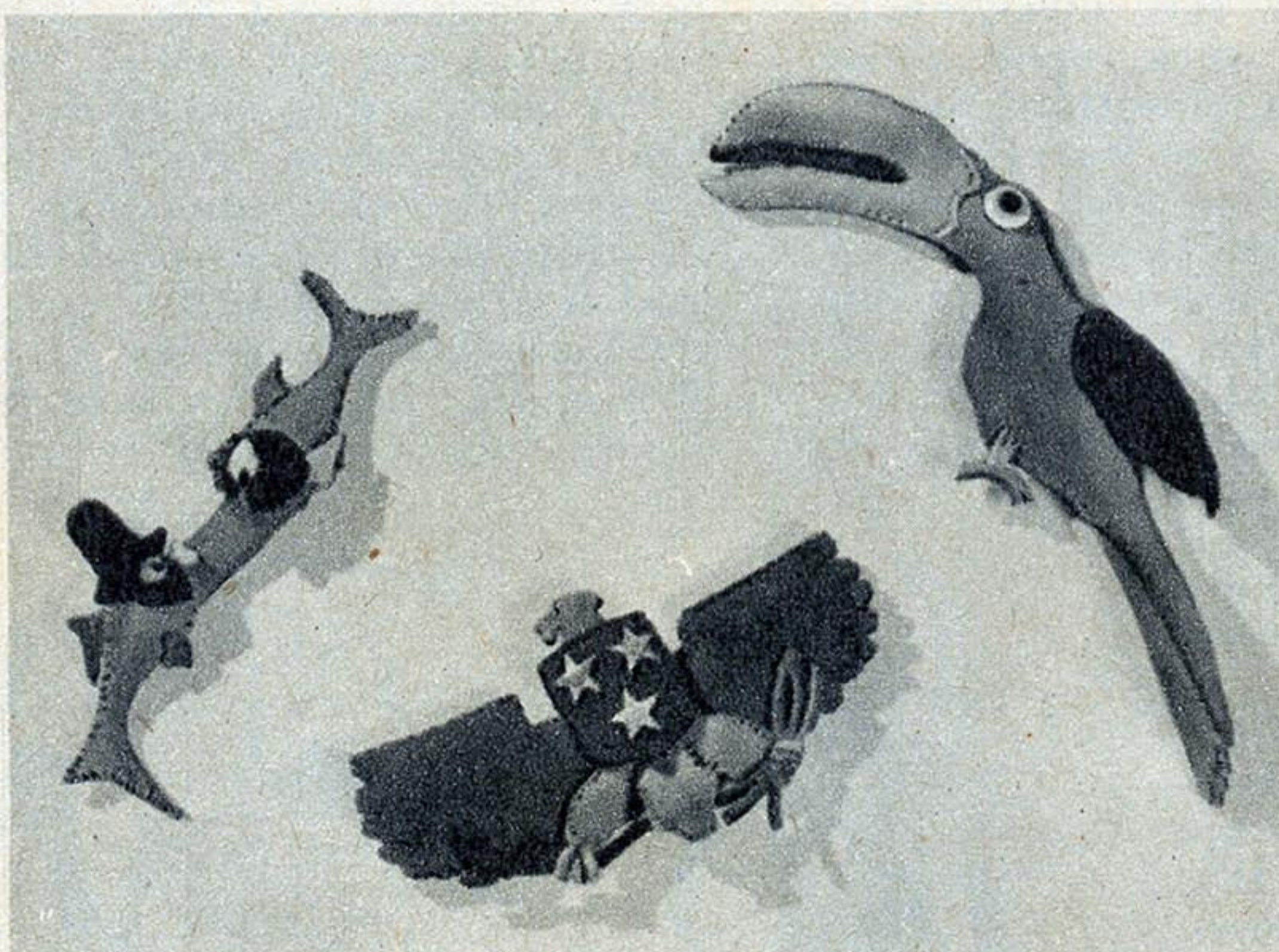
HOBNOBBING

with a **HOBBY...**

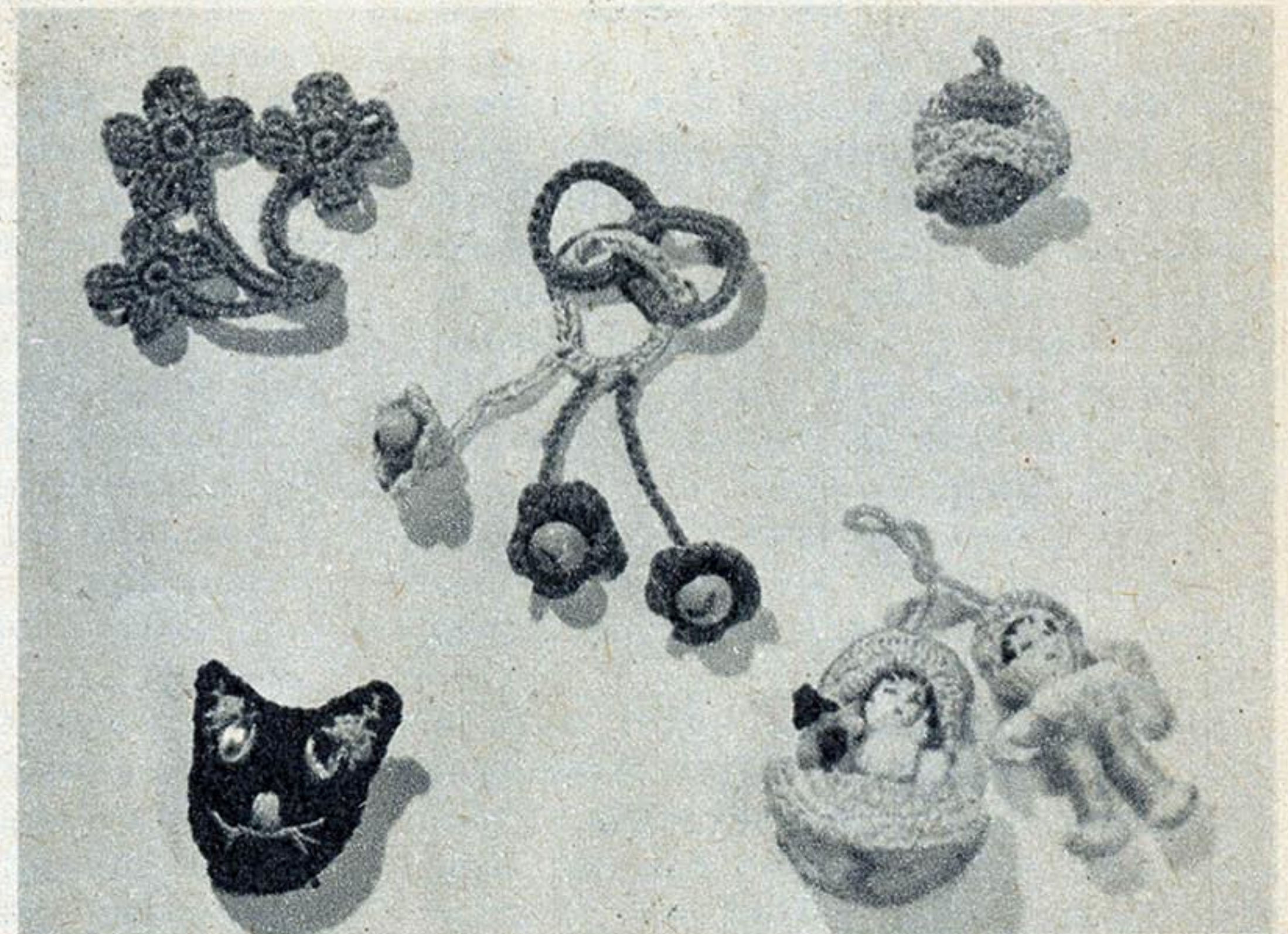


a—Show your colors, gang! A red, white and blue sweater and a cheery tassel top to match makes a pretty, patriotic color scheme. Knit it yourself with Knit-Cro-Sheen. Send for Pattern P.K. 2222. Requires 2 balls each of blue and white; 1 ball of red.

b—Smartest trick of the month: A drawstring bag and curvette made of $\frac{1}{4}$ yard remnant of upholstery or drapery fabric; $\frac{3}{8}$ yd. lining, 6 plastic rings, cable cord. Ingenious! But then, we told you we had a lot of ideas. Pattern E-155 and E-156.

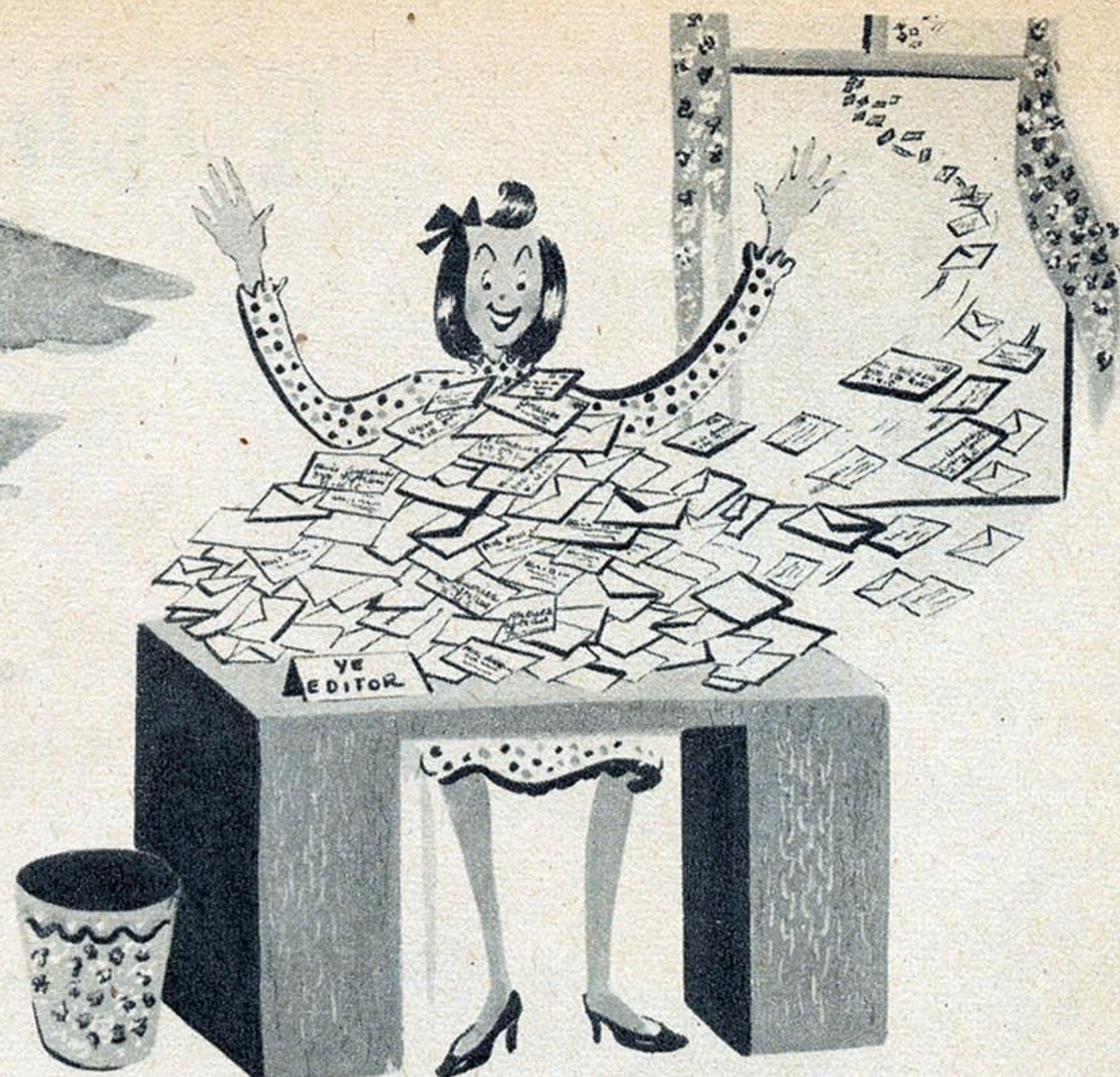


c—Fish or fowl—take your pick! These adorable lapel ornaments are made of scraps, just scraps of different colored felt, a button, and cut-out gold kid or paper stars; and, oh yes, a safety-pin on back of each. Fish: E 280; Tropical Bird: E 281; Eagle: E 283. They're fun to make. Wear 'em on suit, sweater or coat.



d—Crocheted Spray: one ball A or B 19 Green. C. 2682. Bells, 3 balls: white, red, blue—A or B 19. C. 2684. Cat, 2 balls: black, rose A or B 19—P.C. 2628. Fruit bowl, 2 balls: yellow, red, A or B 19. scrap green—P.C. 2683. Him and Her ornament, of Chadwick's Mending Wool, 1 card of yellow, black and white. P.C. 2621.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS...



Come on, girls, and join your friends in this friendly corner. Write about anything and everything. If you've got tricks for teens, tell 'em about it. . . . This is your exclusive department . . . and, you know, MISS AMERICA pays \$1.00 for every letter published

WE GOT a chuckle out of Mary Phillips' clever letter, but must also say that Mary, who hails from Los Angeles, California, has worked out a solution many of us would be wise to follow. Listen:

"I have a very flaring temper," Mary admits, "that I must control. I sometimes say things I am very sorry for afterwards. But what's said, is said and nothing I can do would change the impression people would naturally get. But I think I have found a good solution. I write everything down that I would like to say. After a while, when I have cooled down, I read it over, and think how silly I would've felt if, in my anger, I had said those things."

"Then I tear the paper up and forget all about it. It always works, and I have saved my neck plenty of times that way."

Mary concludes her letter with a nice compliment for MISS AMERICA.

Lourice Peters of Ashtabula, Ohio, should be complimented for this simple beauty trick. But let Lourice tell it:

"The girls who like to have nice white teeth will be interested in the bicarbonate of soda treatment. Take a moistened turkish washcloth, dip it into the soda and rub it over your teeth. You will be pleased with the results."

"It takes away stains and other discolorations and whitens the teeth so

that they look as if you had them cleaned by the dentist. If there are discolorations between the teeth," Lourice continues, "where the washcloth cannot penetrate, wrap a piece of cotton around the blunt end of an orange wood stick and, after moistening it and dipping it in the bicarbonate of soda, rub it between the teeth."

"You can use the bicarbonate treatment once a week, or as often as you like. In addition to its cleansing power, it is beneficial to the teeth and gums and helps to counteract mouth acidity. You must, of course, brush your teeth at least twice a day, in addition to the soda treatment."

Mary A. Greene of Great Neck, N. Y., appears to have a fine flair for interior decorating. I am sure her letter will prove helpful:

"I want to, first of all, congratulate you on your wonderful magazine. It's just what the teenagers ordered . . ."

"As a contributor to the room decorating subject, my sister and I who share a room, had an old dressing table, a large center mirror flanked by two sets of drawers. We

removed the mirror and now have two cute bedside tables which we painted blue with rose handles to match our bedspreads. And the mirror with its blue painted frame hanging on our closet door is grand for a full length view before we dash out the door."

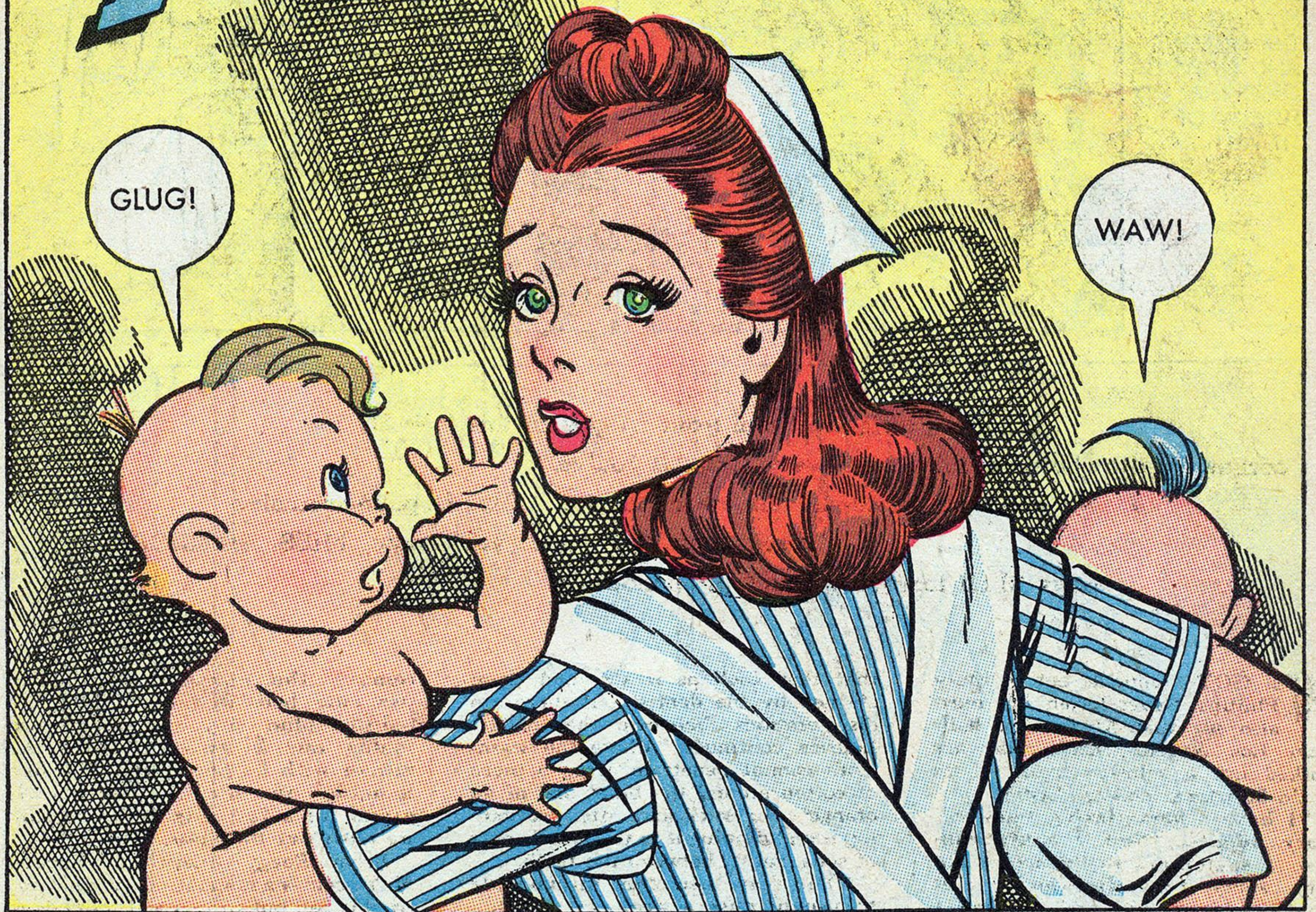
From Peggy Ahern of Jamaica, N. Y., comes a novel idea. We haven't tried it yet, but will, one of these days.

"A simple way to remove underarm perspiration stain from silk dresses is to rub same with a piece of white bread. I have tried it often and it always works."

Mary Jane Toutteney of McKees Rocks, Pa., has a few nice words of praise for (Continued on page 62)



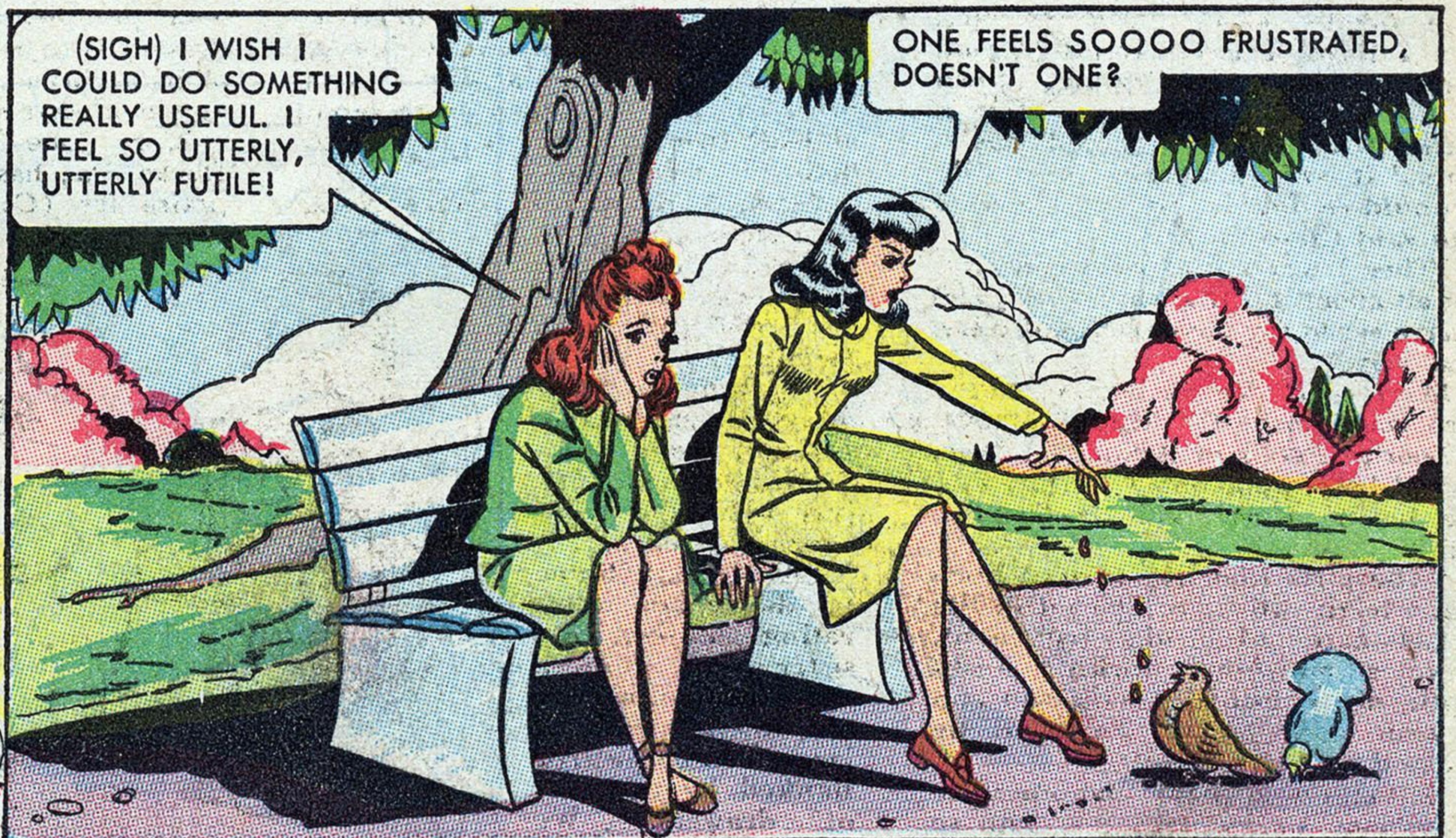
Patsy Walker



IT IS SPRING
AND HOPE AND
AMBITION STIR
IN YOUNG
HEARTS!

(SIGH) I WISH I
COULD DO SOMETHING
REALLY USEFUL. I
FEEL SO UTTERLY,
UTTERLY FUTILE!

ONE FEELS SOOOO FRUSTRATED,
DOESN'T ONE?

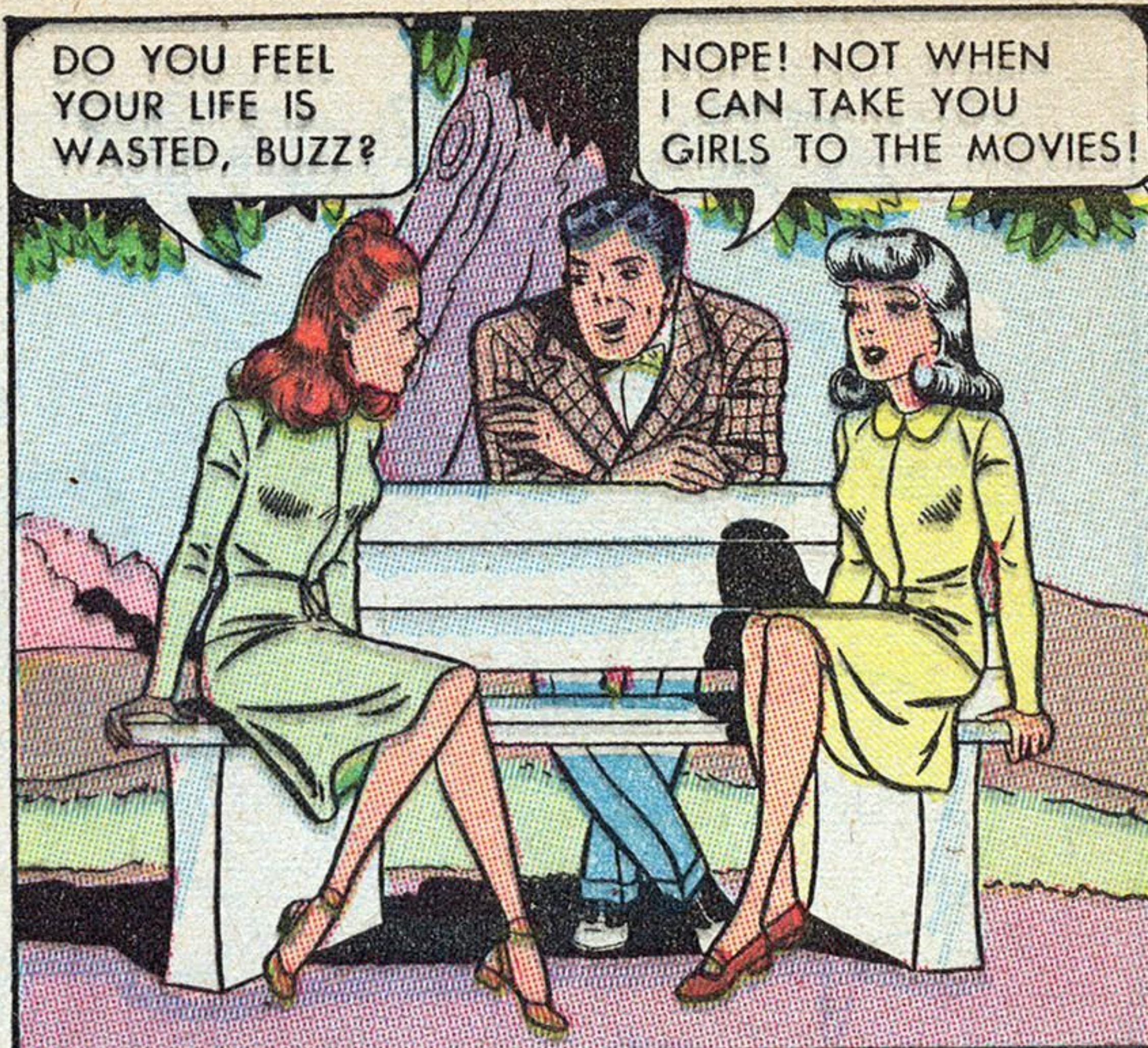


THE MINUTES
HAVE BANDED
TOGETHER TO
BECOME HOURS
AND STILL
PATSY AND
NANCY SIT
FEEDING
THE PIGEONS
AND SIGHING
OVER THE
FUTILITY OF
IT ALL!



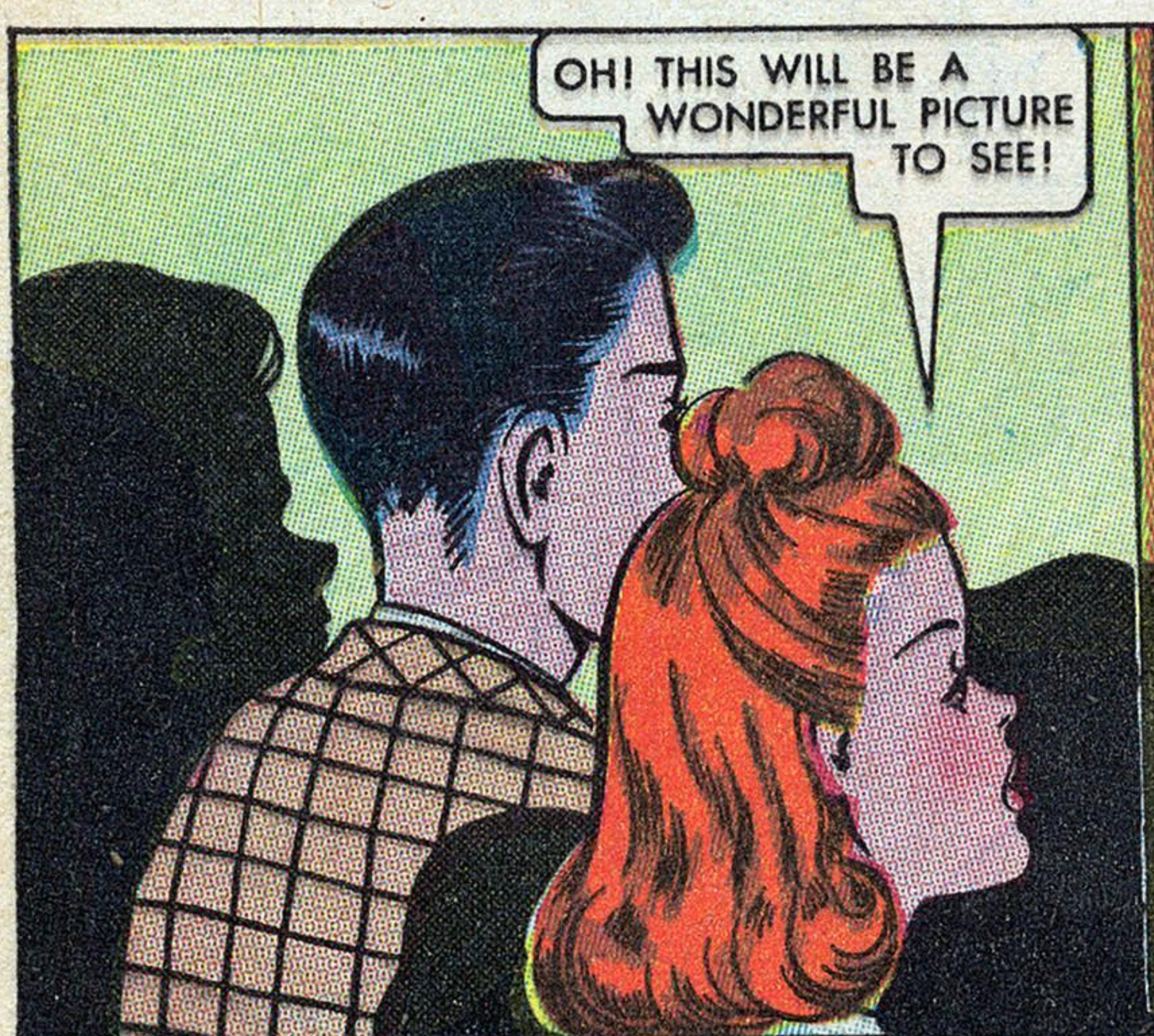
IF IT WAS 1949
I'D BE OLD ENOUGH
TO BE A WAC OR
A WAVE! OH! THE
UNQUALIFIED USE-
LESSNESS OF
YOUTH!

AHOY, MY
FUTILE FRIEND!
HERE COMES
BUZZ!

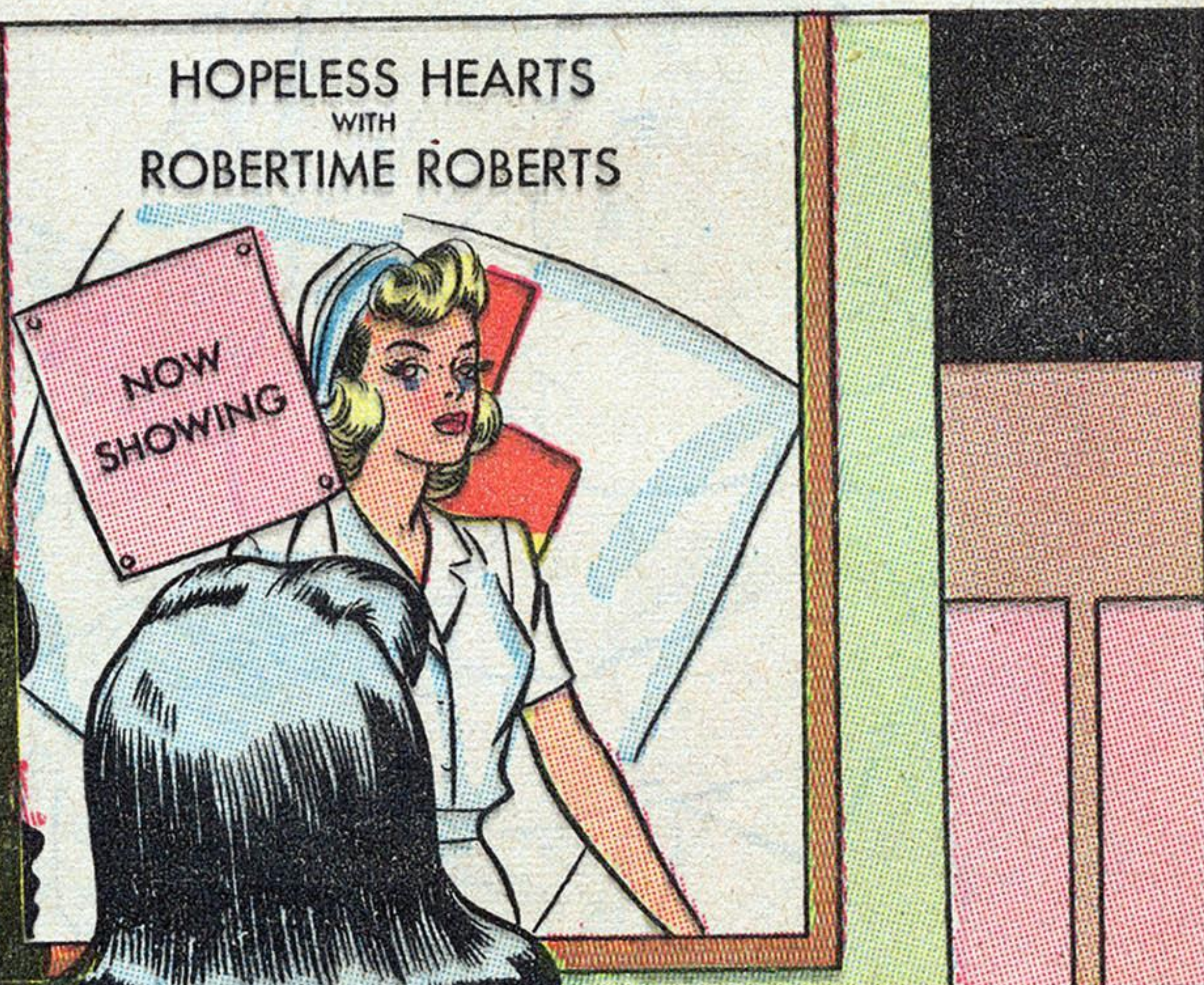


DO YOU FEEL
YOUR LIFE IS
WASTED, BUZZ?

NOPE! NOT WHEN
I CAN TAKE YOU
GIRLS TO THE MOVIES!



OH! THIS WILL BE A
WONDERFUL PICTURE
TO SEE!



HOPELESS HEARTS
WITH
ROBERTIME ROBERTS

NOW
SHOWING

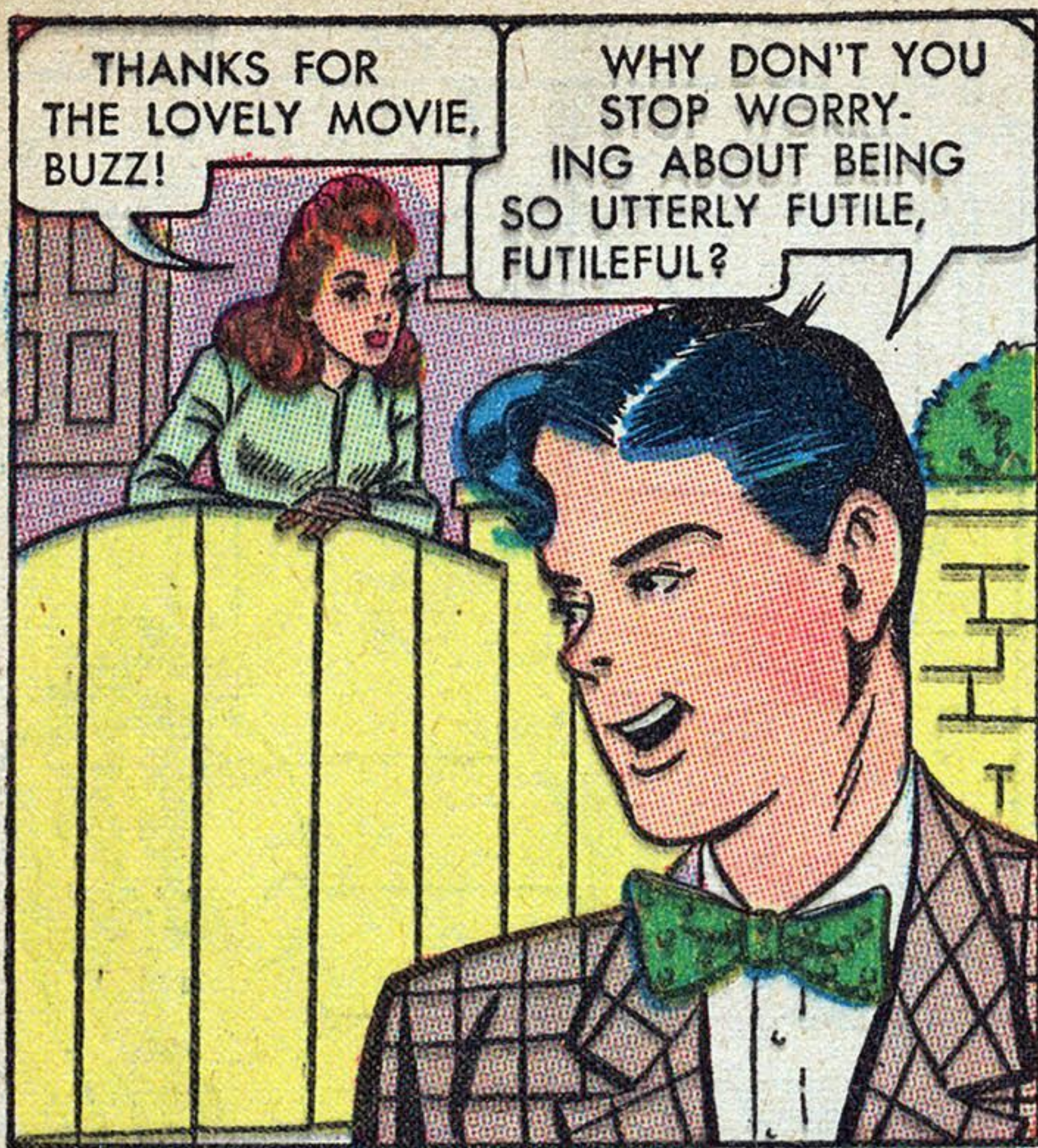


SEE WHAT I MEAN
BY SOMETHING
USEFUL?



WASN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

I'LL STILL
TAKE GENE AIRTRY!



THANKS FOR THE LOVELY MOVIE, BUZZ!

WHY DON'T YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT BEING SO UTTERLY FUTILE, FUTILEFUL?

PATSY WAS STILL WORRIED ABOUT HER "USELESSNESS" THAT EVENING!

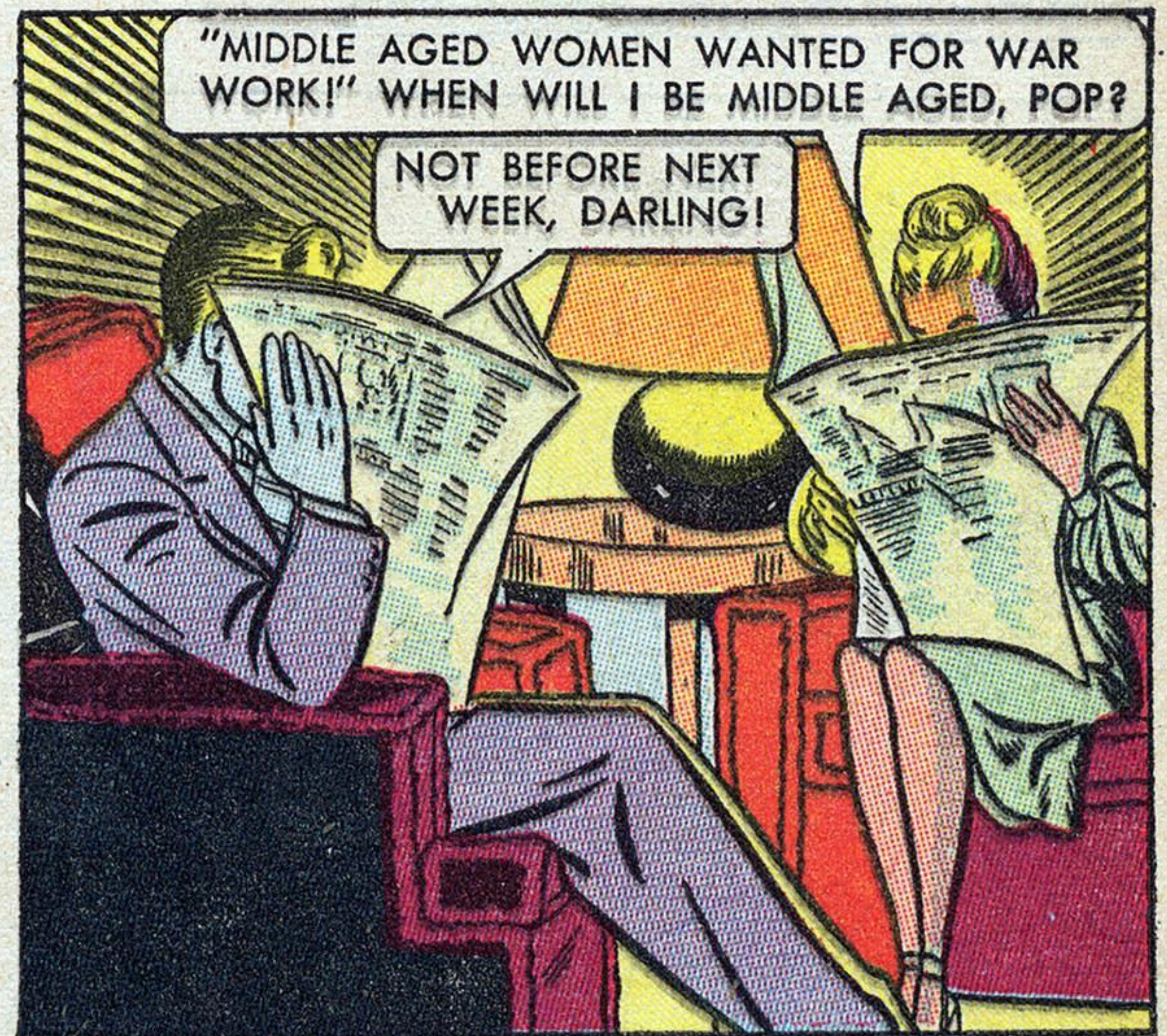


MOM, IS THERE ANY THING WORTH WHILE A GIRL MY AGE CAN DO?

YOU CAN HELP ME CLEAN NEXT WEEK!



WHERE'S THE GLAMOR IN SPRING CLEANING? NOW I ASK ME!



"MIDDLE AGED WOMEN WANTED FOR WAR WORK!" WHEN WILL I BE MIDDLE AGED, POP?

NOT BEFORE NEXT WEEK, DARLING!

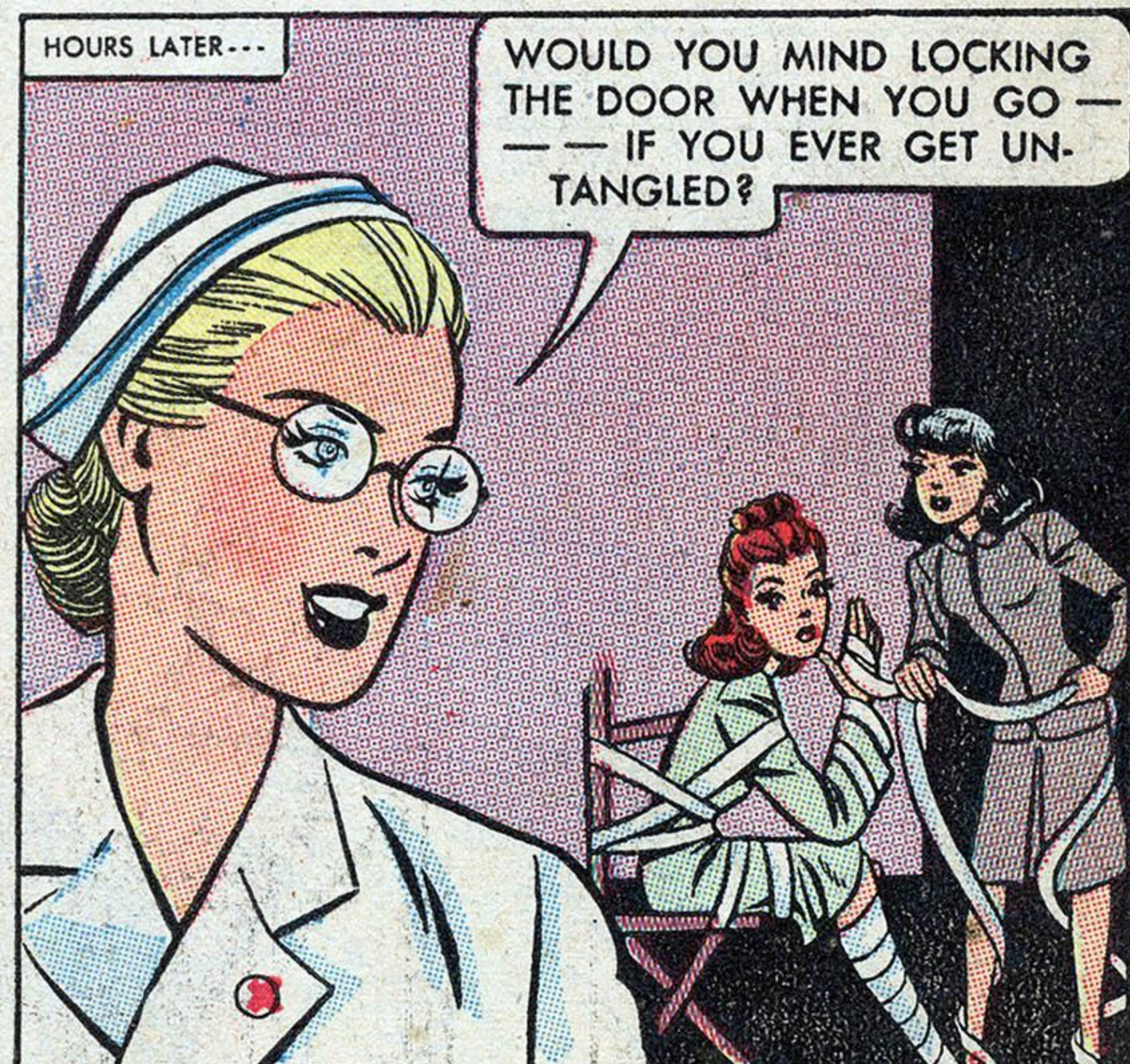


WHY NOT TAKE THE FIRST AID COURSE AT THE RED CROSS? THAT'S USEFUL AND IMPORTANT!

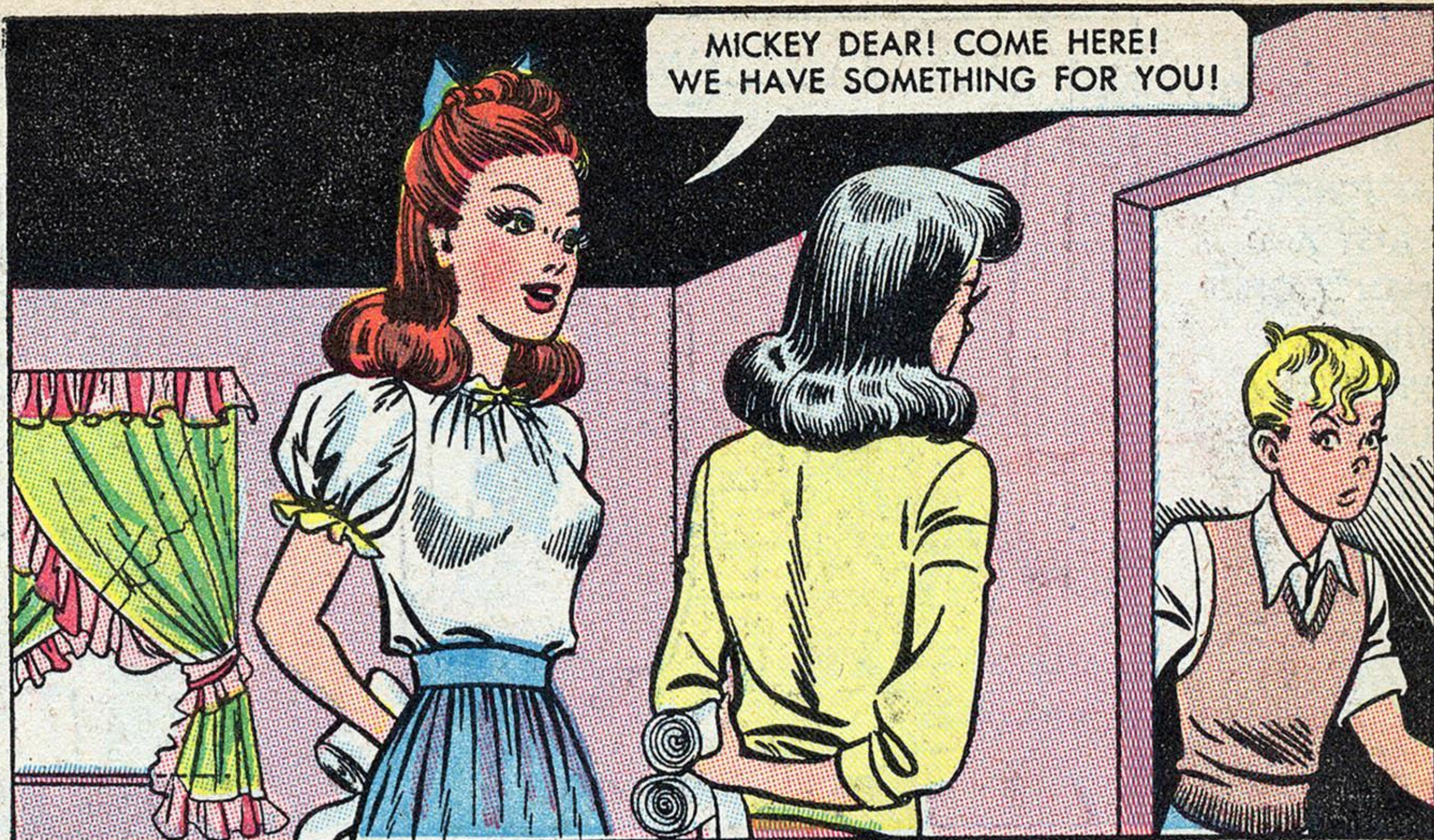
JEEPERS, POP! THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!



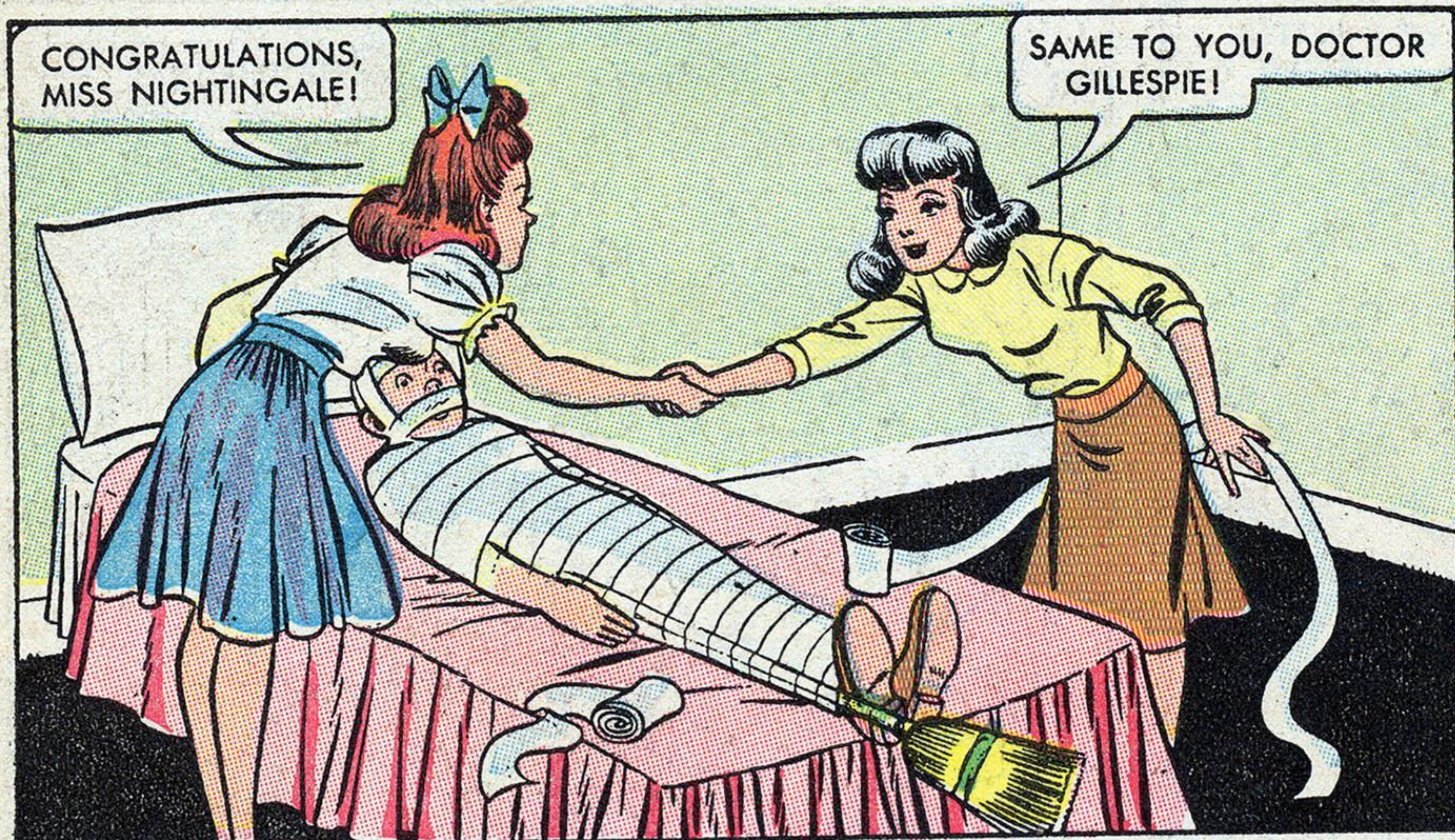
AND SO, THE NEXT AFTERNOON, TWO NOVICES APPEAR FOR THE FIRST AID CLASS!



SO — — THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT PATSY'S HOME —



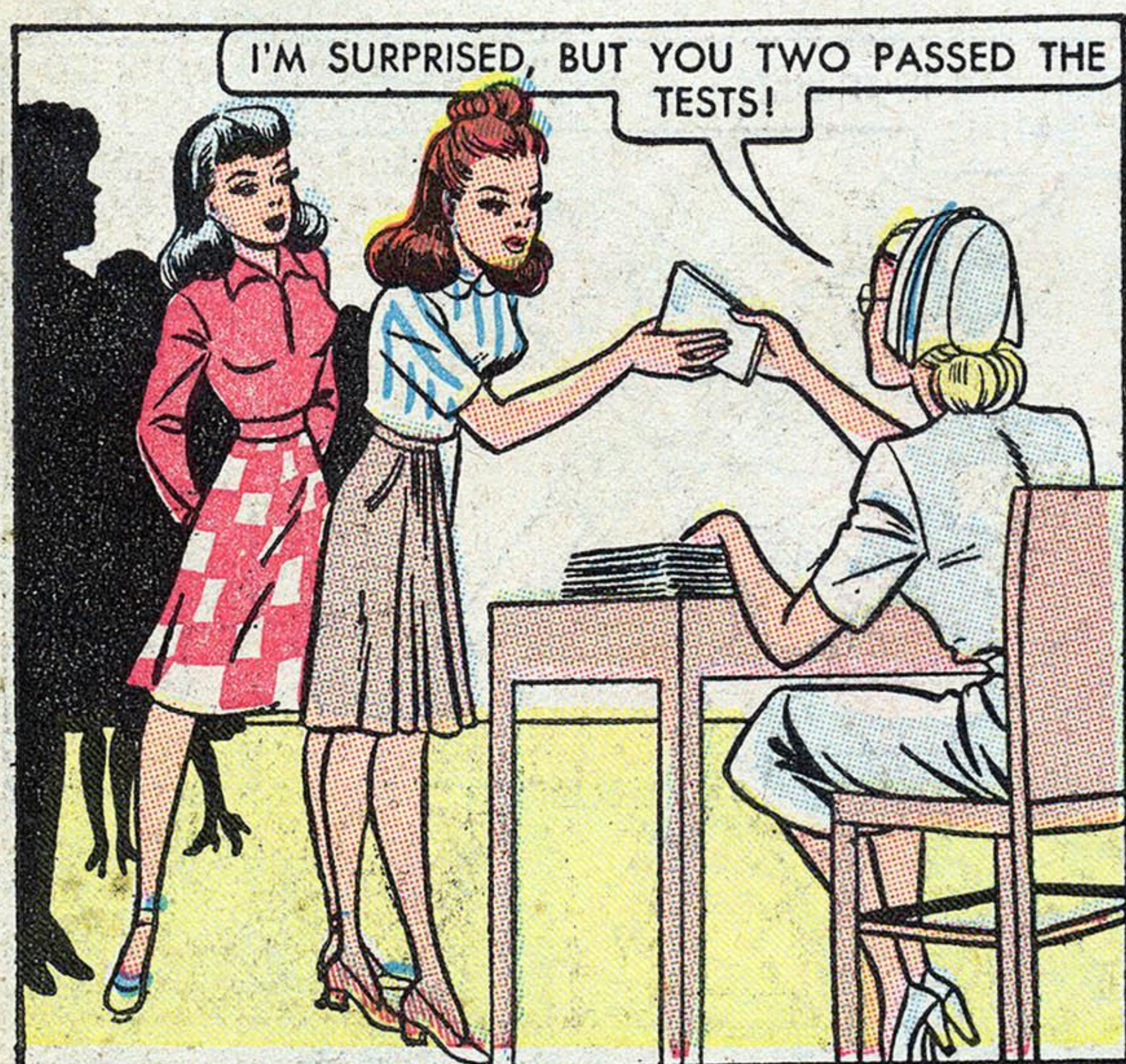
MICKEY DEAR! COME HERE! WE HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!



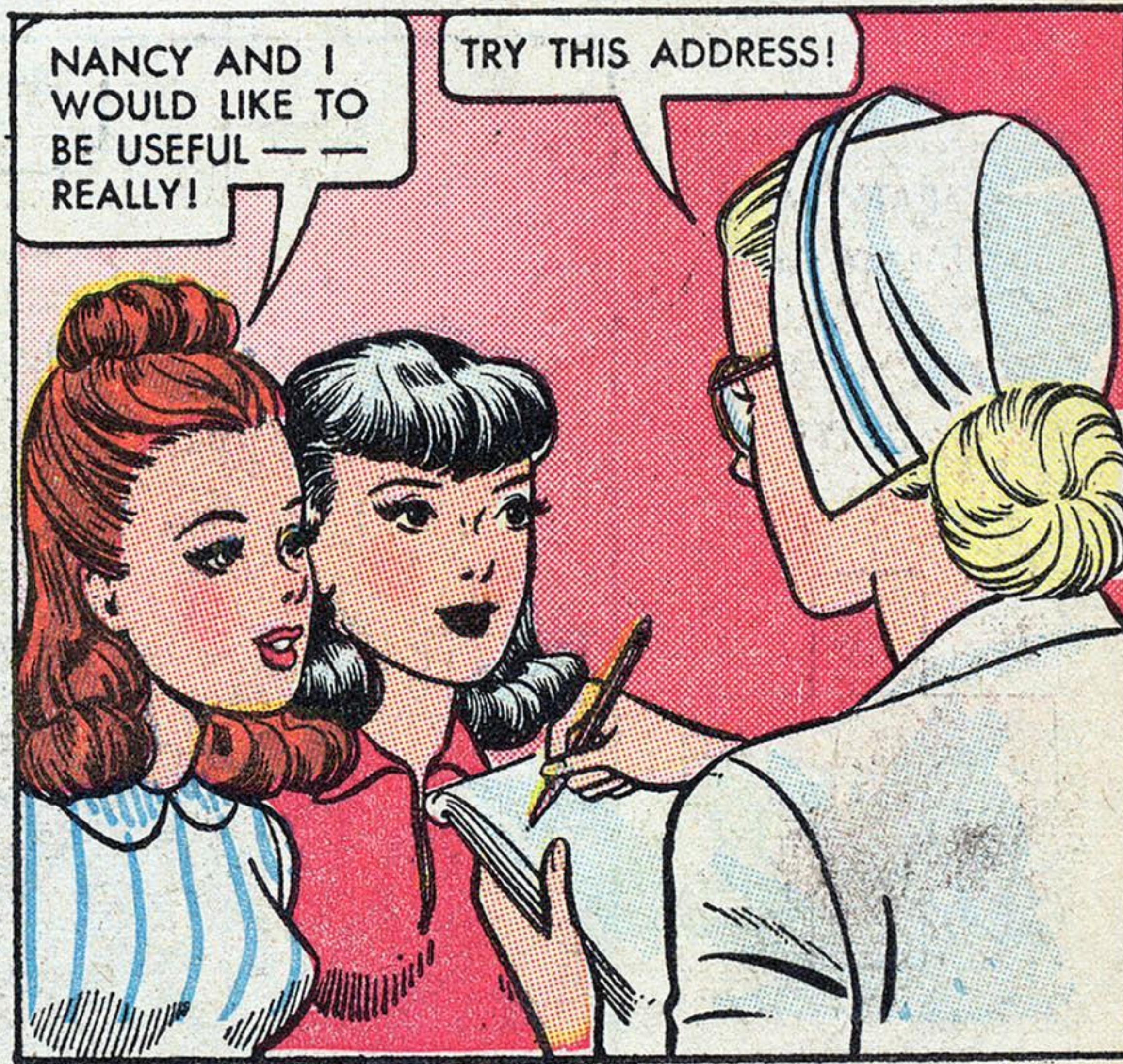
CONGRATULATIONS, MISS NIGHTINGALE!

SAME TO YOU, DOCTOR GILLESPIE!

DILIGENCE IS ALWAYS REWARDED AND SO — — —



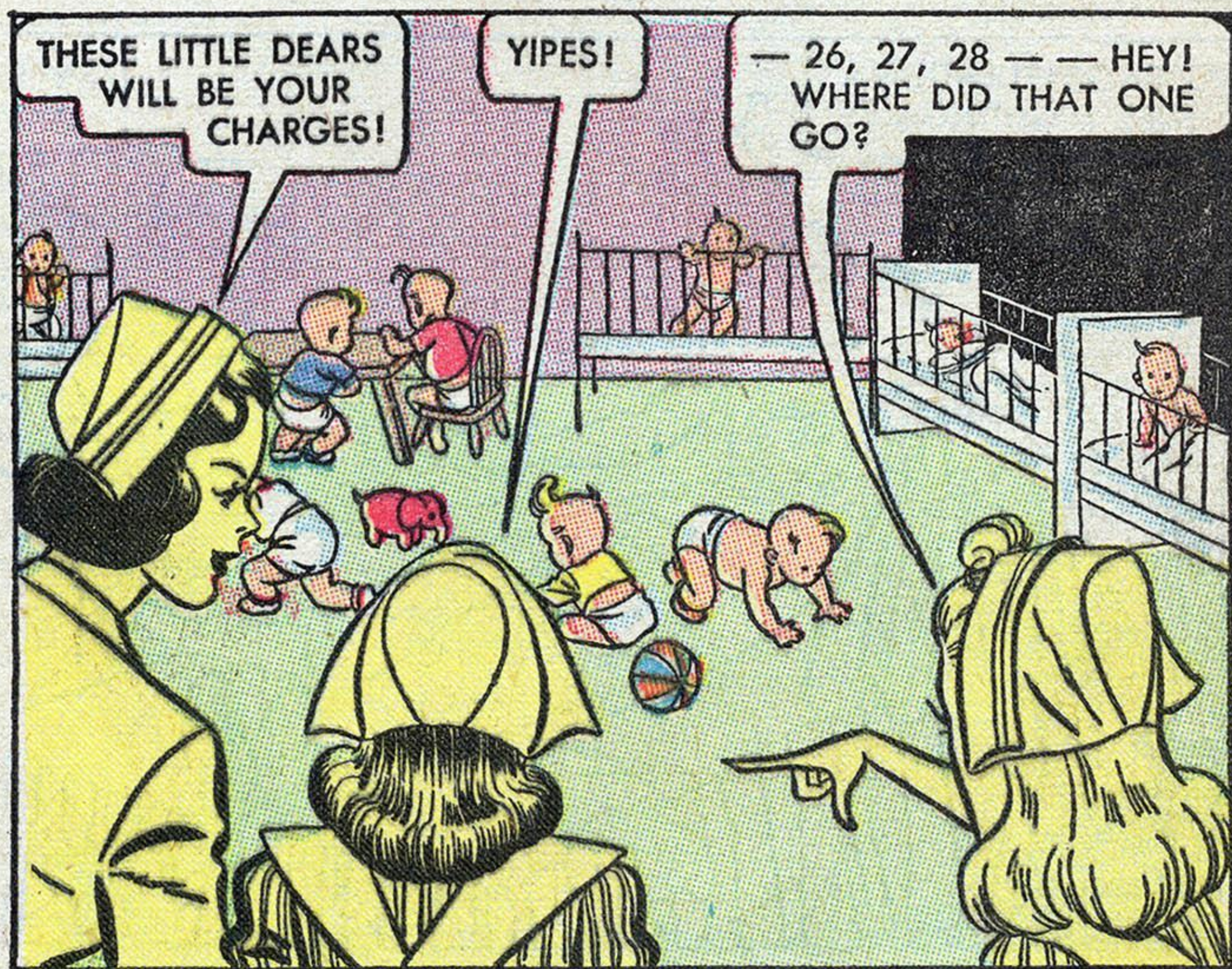
I'M SURPRISED, BUT YOU TWO PASSED THE TESTS!



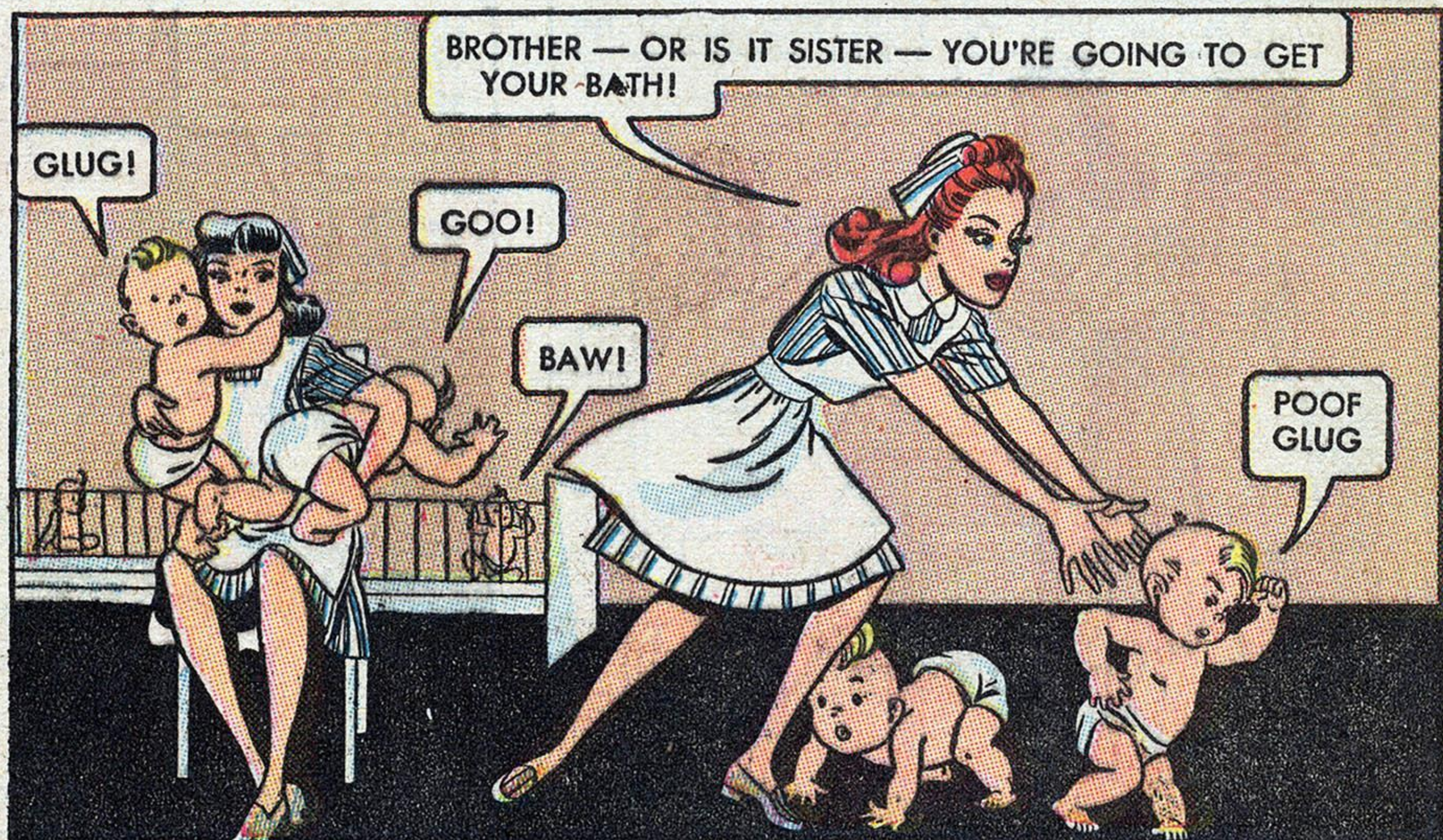
NANCY AND I WOULD LIKE TO BE USEFUL — — REALLY!

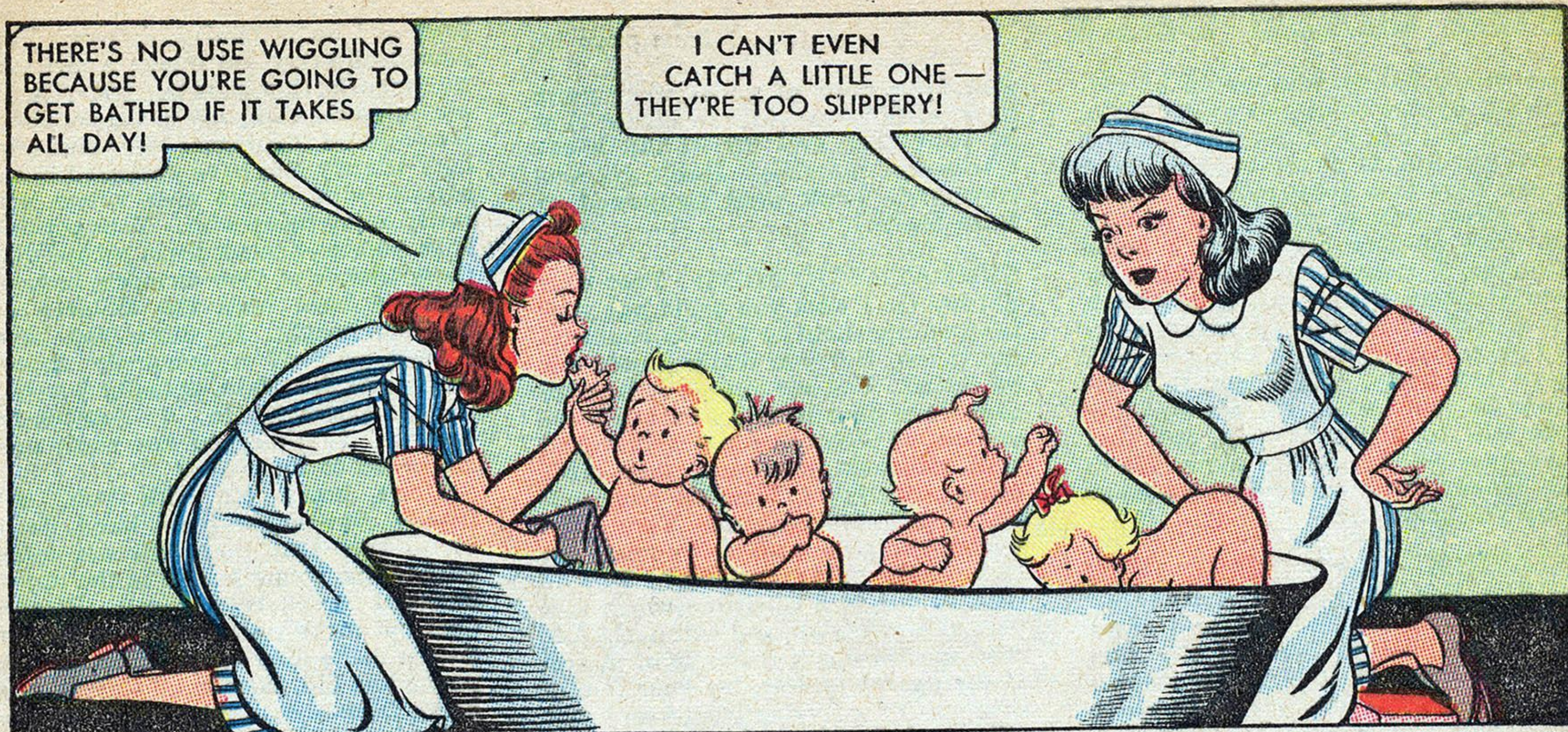
TRY THIS ADDRESS!

AND SOOO —
THE NEXT
AFTERNOON,
PATSY AND
NANCY OFFER
THEIR SER-
VICES TO A
USEFUL PRO-
JECT!



PATSY AND
NANCY GIVE
THEIR "ALL"
FOR THE SAKE
OF DUTY!





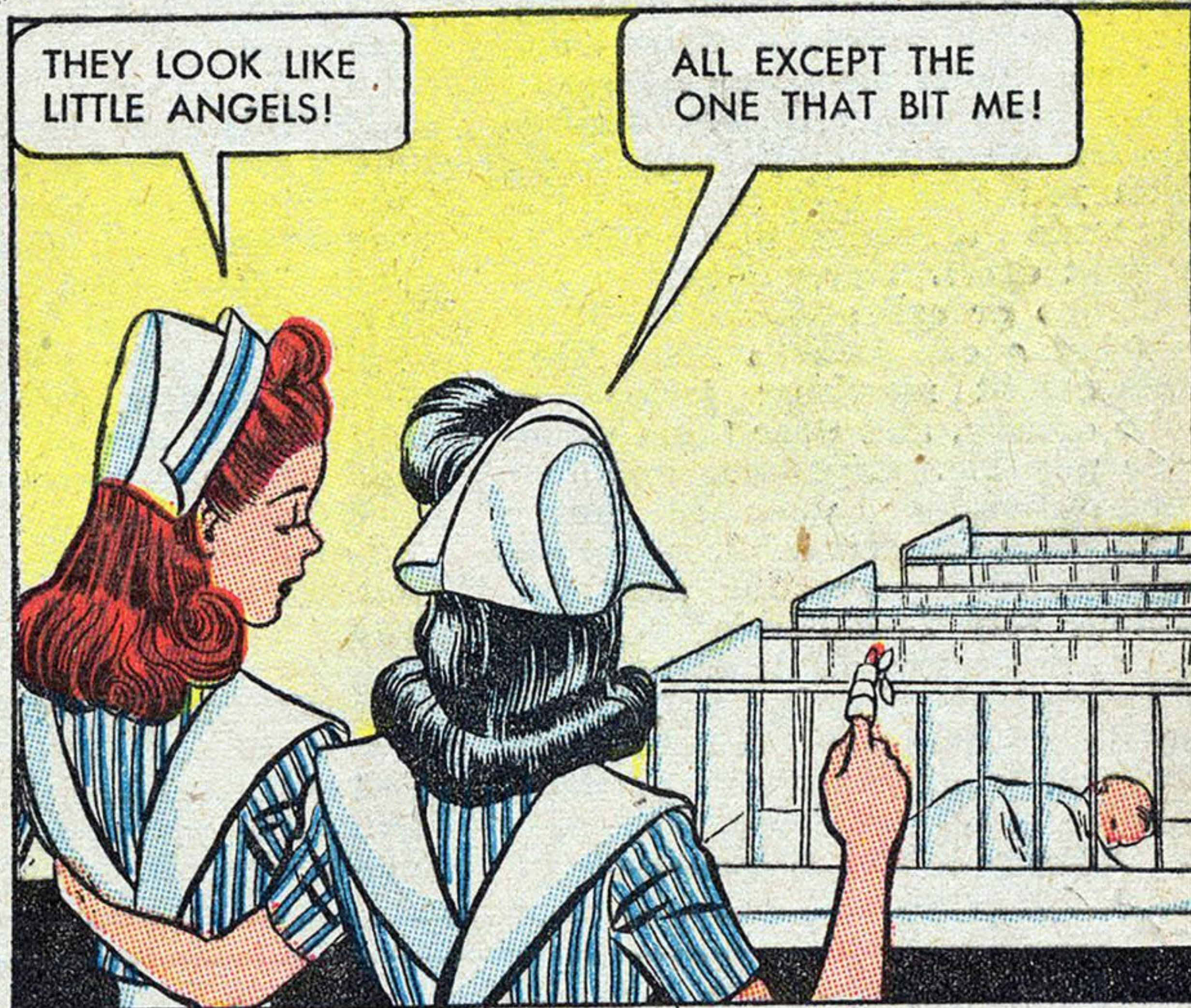
THERE'S NO USE WIGGLING BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO GET BATHED IF IT TAKES ALL DAY!

I CAN'T EVEN CATCH A LITTLE ONE — THEY'RE TOO SLIPPERY!



SIX MORE AND WE'LL HAVE THEM ALL IN BED!

SIX MORE AND I'LL BE READY FOR BED!



THEY LOOK LIKE LITTLE ANGELS!

ALL EXCEPT THE ONE THAT BIT ME!



I'LL BE SEEING YOU, NURSE WALKER!

SEE YOU TOMORROW, NURSE BROWN!



I'VE DECIDED OUR NURSES HAVE ONE OF THE TOUGHEST JOBS IN THE WORLD!

IT TAKES A LOT OF PATIENCE AND WORK BUT IT IS SOMETHING REALLY WORTH WHILE, PATSY!

FOR GIRLS ONLY

are young babies who would be disturbed by the noise you might make having fun, but it's right that you and your girl friends should want to invite some boys to a get-together. That is the nicest way to make boy friends. If none of your crowd has a home suitable, I suggest you ask your favorite school teacher if she can think of a spot where the gathering could be held. Ask if she will help you girls give the party. Show her this answer to your letter. I'll bet anything she will be happy to help, and that the boys will be glad to come. Go to it! Have a good time and let me know how you come out.

CLOTHES CAN'T MAKE THE GIRL: For M. A. and a hundred others, who are too fat and want to know how to conceal the fact with clothes. If it is really impossible for you to lose weight in order that you can wear what you like, here are a few hints about dressing. Never wear separate skirts and blouses. Wear one-piece dresses of solid colors rather than of figured goods. Wear them slightly larger than you actually need to. Nothing makes a fat girl look so fat as a tight dress. Never pinch in the waistline or call attention to it by wearing a conspicuous belt. Have light-weight matching jackets to your dresses, and wear them whenever possible. Capes are excellent for out-of-door wear in heavy girls. They are graceful, romantic-looking, and concealing and, this season, very fashionable . . . for your private ear, M. A. darling, the old debutante slouch, or habit of standing with your stomach thrust forward, is distinctly out of date. Break yourself of doing this. And to counteract the prominence of

From page 14

that long nose of yours wear your hair puffed out wide on either side of your face and up in the back. Cheer up, fat girls! Don't get discouraged. Look what happened to Kate Smith!

SYMPATHETIC SOBS: Poor dear Shirley G. I wish you could put your head on my shoulder and do your crying there! But you really should not be crying. You say you do it because sometimes your best girl friends leave you out of their talks and walks. And this, although you know they don't mean any offense. Now the real trouble is probably physical. Very often adolescent girls such as yourself get melancholy "over nothing." This is usually due to a condition which is a part of growing up, and will pass. Ask your mother about that side of it, and if she cannot answer, try your family doctor. Your crying spells are not silly, and they may have a physical basis which can be simply and easily remedied.

CINDERELLA, SENIOR: Jo S. I mean you. You're not the only girl whose younger, prettier sister, is her worst rival. If your sister steals your beaux with her charms, remember there are other attractions which the boys will not overlook. Being beautifully clean and neat at all times is one of them. Honesty and straightforwardness have an imperishable charm. You can have all of these qualities. Hurry up and get to work at them. I'm betting on you!

THREE CHEERS DEPARTMENT: Cherry D. Well sister, you have a real and very important modern problem—one which no decent person ought to shirk. You are rich, well-

bred and an attractive sixteen: You have had every advantage a girl can be given by her parents, but you do not enjoy the company of the snobbish purse-proud daughters of your parents' friends, and have preferred to associate with simple girls whom you really enjoy being with. Your parents have nothing against them except that these friends of your choosing happen to have been born the children of working people. In short, you have proved yourself a genuinely democratic young person, actually practicing democracy, in a democratic country. I think you are swell and am proud to know you!

Don't break off with your old friends. But on the other hand, don't be so sure that there are not some mighty fine young people in the upper financial brackets as well. Wealth does not make superiority but neither does it make inferiority. Fine people, young and old, exist in all classes, and being friends with all sorts of people is the best of foundations for an interesting, useful life. Insist upon your right to this great American privilege.

* * *

ECONOMY NOTE: Cheapening yourself with a boy is always expensive.
The End

AUNT NINA'S PARTY RECIPE: If you have never served Philadelphia Scrapple, get up your courage and try it. It's like cakes and sausage, all in one. The grocer has it in glasses, ready to serve. Cut in inch-thick slices and fry in butter like fish cakes. Serve with honey or maple syrup with a tossed salad on the side. The salad should have French dressing, and at the last minute a handful of Grapenut flakes tossed on top of it just before serving. Minted iced tea makes an ideal girls' luncheon, or a Sunday night supper.



You can be first to wear these WONDERFUL, COLORFUL, PRACTICAL SUSPENDERS

The other girls will look with envy—the boys will look . . . and look . . . and look.

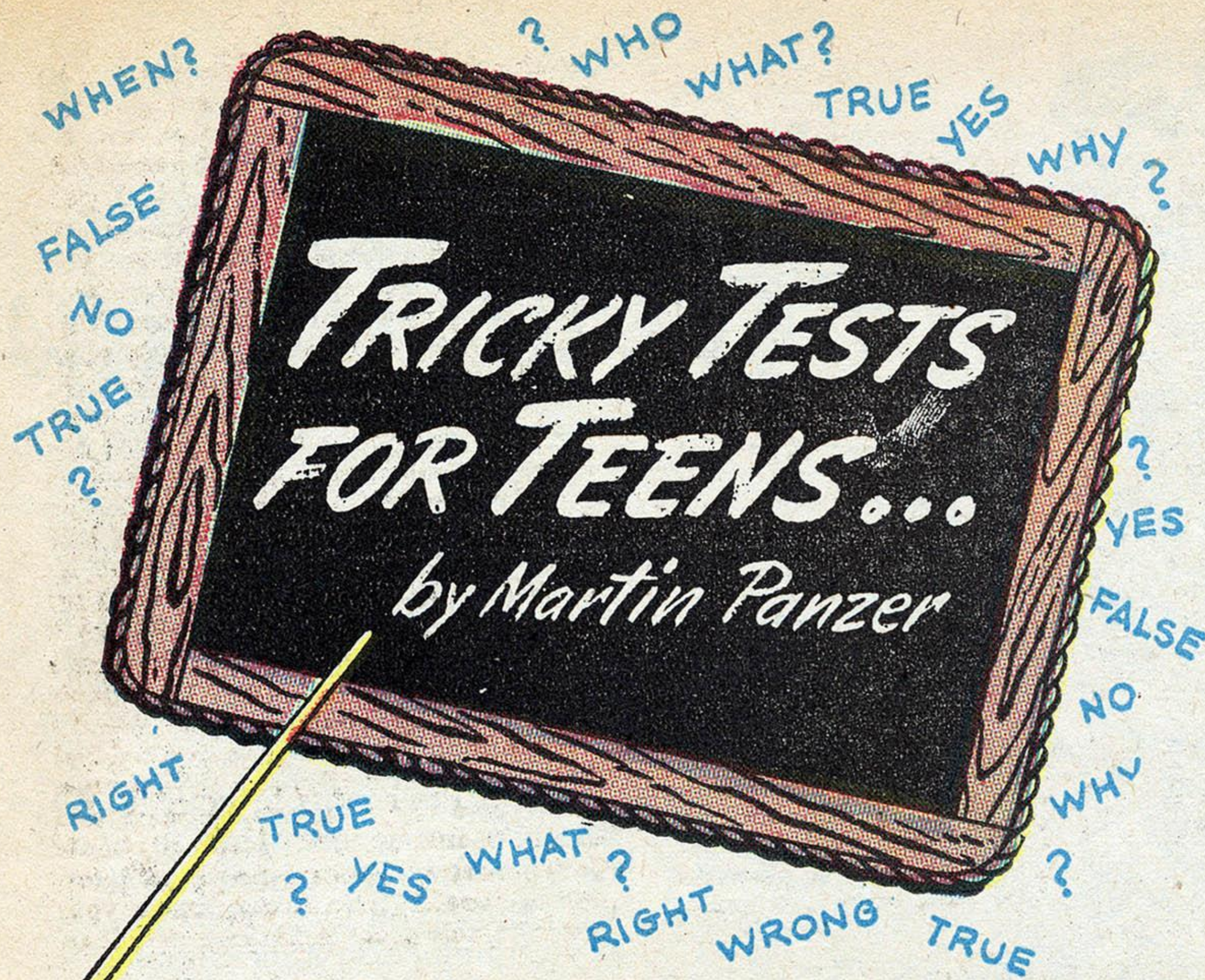
They're adjustable, clip-on, and made of gay, two colored felt, with your own, your club or your school name (one word only) embroidered in contrasting color . . . Red and green with white name . . . Red and white with red name . . . Blue and white with Blue name . . .

Free . . . Your name, club, sorority, or school name embroidered FREE right across the front. (one word only). If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money within ten days. You can buy with confidence from this fine, reliable Fashion Designer.

GADGETS-BY-MAIL . . . Dept. M3
1410 Broadway
New York (18), N. Y.
Please embroider the following:

(Please print plainly)
on my "Suspend-o-Graph" suspenders.
Send me . . . suspenders at \$1.00 each, or 3 for \$2.75
(Why not order one in each color to go with different outfits?)
WHITE ON RED RED ON GREEN
WHITE ON BLUE
Save C.O.D. charges by sending payment with order.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Gadgets by Mail 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



IF YOU CAN ANSWER THESE, YOU'RE GOOD—
IF YOU CAN'T, STUDY 'EM AND BE GOOD...

ENGLISH

FEW THINGS can do more for a girl than a good vocabulary. Being able to use the right word at the right time is an accomplishment worth all the effort it entails. But, for goodness' sake, don't confuse a good vocabulary with one composed almost exclusively of long words. You see, chicks, big words are too often used to disguise small thoughts. It bears repeating: A good vocabulary is one that enables you to make others understand exactly what you mean. In other words, don't say "Gastronomic satiety admonishes me that I have reached a state of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity" when all you mean is "I've had enough to eat."

HISTORY

You probably know all about the American Revolution in which our great country won its freedom. Or do you? Most people think of vast colonial armies holding the British forces at bay and then defeating them. But no;

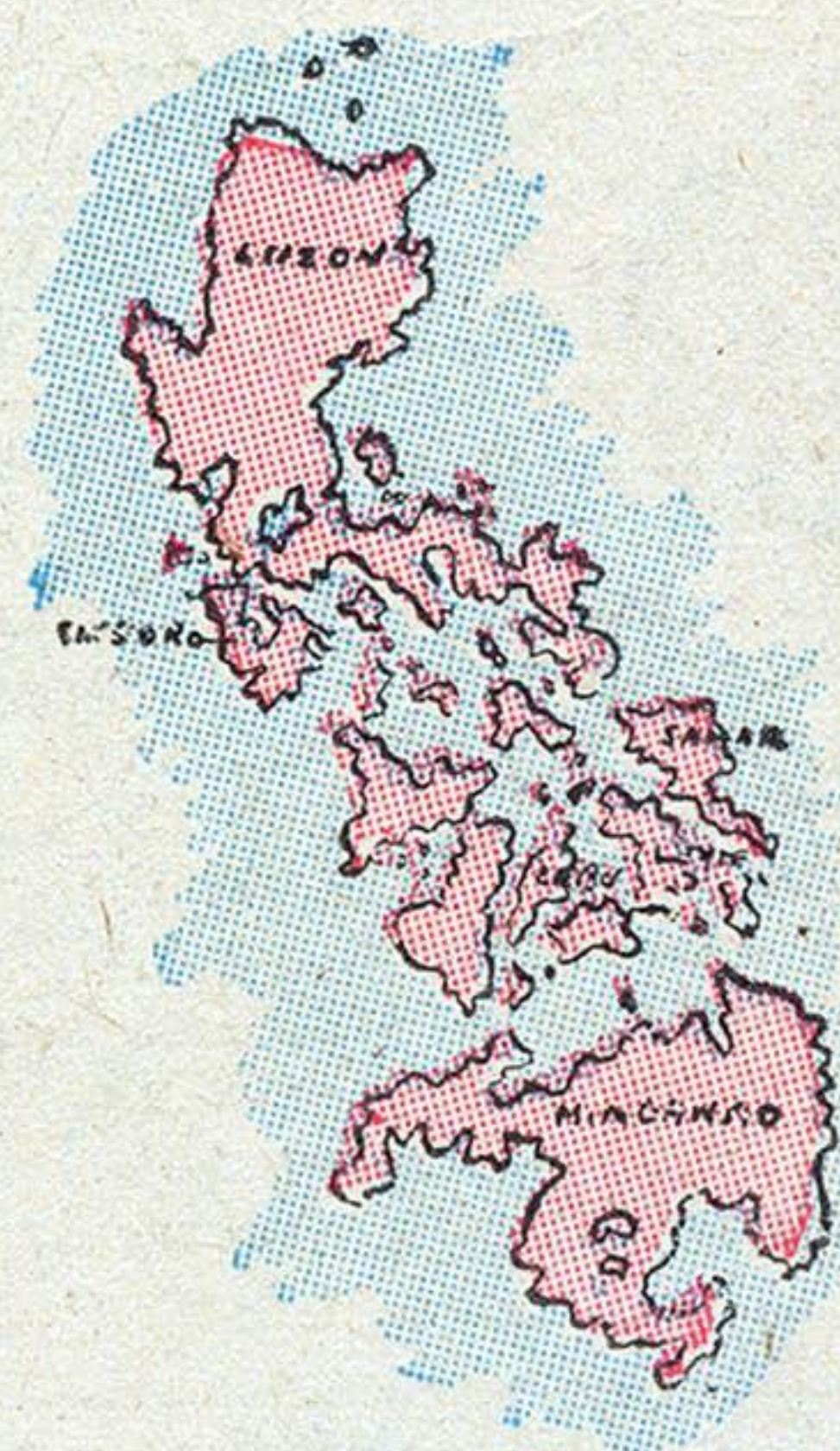
even then the boys of this land were among the toughest fighters in the world. Credit it or view it with disbelief (that's the long-word way of saying "Believe it or not" and isn't it a stuffy way?), the American armies never numbered over thirty-five thousand throughout the war for freedom. Indeed, for the greater part of the war there were only about



ten thousand of them and at times as few as five thousand. Of course, the militia did come out in fairly good numbers for a few days whenever a local raid had to be repelled, but that was only sporadic action. And remember, our boys were poorly paid, poorly fed and poorly clothed. But they had the stuff.

GEOGRAPHY

Speaking of our boys, you'd be surprised if you knew what they were up against in the Philippines. The newspapers don't tell the whole story and the following facts will enable you to understand recent history a bit more clearly. There are more than 7,000 islands in the Philippines, over 1,000 of them large enough and fertile enough to be inhabited. 463 have an area of more than one square mile each;



the total land area is 114,400 square miles, or more than that of Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland combined. About 95% of the land area is in 11 of the islands and about two-thirds of it is in the largest islands of Luzon and Mindanao, which are 41,000 and 37,000 square miles in area respectively. Some spot, huh, kids?

MUSIC

Johannes Brahms enters all conversations in which the great masters of music are mentioned and every lassie who wants to be socially adequate should know a few things about him and his works. He was born in Hamburg
(Continued on page 60)



About things Personal...

Oh-oh! We're in for it! Gladys and her eagle eye are on the prowl, searching in nooks and corners and... oh-oh! better read

on by yourself!

ALL of the rooms in your family's house are dear to you because they are where you live with those you love. Your house is your home. But there should be one room in your home that is more precious to you than all the others, because it is your own. Your very own. The room you sleep in, dress in, study in; the room you go to when you want to figure things out for yourself. That room should be the perfect expression of the sort of person you want to be. It isn't too diffi-

Nothing's more discouraging than messy, overstuffed drawers, and handbags... The appearance of your room will improve, so will your disposition...

cult to make it that way, either. That room should be a reflection of you, and your personality. Whether you go in for chintzes and maple, or organdies and pickled pine—that room isn't yours until you make it yours. And the thought of it should always be with you, a place that you can come back to and will want to be in. A room that's more than a room, a room that spells Y-O-U!

Here are a few ways to help do that.

You won't ever find anything quickly in an untidy closet... So start right in, now, to do something about fixing yours...

All of us have hobbies. Perhaps yours is collecting perfume bottles or miniature glass animals. You've collected them for a long, long time, but somehow they're spread all over every place. Get them all together and ask your mother for that small tray she seldom uses. Put your little hobby gadgets on it and then place that on your vanity or dresser.

A wonderful hobby that is loads of fun is, to collect autographs, not of famous personalities, but just of people you like. Instead, though, of putting those autographs into a book, put them on a big piece of paper; have all your pals sign it and then either have a frame made for it, or make one yourself, and hang it upon the wall.

But that room of yours is more than a place for your hobbies. There are a lot of things to do about it that will give you a sense of pride in yourself and satisfaction with what you have done.

For instance: Let's start with your closet. Open the door quickly. Are your hats piled on that closet shelf helter-skelter? Are your shoes

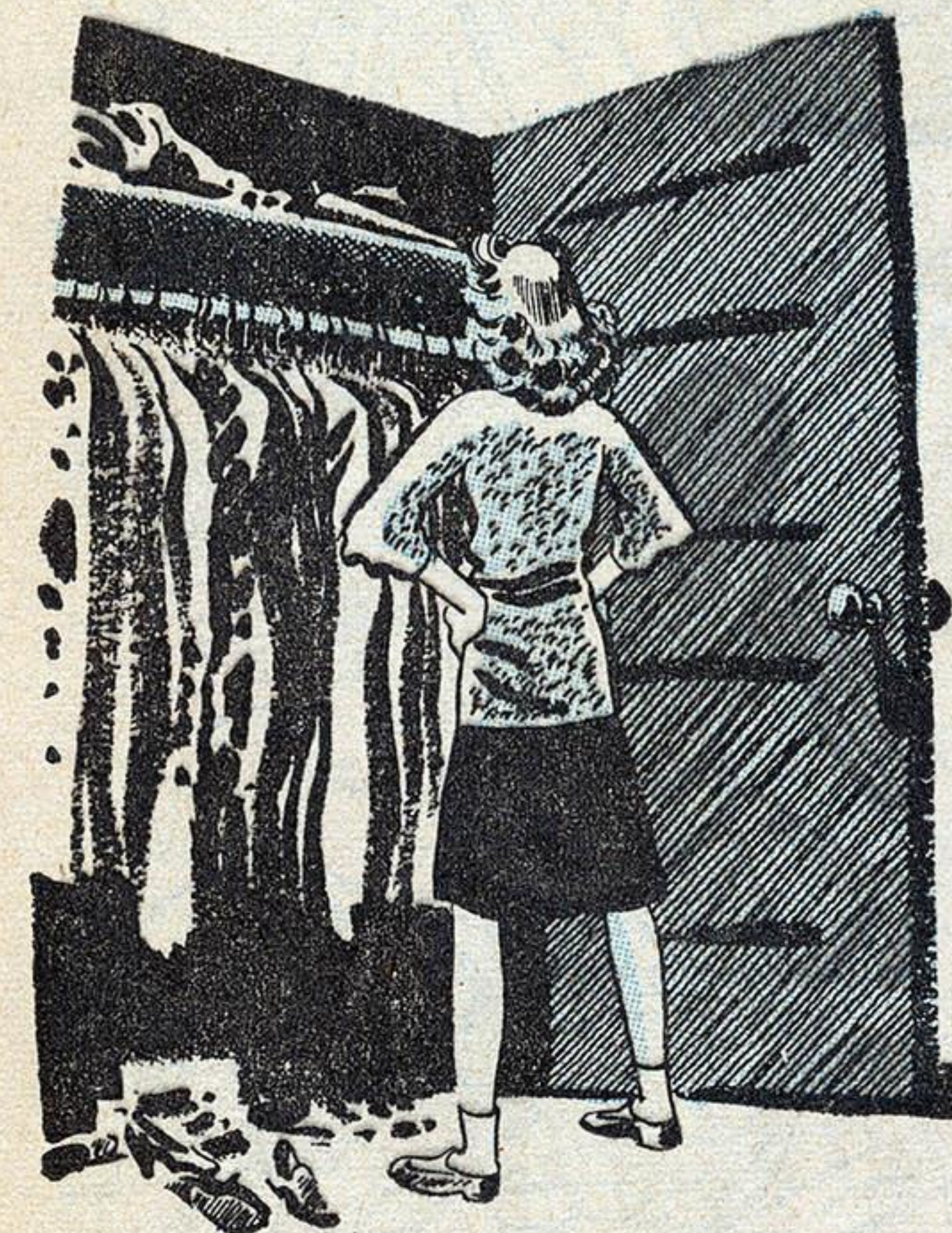
on the floor? Are your skirts hanging on a hook, or folded over a hanger? Are your dresses hanging next to each other, or are they mixed in with your blouses, suits and woolly robe. If so, then sink your head into your arms—and weep! You should. Because you've been what you don't want to be and what probably isn't the real you at all. You've been careless.

So let's do something about that closet, but quick!

Put your hats on hat stands. You can buy plain wooden ones and have fun painting them, or covering them with bright colored fabrics. Hat stands will not only make your closet look neater, but keep your hats from getting squashed and losing their shape.

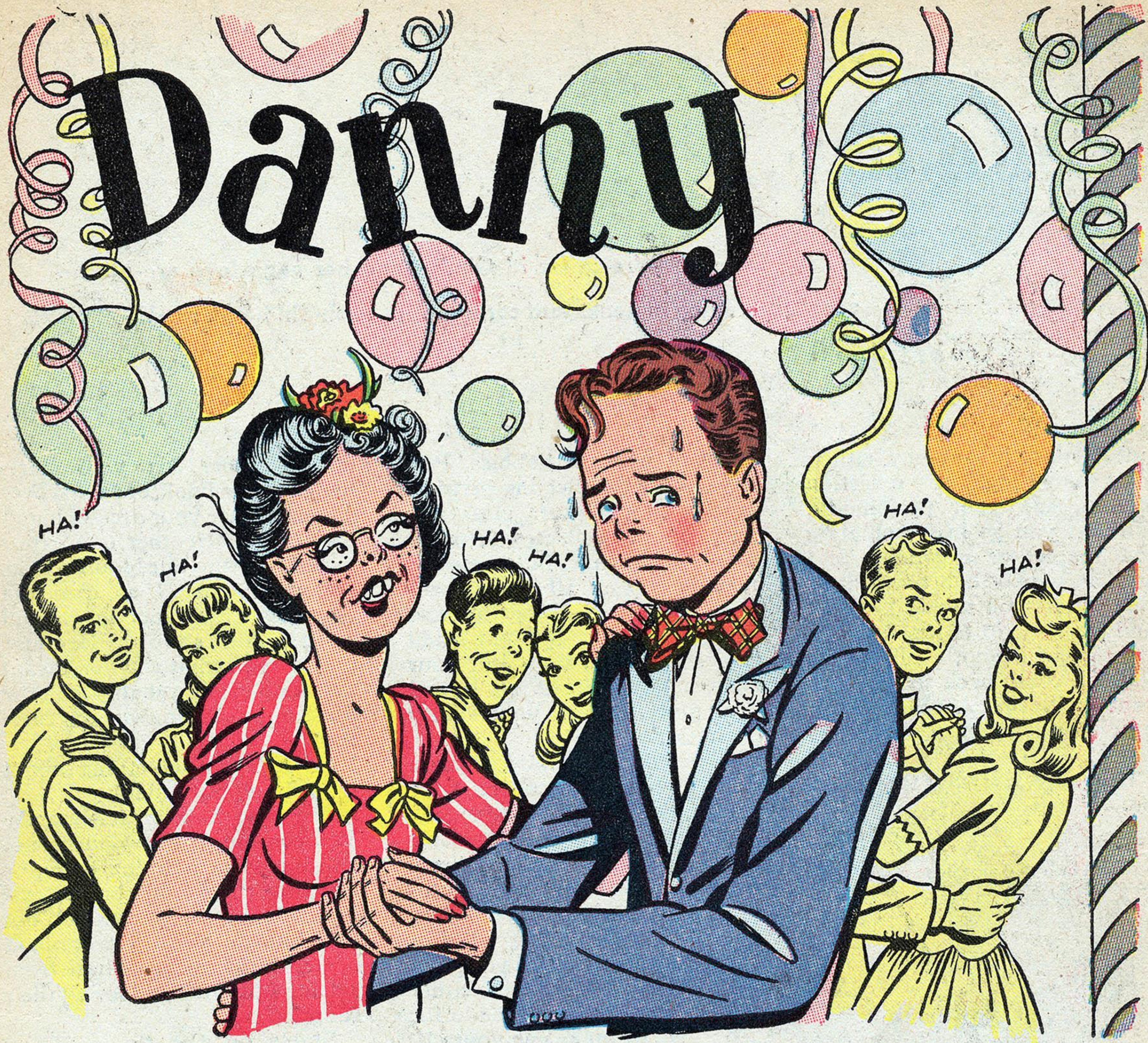
Shoes on the floor? They shouldn't be. If you can't quite swing buying a shoe rack or shoe bag, make one yourself. Remember those drapes which mother replaced this year? Or that piece of chintz left over from the slip covers? Find yourself a pair of scissors and cut a rectangular piece about fourteen inches wide and three or four feet long. Then stitch onto that, after you've hemmed it, rectangular pieces of material long enough and wide enough and full enough to hold individual pairs of shoes. You'll

(Continued on page 40)



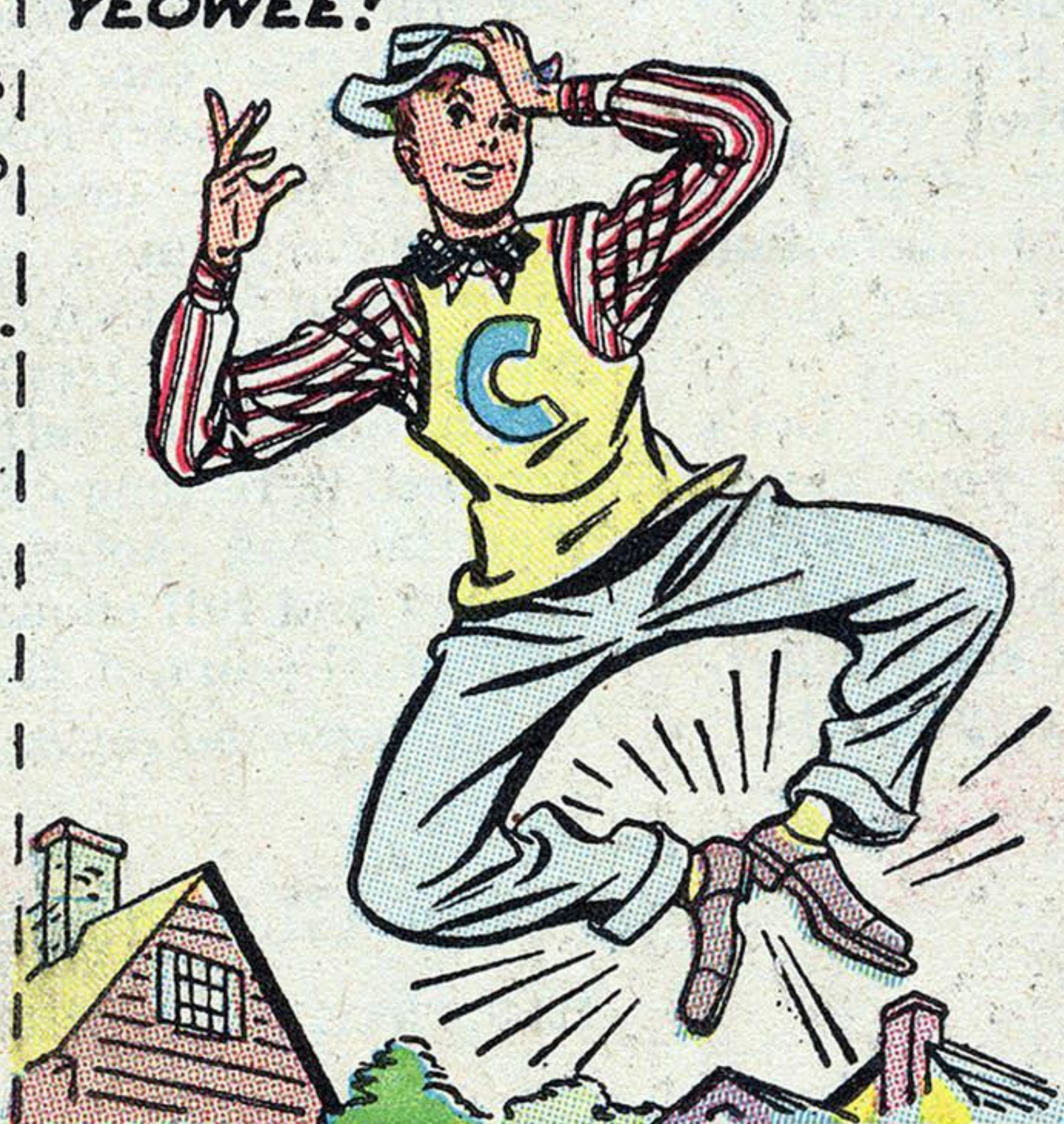
By GLADYS STEINER

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS



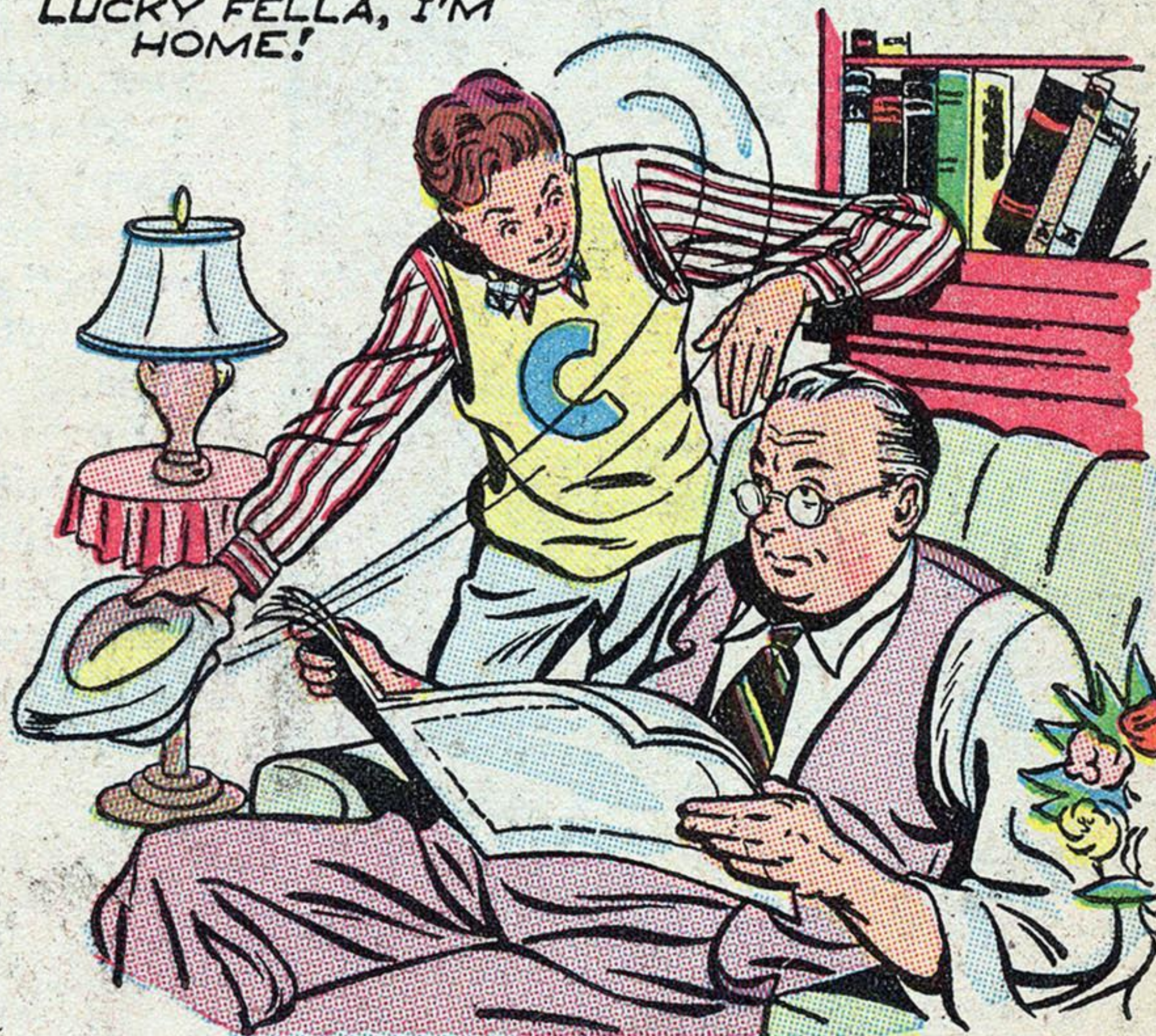
YIPPEE! JUDY SAID SHE'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME TONIGHT! OH, BOY--- WILL WE CUT A MEAN RUG! YEOWEE!

NO, THIS ISN'T A TORNADO COMING DOWN THE STREET... IT'S OUR YOUNG PAL, DANNY SMITH WHO HAS JUST BEEN VISITING HIS GIRL, JUDY LESTER!



HELLO, DAD--- YOU LUCKY FELLA, I'M HOME!

SO I GATHER!

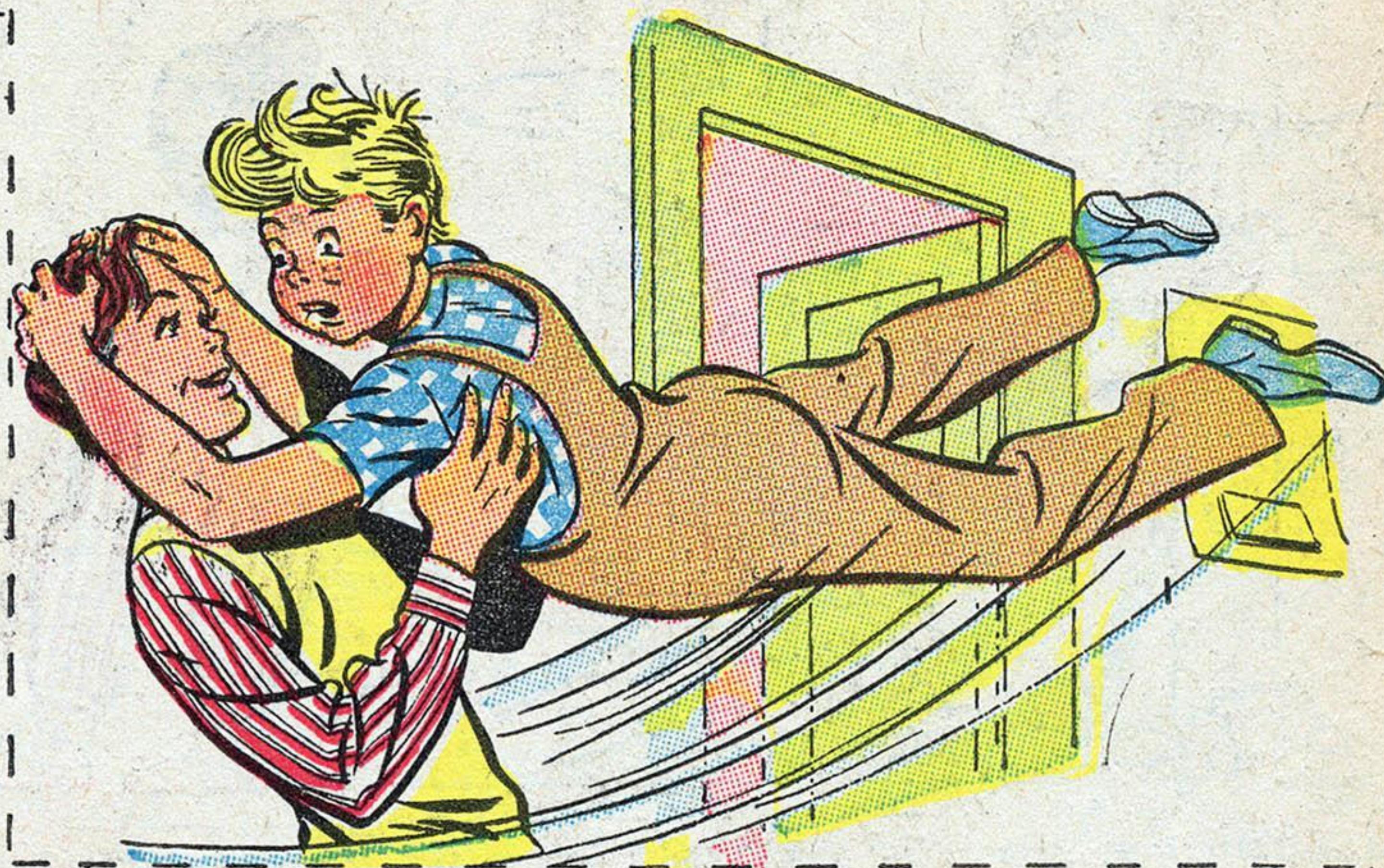
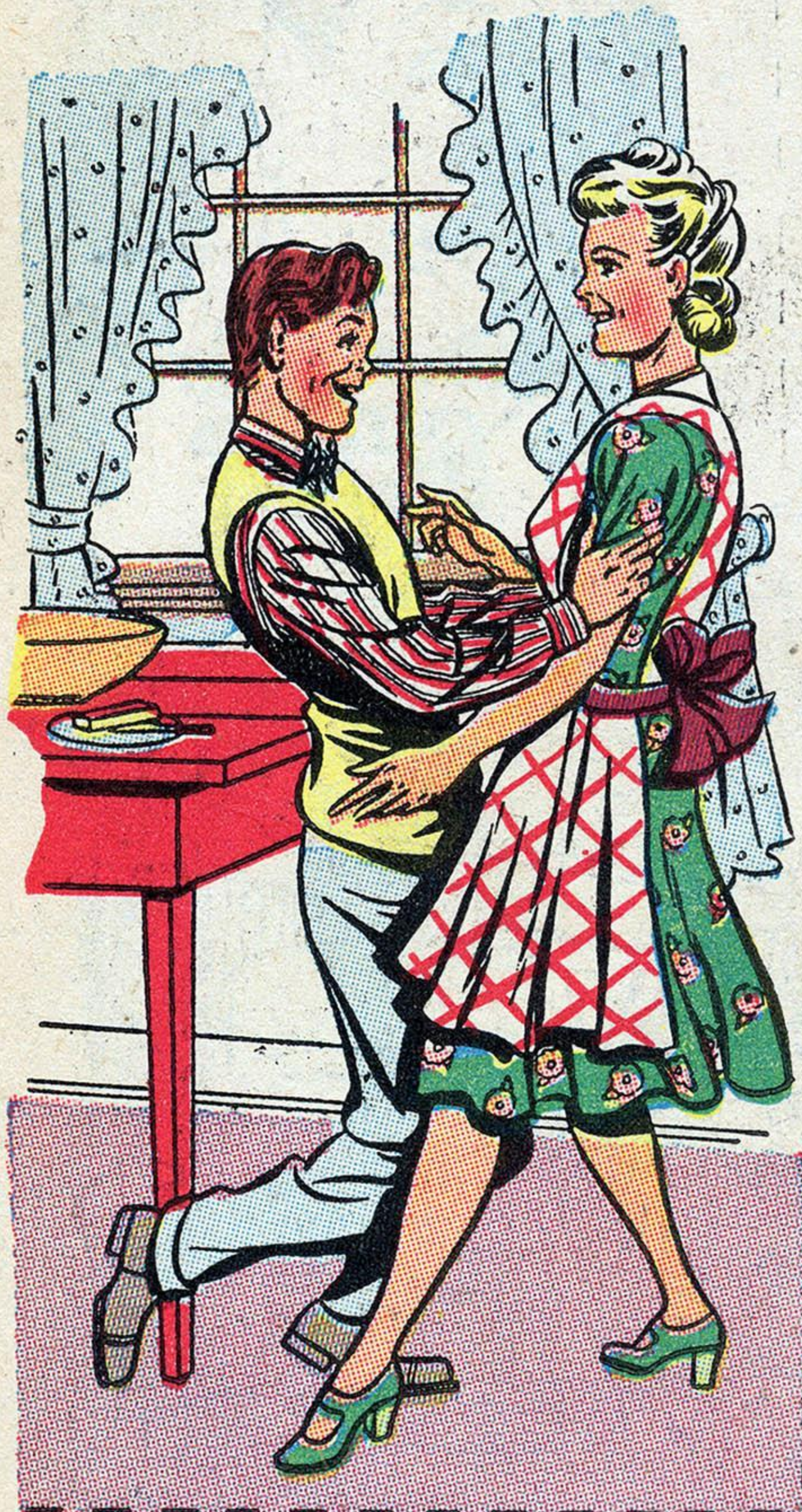


HIYA, MOM, YOU WONDERFUL THING---I'M GOING TO THE PROM WITH JUDY TONIGHT---ISN'T THAT SWELL--- OH BOY, LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL--- LET'S DANCE--- TRA LA LA LA---

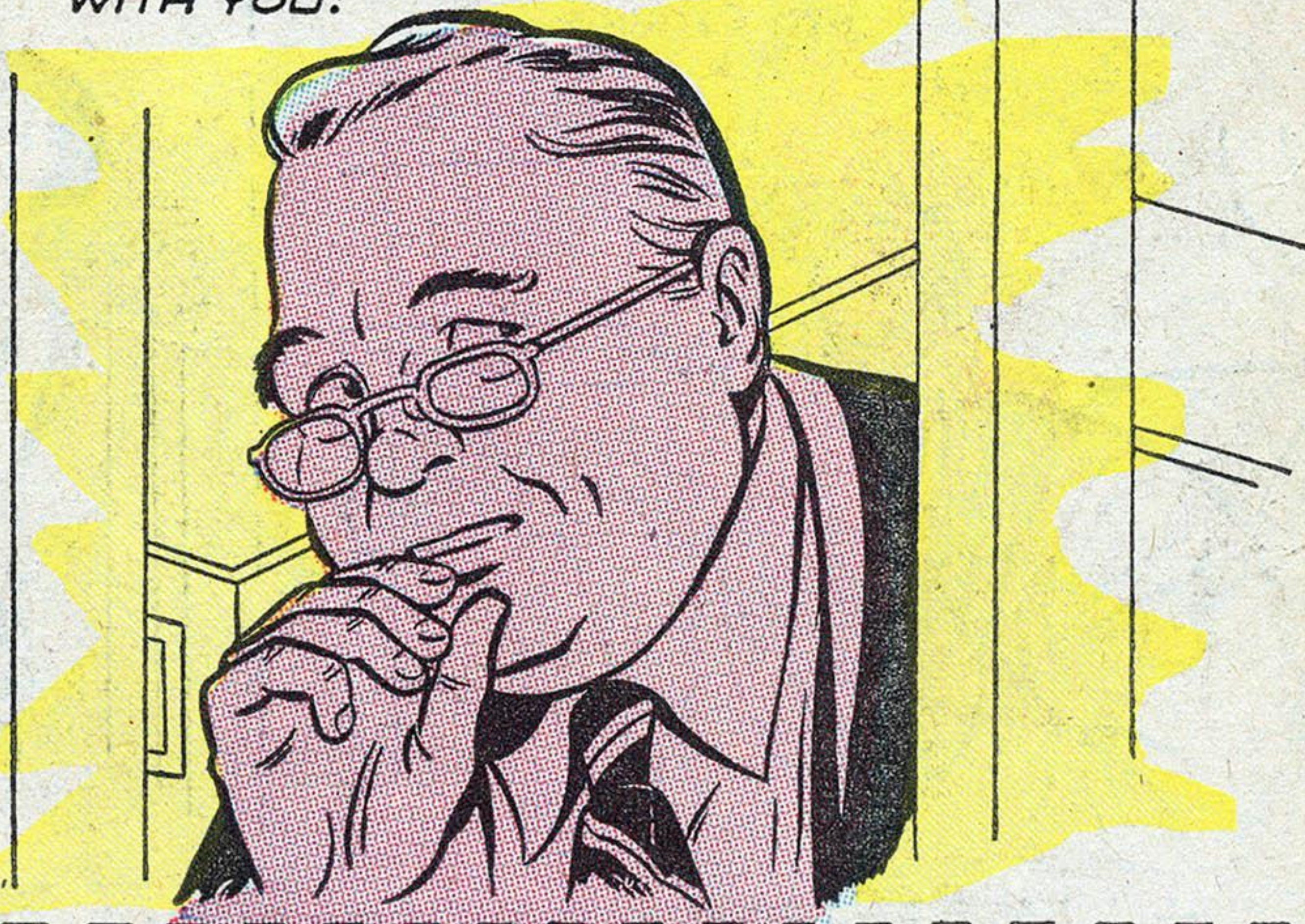
DANNY, LET ME GO--- STOP--- I HAVE TO STIR THE SOUP--- OH, YOU LITTLE IMP---

WELL, IF IT ISN'T LITTLE RAY? HOW ARE YOU TODAY, HEY, RAY? HA, HA, HA!

UH OH---BIG BROTHER MUST HAVE A DATE TONIGHT!



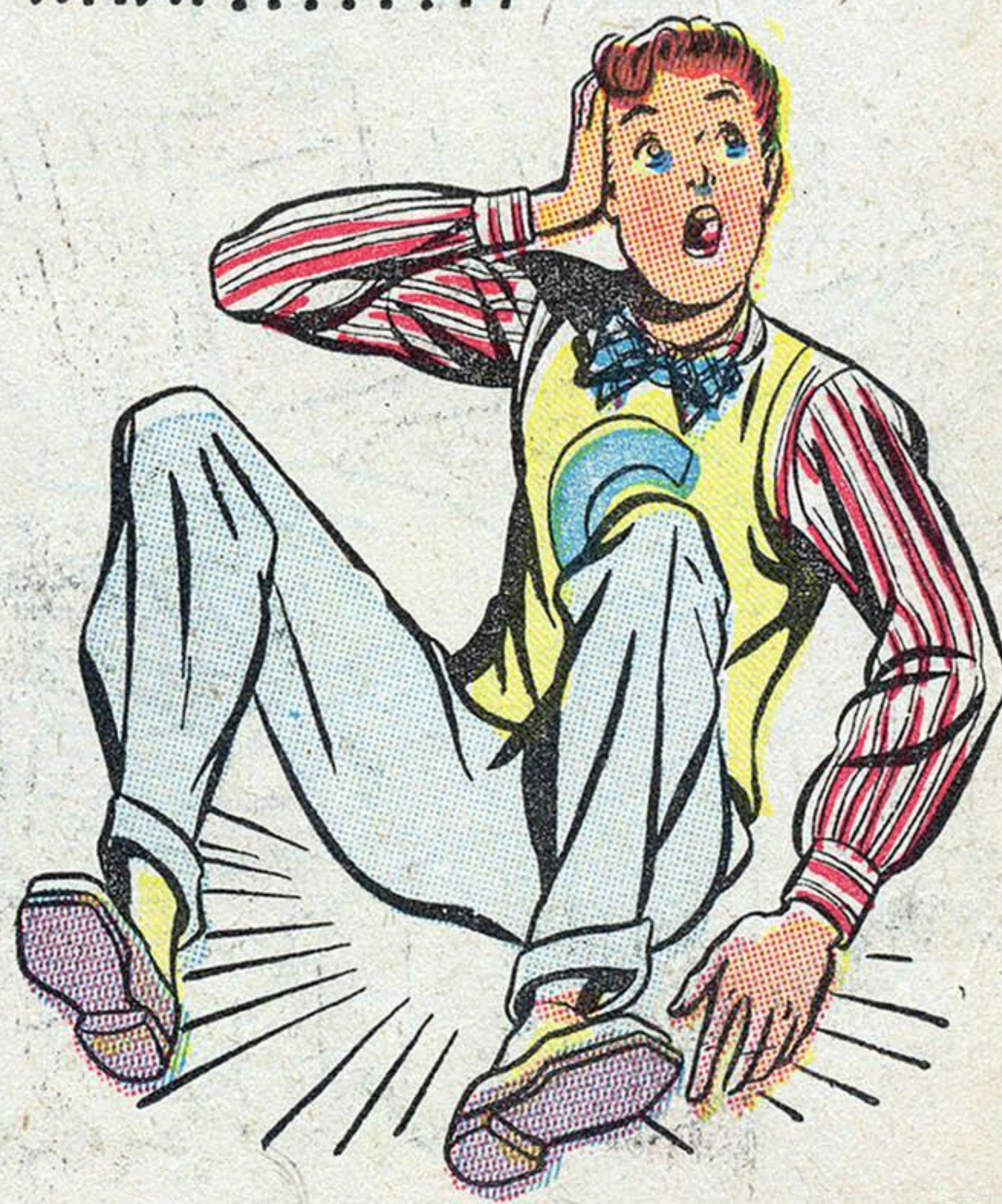
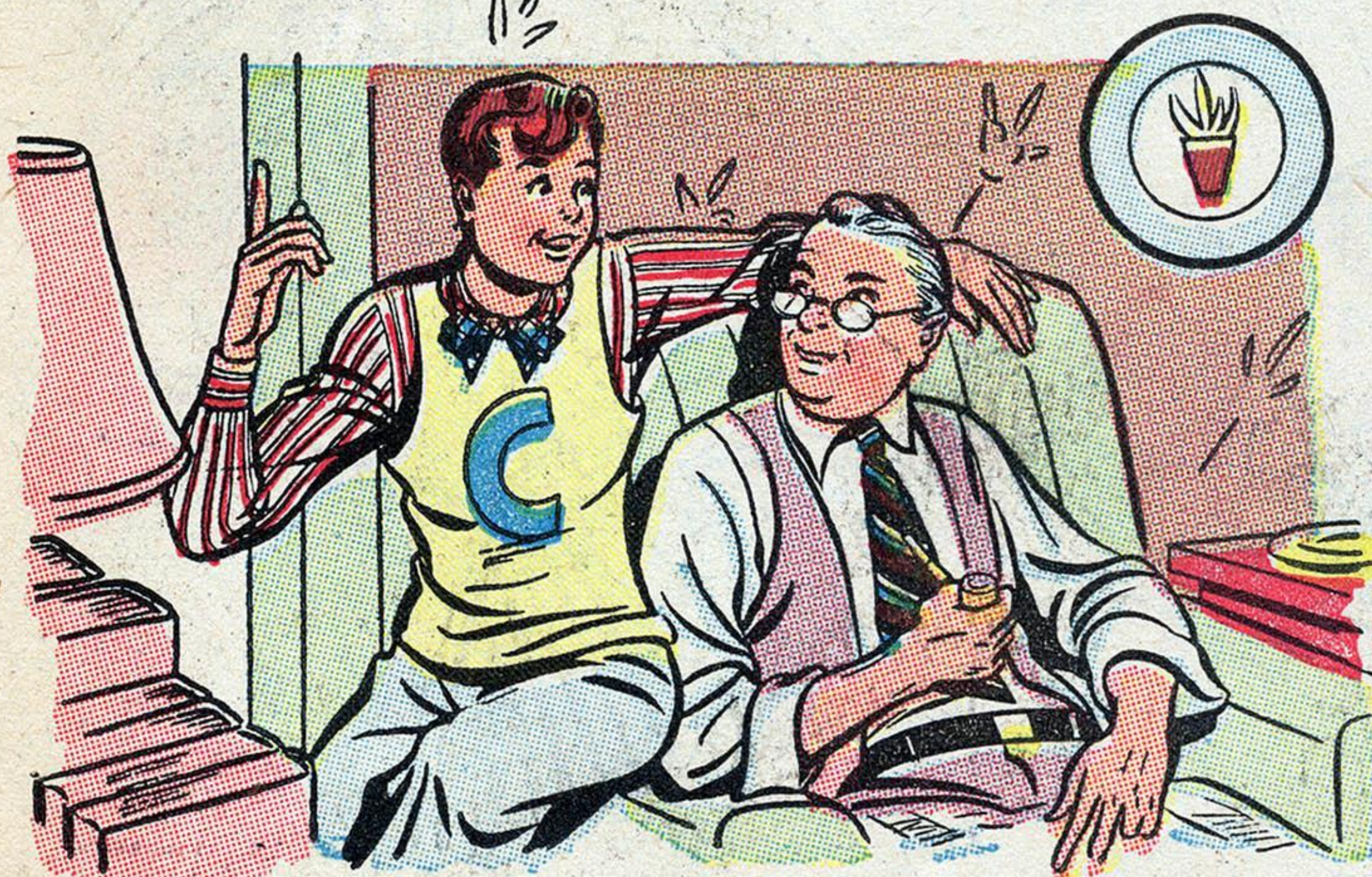
AHEM, IF I MAY INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE SHOW, DANNY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!



O.K., DAD, WHAT'S UP? WHAT DO WE FIND ON YOUR MIND? WHAT COOKS IN THE BOOK?

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, DANNY--- I JUST WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR AND NOT GO OUT WITH JUDY TONIGHT!

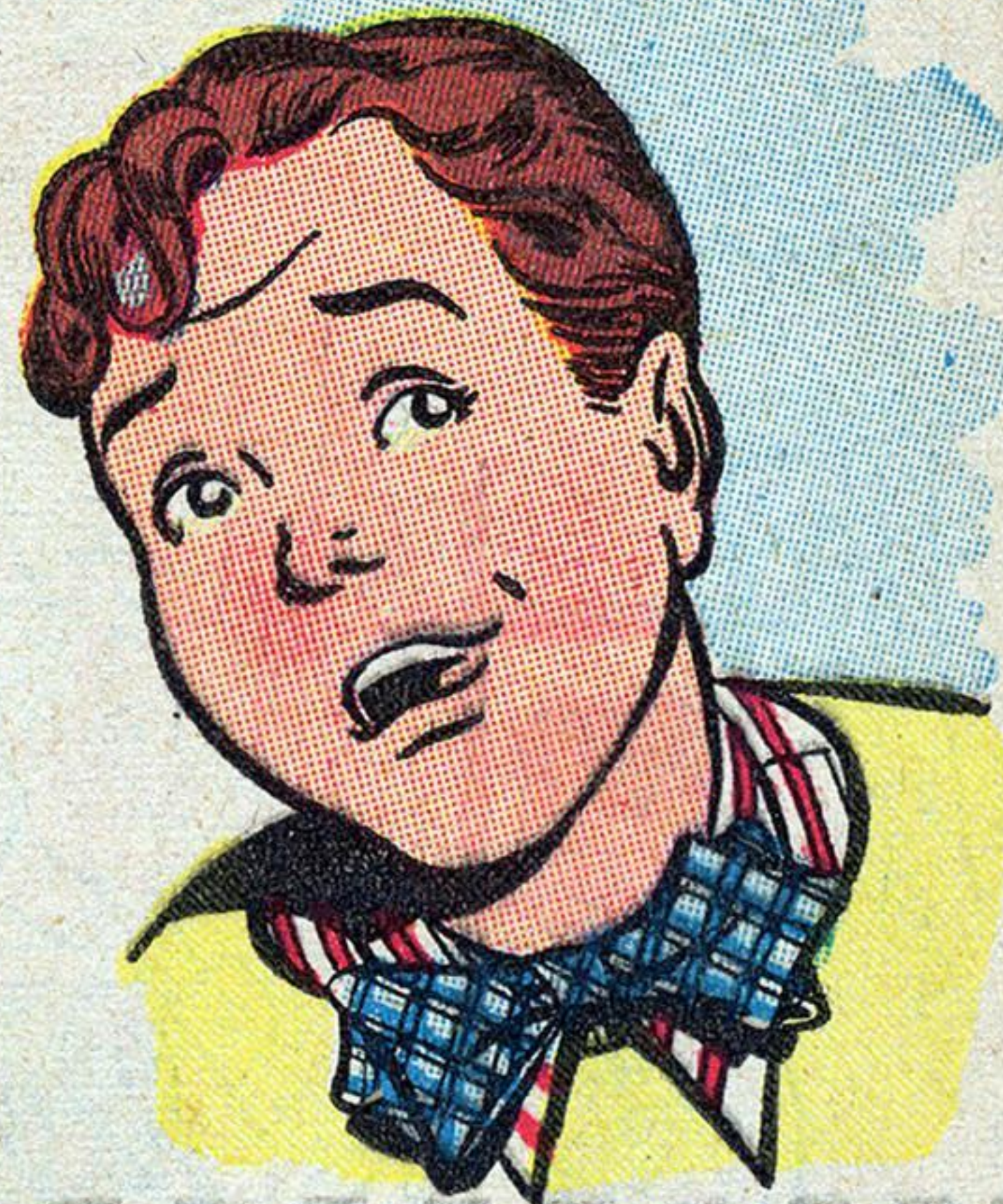
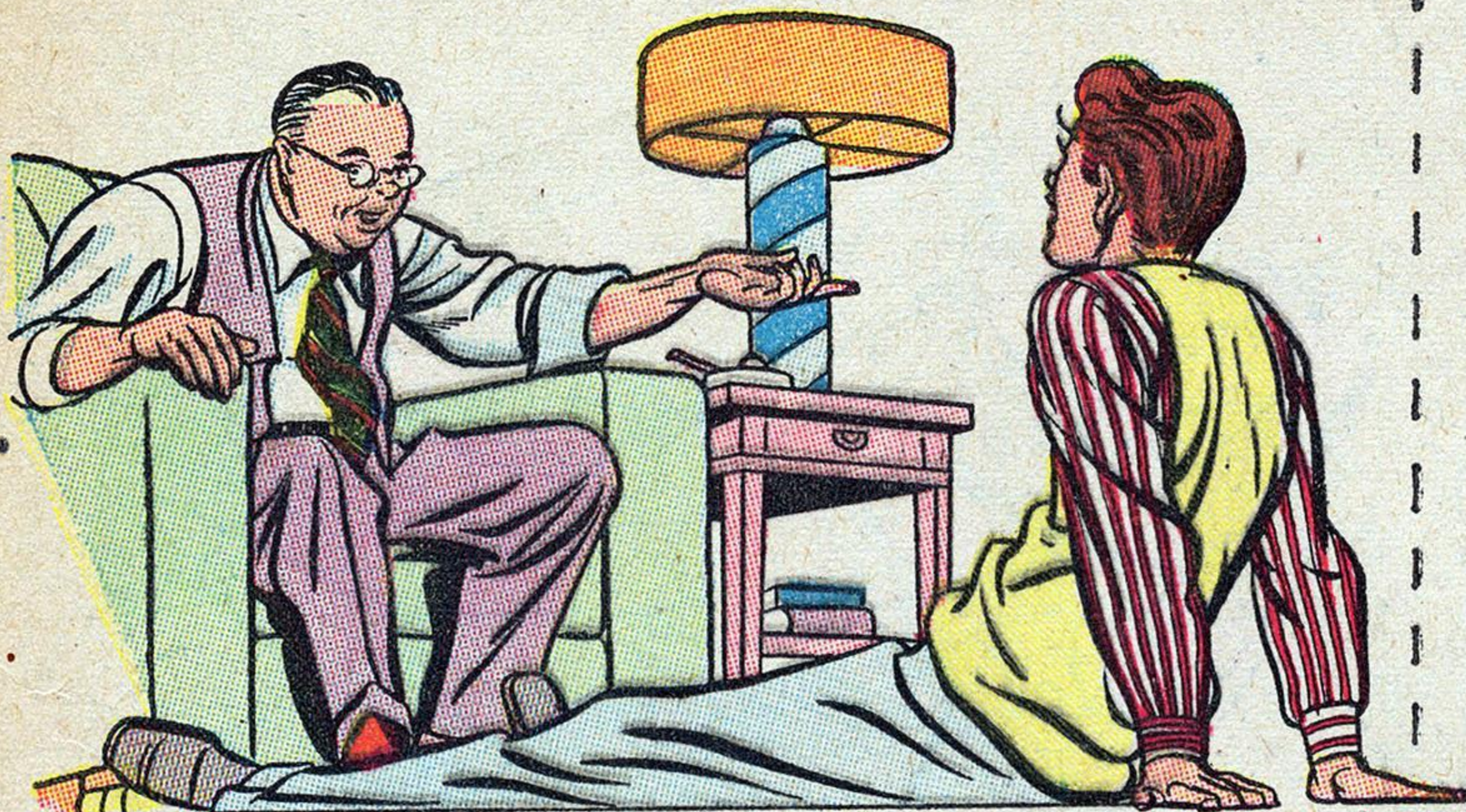
WHAT?????????



YOU SEE, SON, MR. FITZPATRICK, MY BOSS, IS BRINGING HIS NIECE TO THE PROM, AND WOULD LIKE YOU TO ESCORT HER!

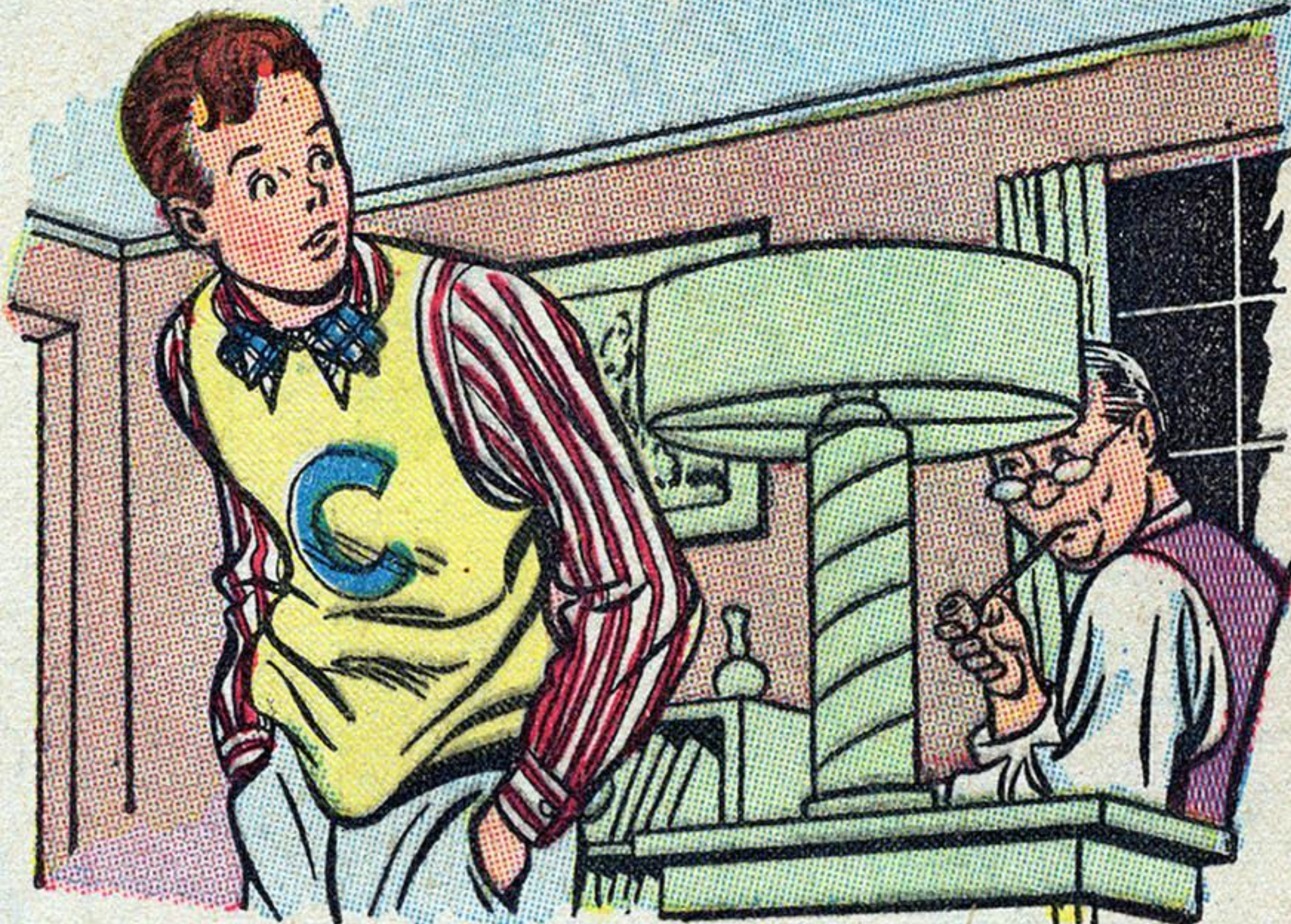
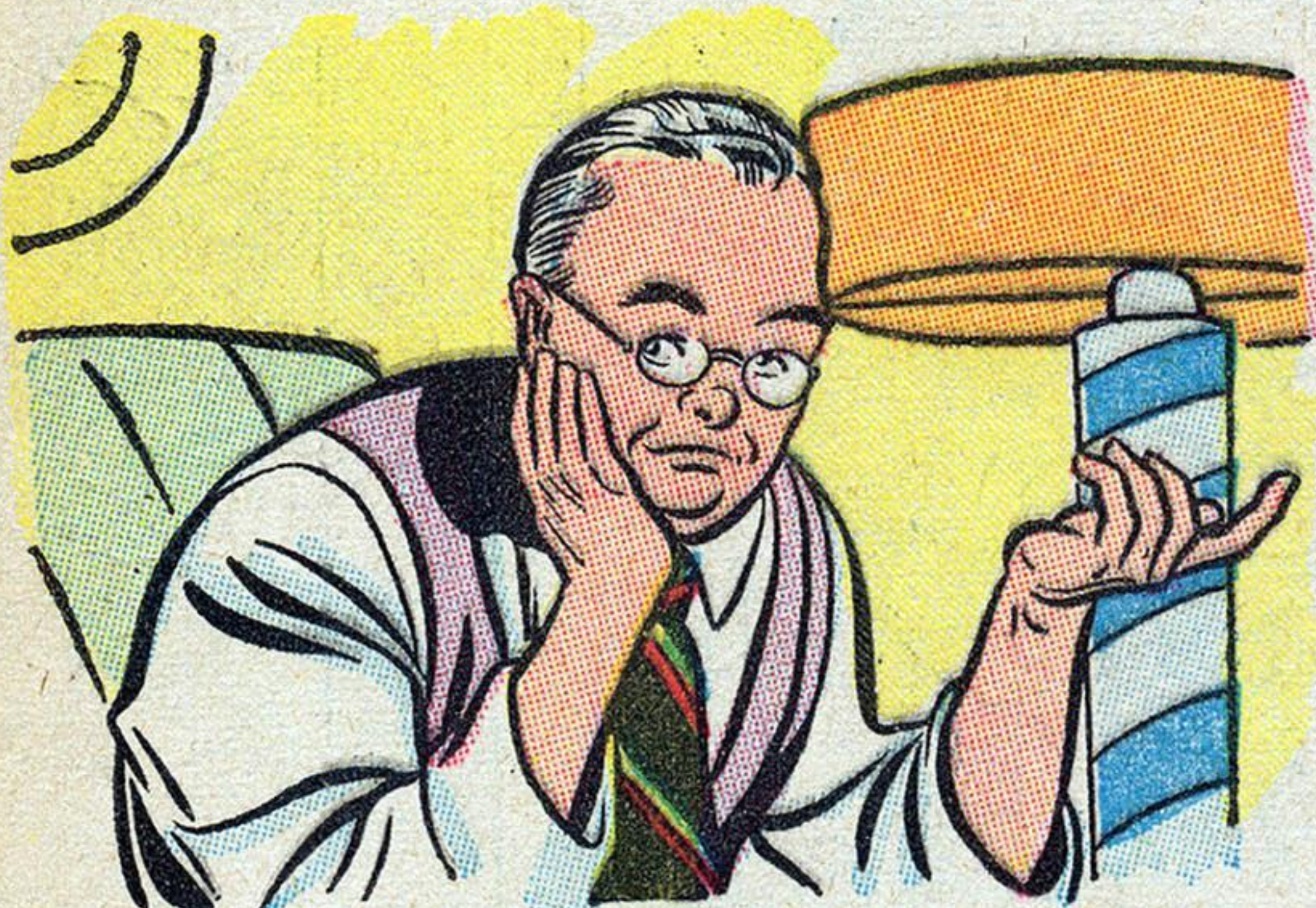
GEE WHIZ!

HOLY SMOKE, DAD--- WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO TAKE HIS NIECE OUT? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?



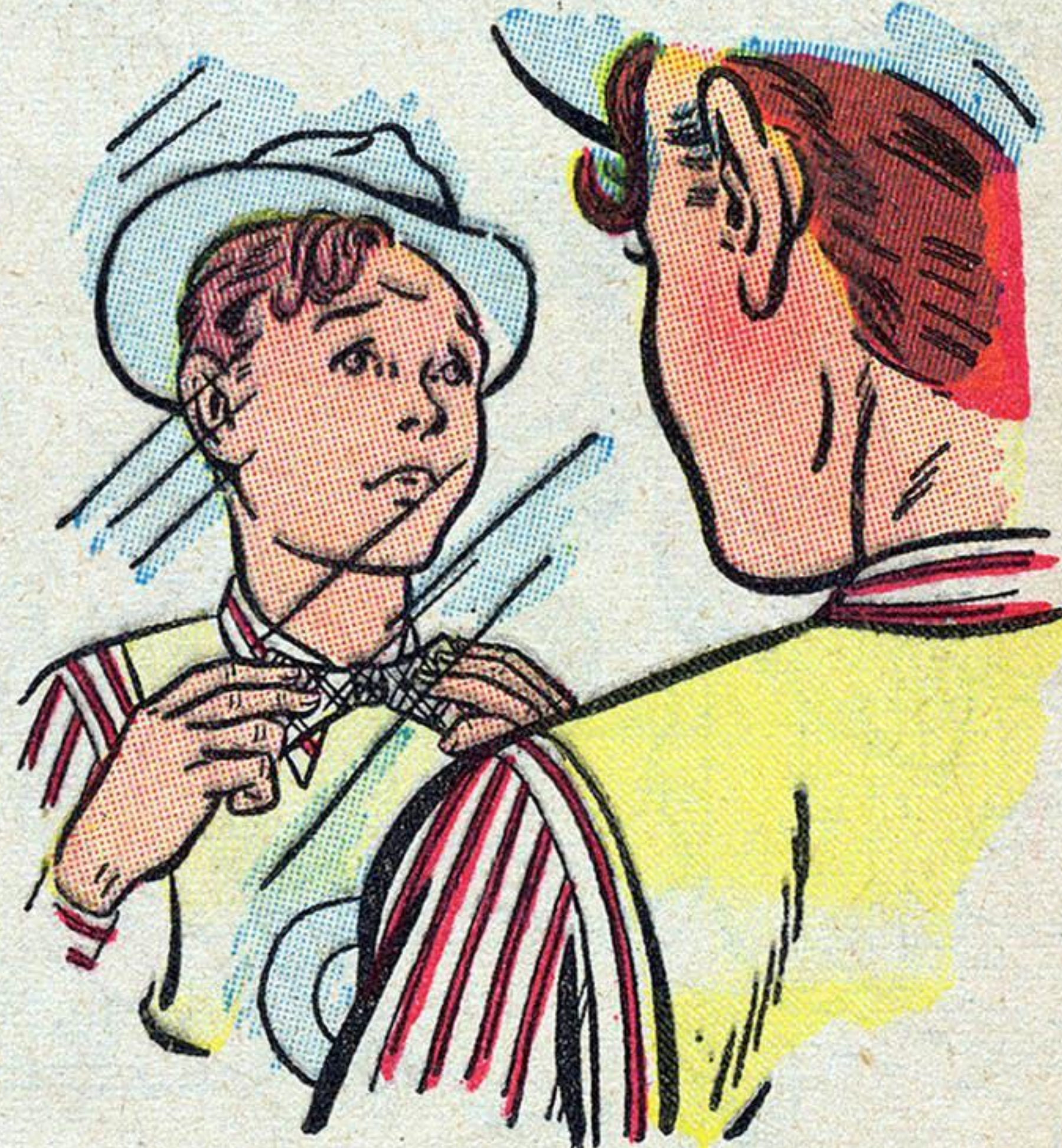
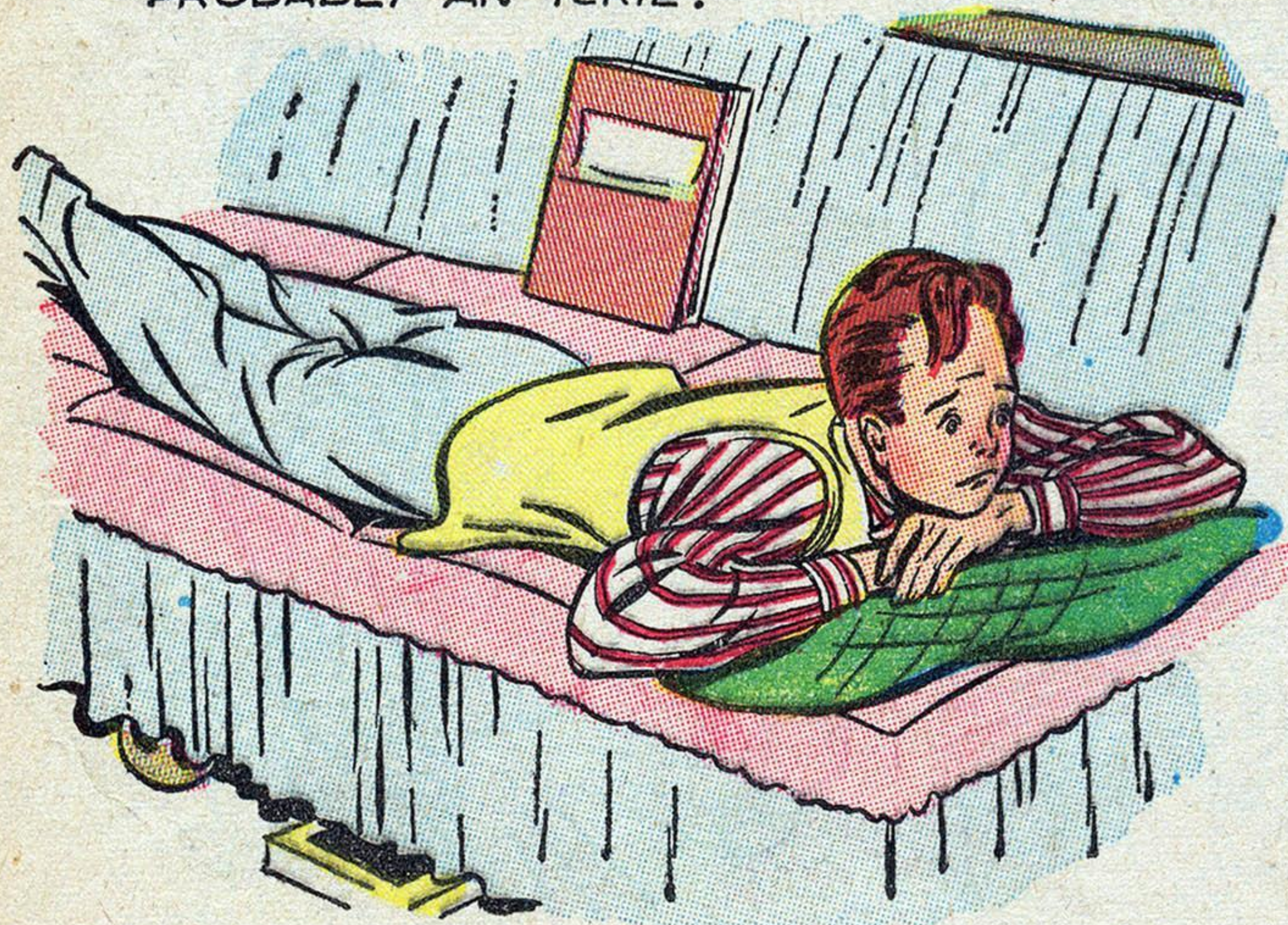
ALL RIGHT, SON, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT--- IF YOU WANT ME TO LOSE MY JOB--- IF YOU WANT TO TAKE FOOD FROM YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'S MOUTH--- ALL RIGHT---

O.K., I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, BUT I'M RUINED SOCIALLY--- RUINED, DO YOU HEAR ME? **RUINED!**



HOW'LL I FACE JUDY? WHAT'LL I TELL HER? AND FITZPATRICK'S DAUGHTER--- SHE'S PROBABLY AN ICKIE!

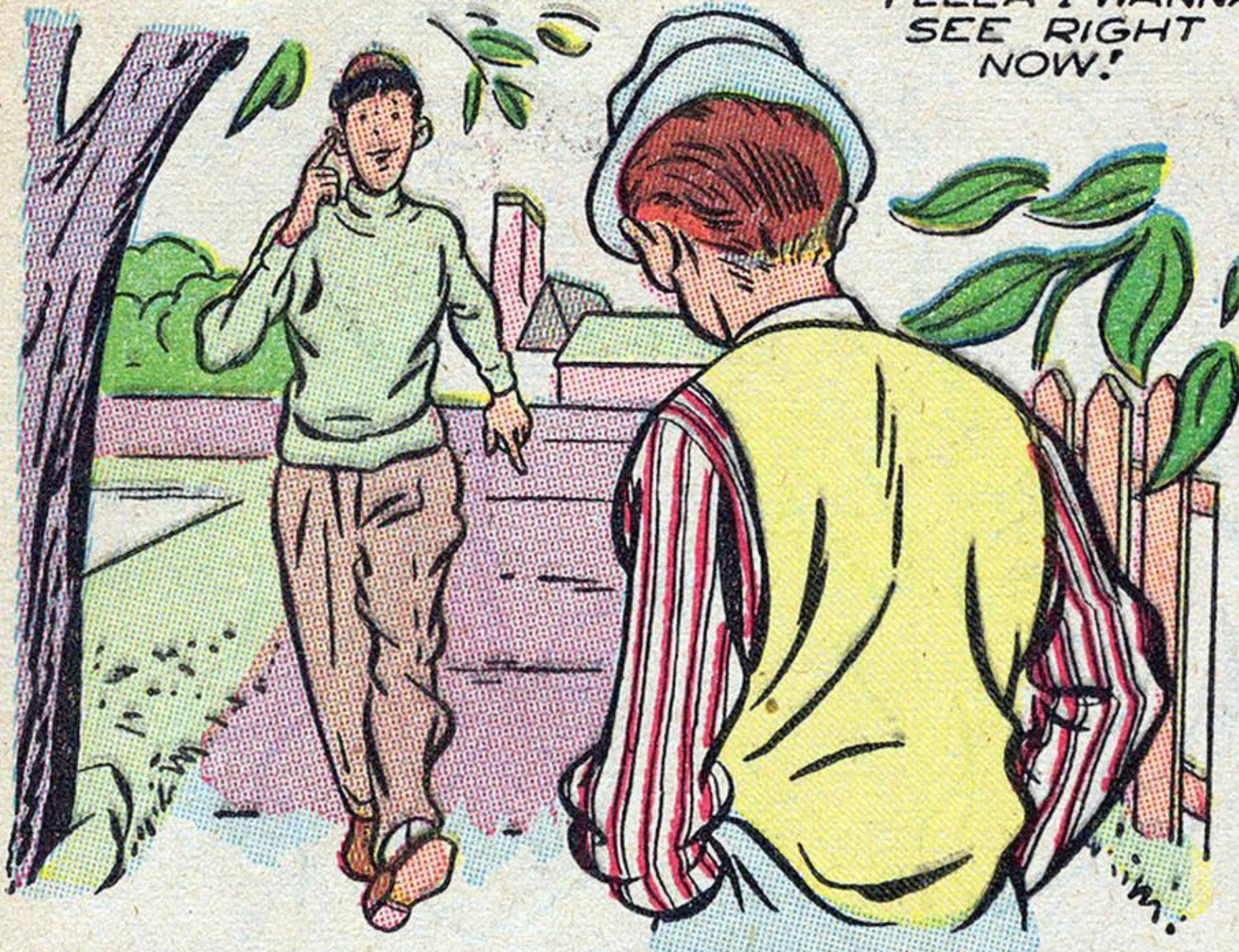
OH, WELL, IF I'VE GOTTA GO THRU WITH IT-- I'VE GOTTA! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!



HI, DANNY! HOW'S TRICKS?
I HEAR YOU'RE TAKING JUDY
TO THE PROM--- YOU LUCKY
GUY!

(TO HIMSELF)
AW HECK---
HERE'S JIMMY--
THE LAST
FELLA I WANNA
SEE RIGHT
NOW!

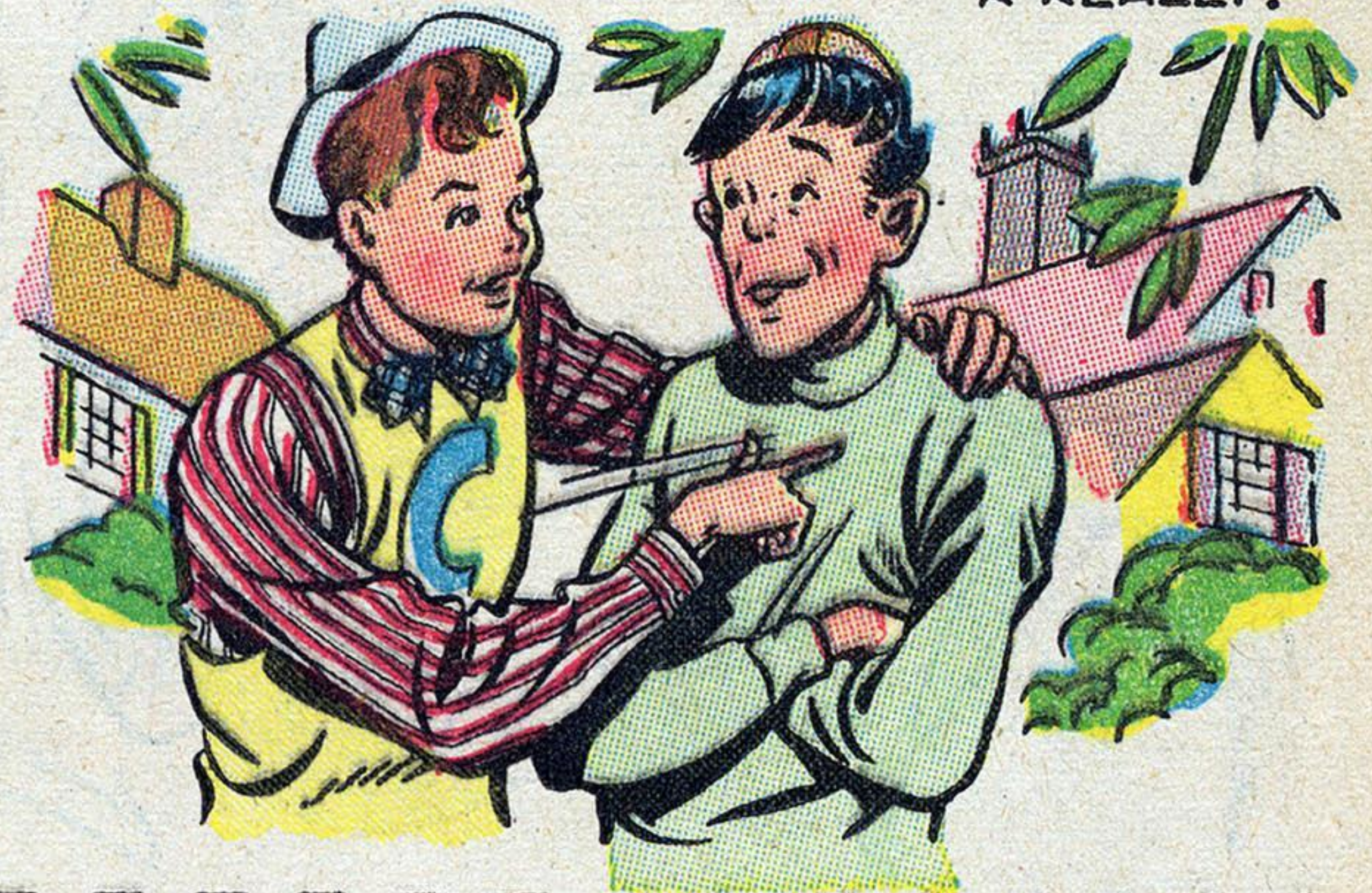
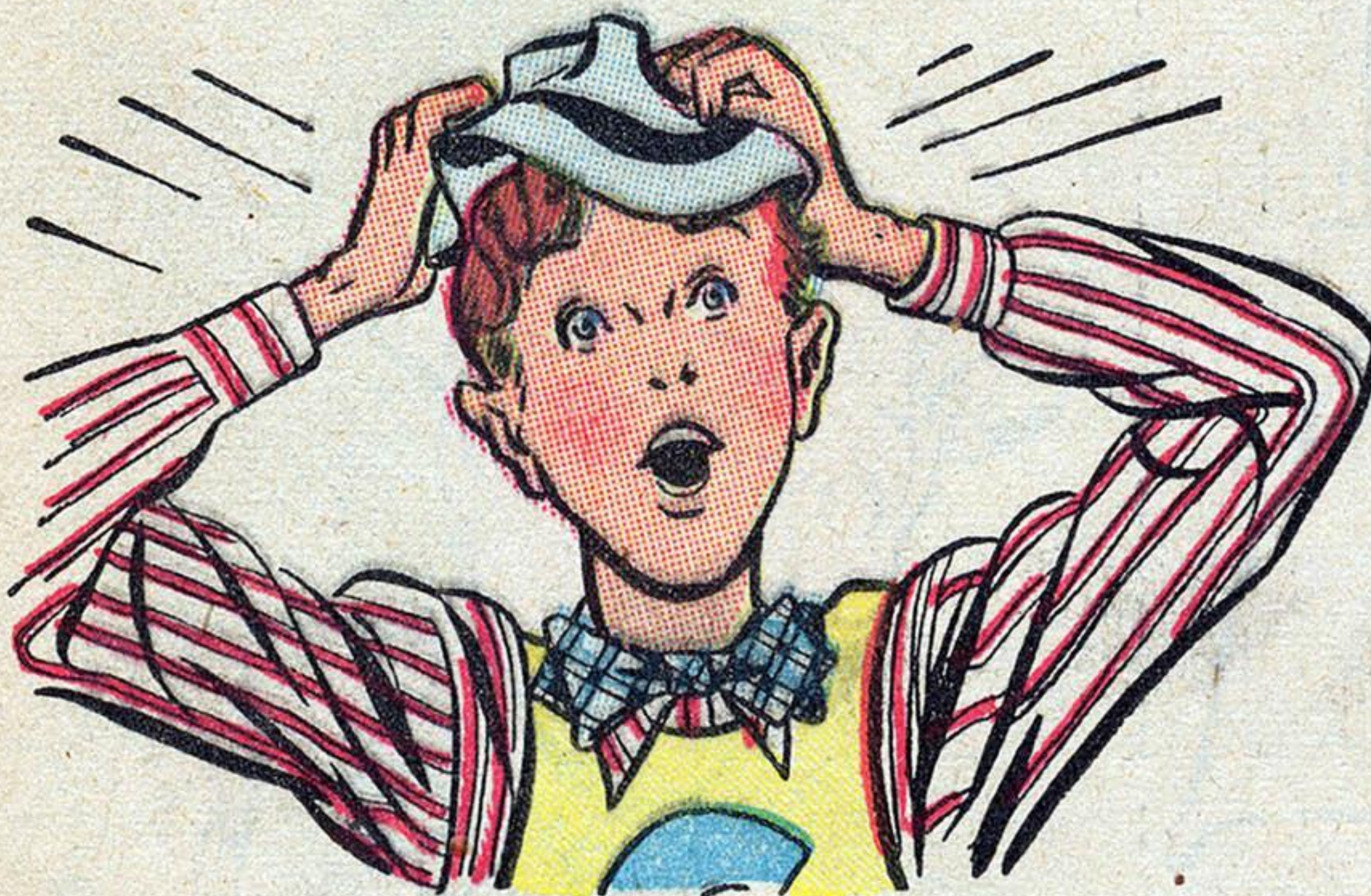
I SURE WISH I WAS TAKING A SWELL
GAL LIKE JUDY TO THE PROM--- I GOT
STUCK WITH PETUNIA PENTIGRASS
WHO WAS VOTED MISS BOTTLENECK
OF 1944!



(TO HIMSELF) **WOWEE!** WHAT AN IDEA!
WHY DON'T I LET JIMMY TAKE MISS
FITZPATRICK OUT INSTEAD OF PETUNIA!
MISS FITZPATRICK WON'T KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE--- SHE'S NEVER SEEN ME---
SHE'LL THINK JIMMY IS ME!

JIMMY, OLD PAL--- I'M GOING TO DO YOU THE
BIGGEST FAVOR OF YOUR LIFE! I'M GOING
TO LET YOU TAKE OUT A LOVELY CREATURE!
A VISION--- A RARE DELIGHT---
HER NAME IS MISS
FITZPATRICK!

R-REALLY!

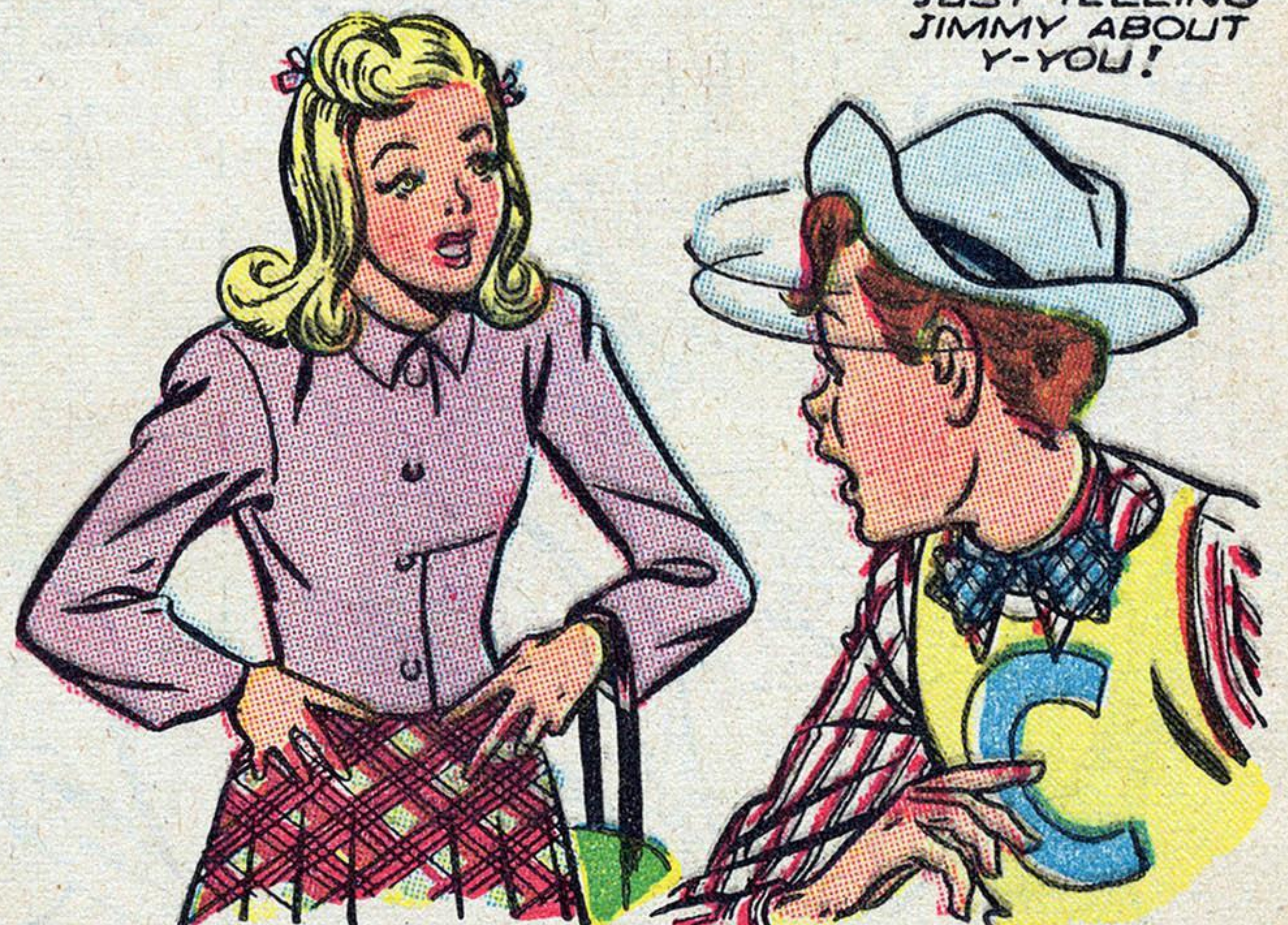


SHE'S GORGEOUS--- DEEVINE--- LOOKS
LIKE A SCREEN STAR-- I'M MAD ABOUT
HER MYSELF--- YOU'LL LOVE HER! ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO--- JUST FOR A GAG---
IS TELL HER YOUR
NAME IS DANNY
SMITH!

AHEM, MR. SMITH--- JUST
WHOM WERE YOU DESCRIB-
ING SO RAPTUREOUSLY?

GULP-- OH, EH,
HELLO, JUDY---
I, EH, WAS
JUST TELLING
JIMMY ABOUT
Y-YOU!

GEE-- BUT I'M
A LUCKY GUY!

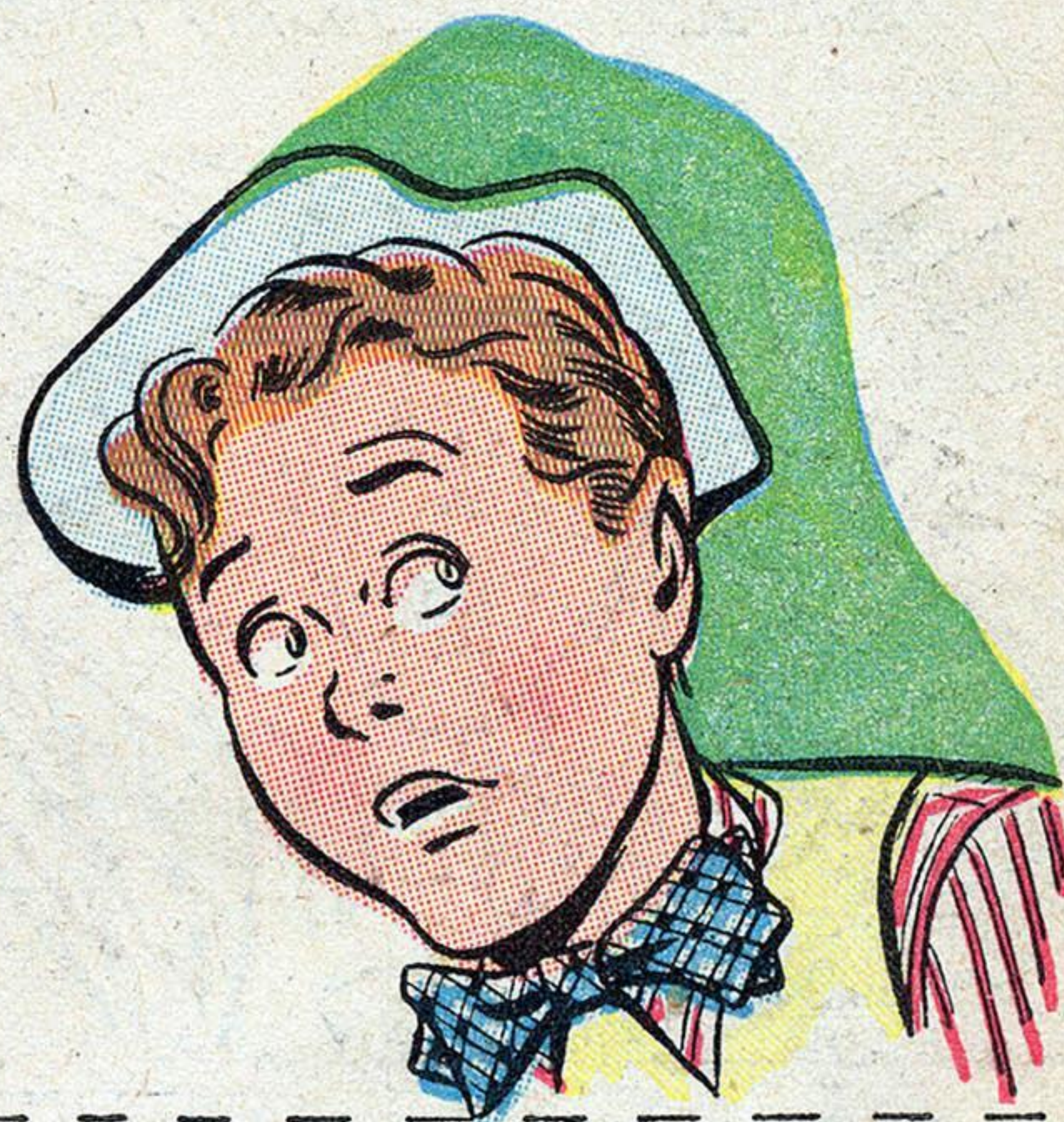
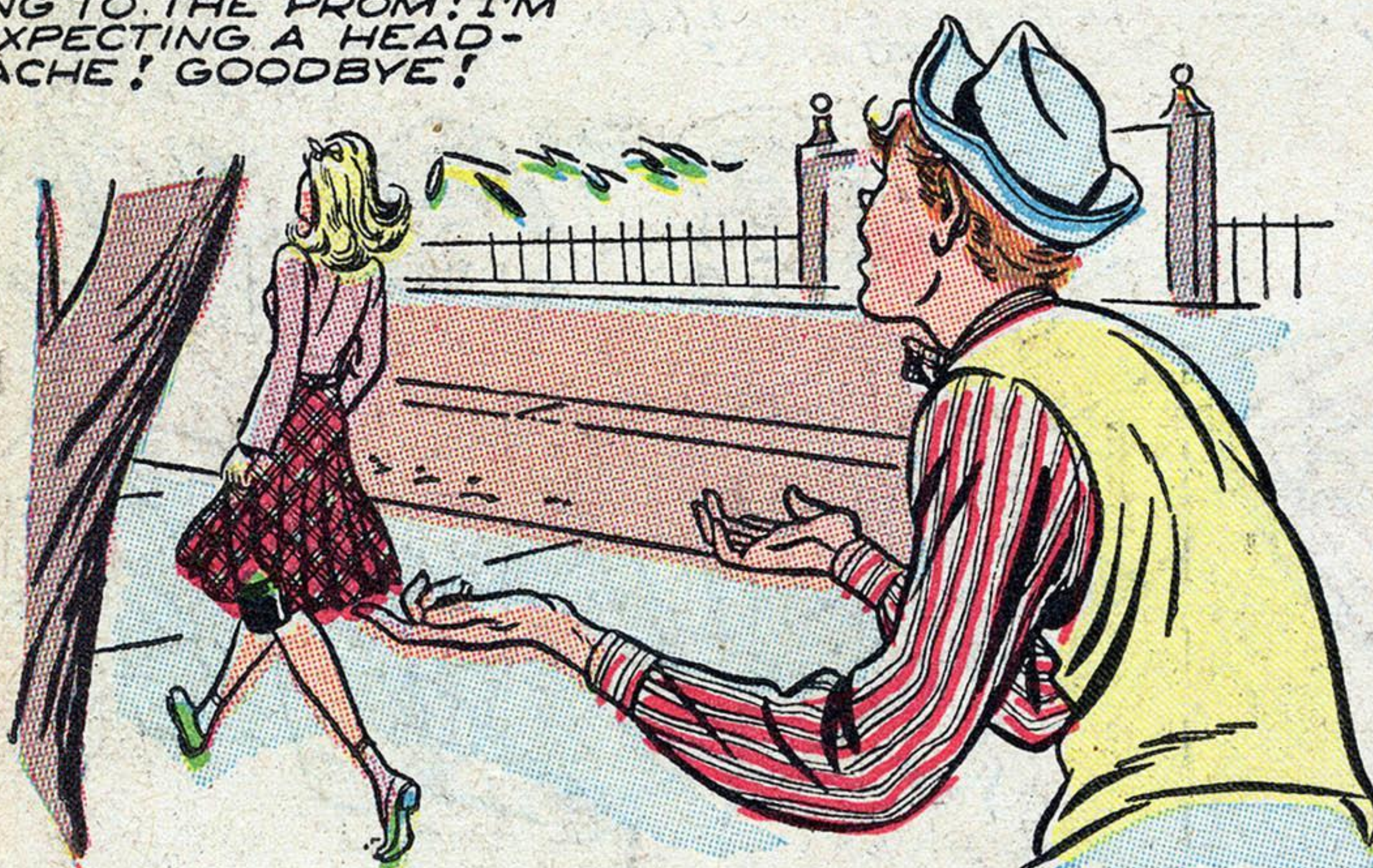


OH BOY!

MISS FITZPATRICK, EH?
SO, YOU WERE DESCRIB-
ING ME, WERE YOU?
HMMM----

BUT, JUDY--- I DID IT
ALL FOR YOU--- I
MEAN JUDY--- AWWW--

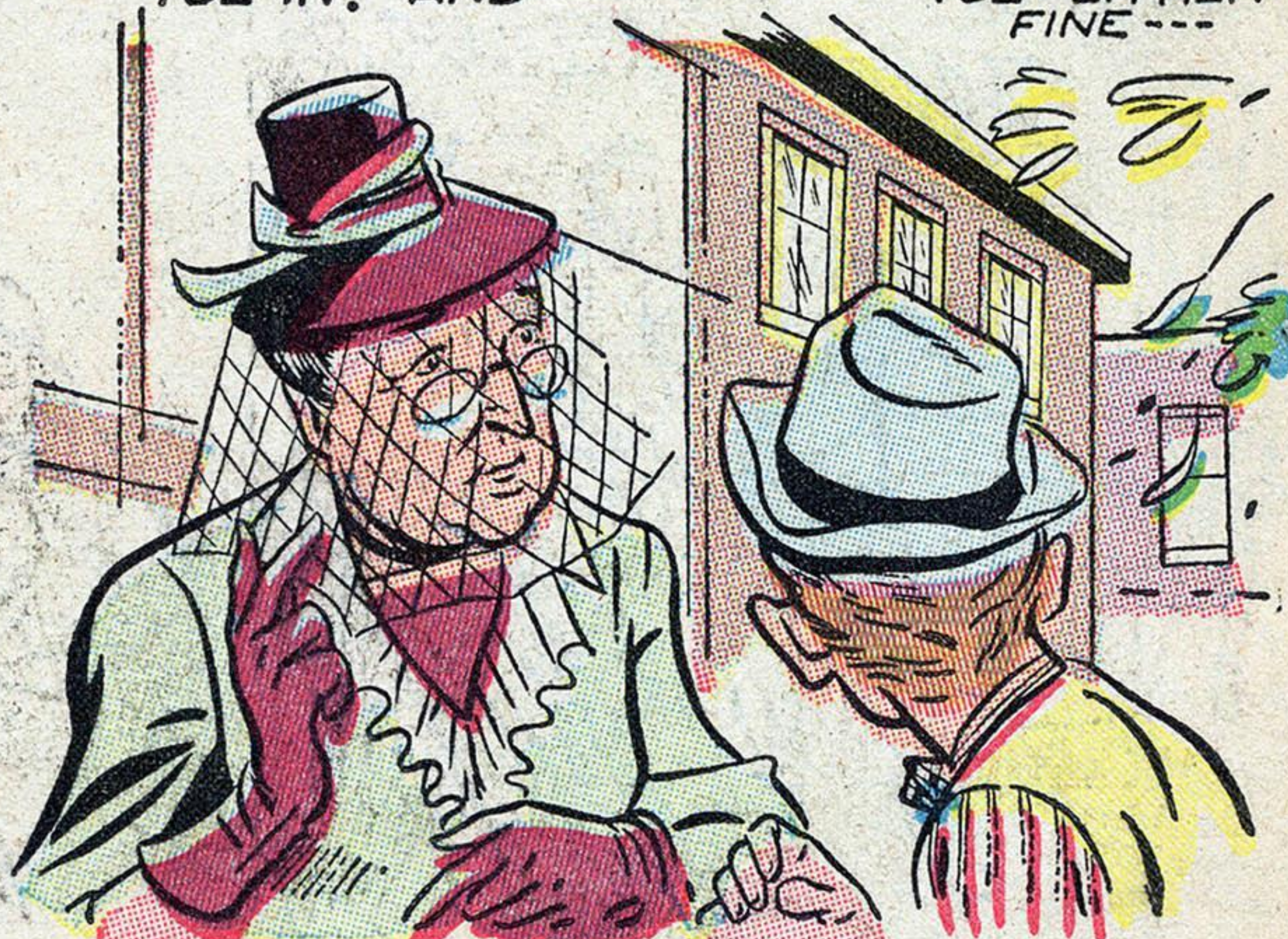
**I'VE GOTTA CATCH JIMMY
NOW AND STOP HIM FROM
DATING MISS FITZPATRICK!**



GEE, I MEAN
HELLO, MRS.
THROCK-
WHISTLE!

AND HOW IS YOUR MOTHER
AND BROTHER --- AND
FATHER? AND HOW ARE
YOUR AUNTS AND UNCLES?
AND WHAT CLASS ARE
YOU IN? AND---

EH, YES-- OF
COURSE---
FINE, THANKS!
THAT IS ---
YES, THANK
YOU--UH HUH--
FINE---

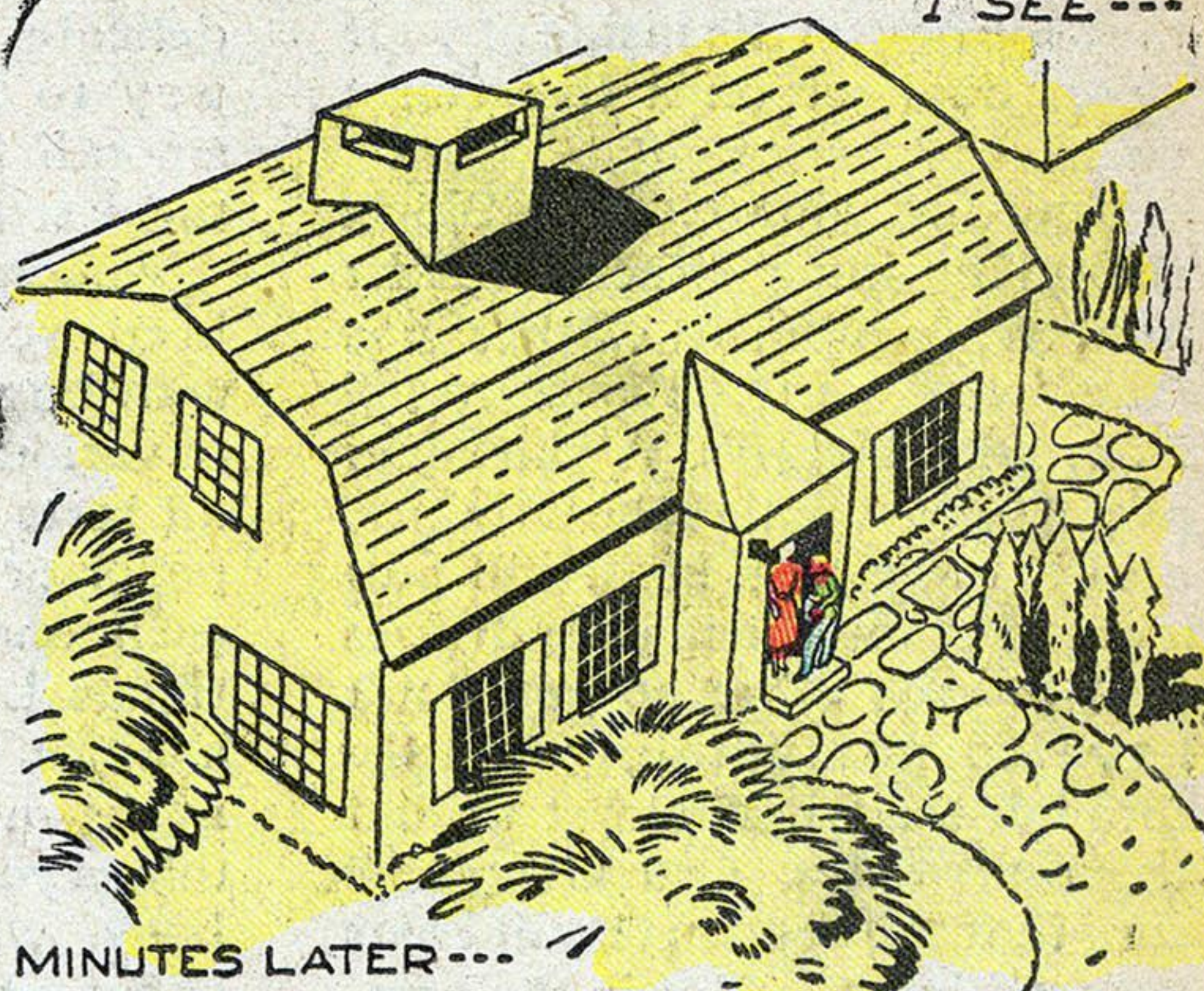
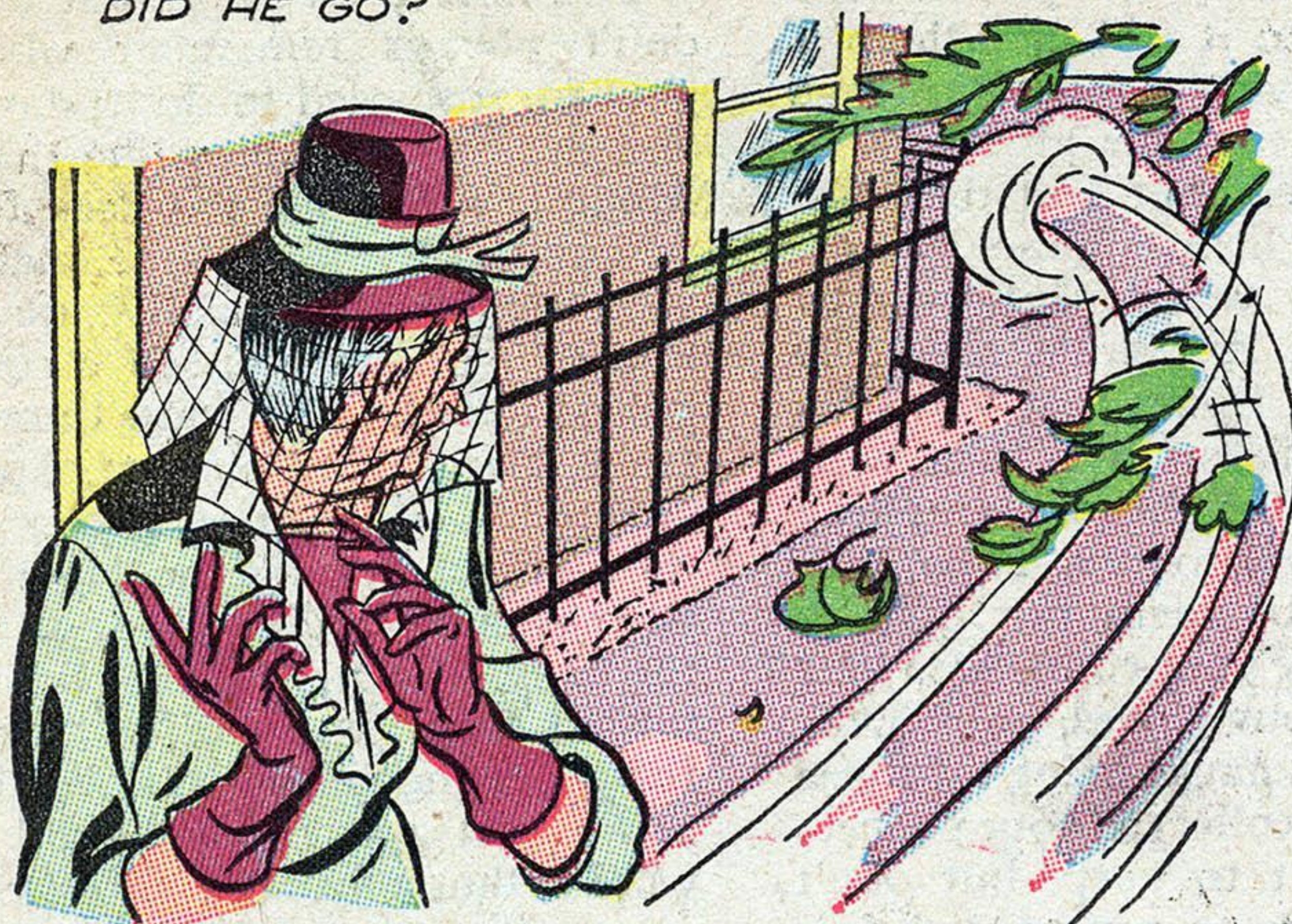


I REALLY MUST BE ON MY WAY NOW-- AND--- WELL, MY LANDS, WHERE DID HE GO?

THAT'S TOO BAD--- GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU--- GOODBYE!

I'M SORRY, YOUNG FELLOW, BUT MY DAUGHTER IS GETTING READY TO GO TO THE PROM WITH DANNY SMITH!

B-BUT I'M DAN--- I MEAN, TH-THANK YOU--- I SEE---

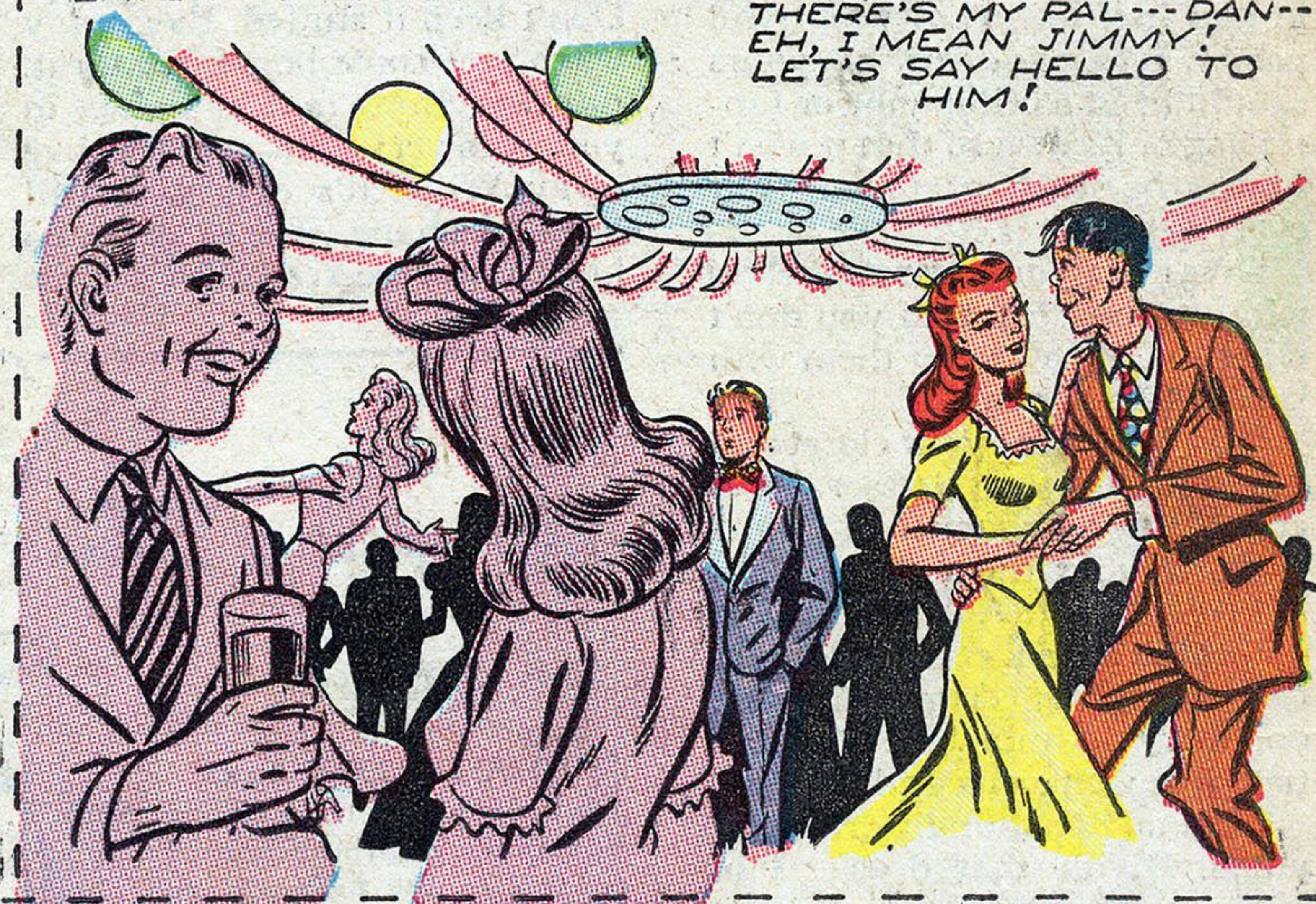
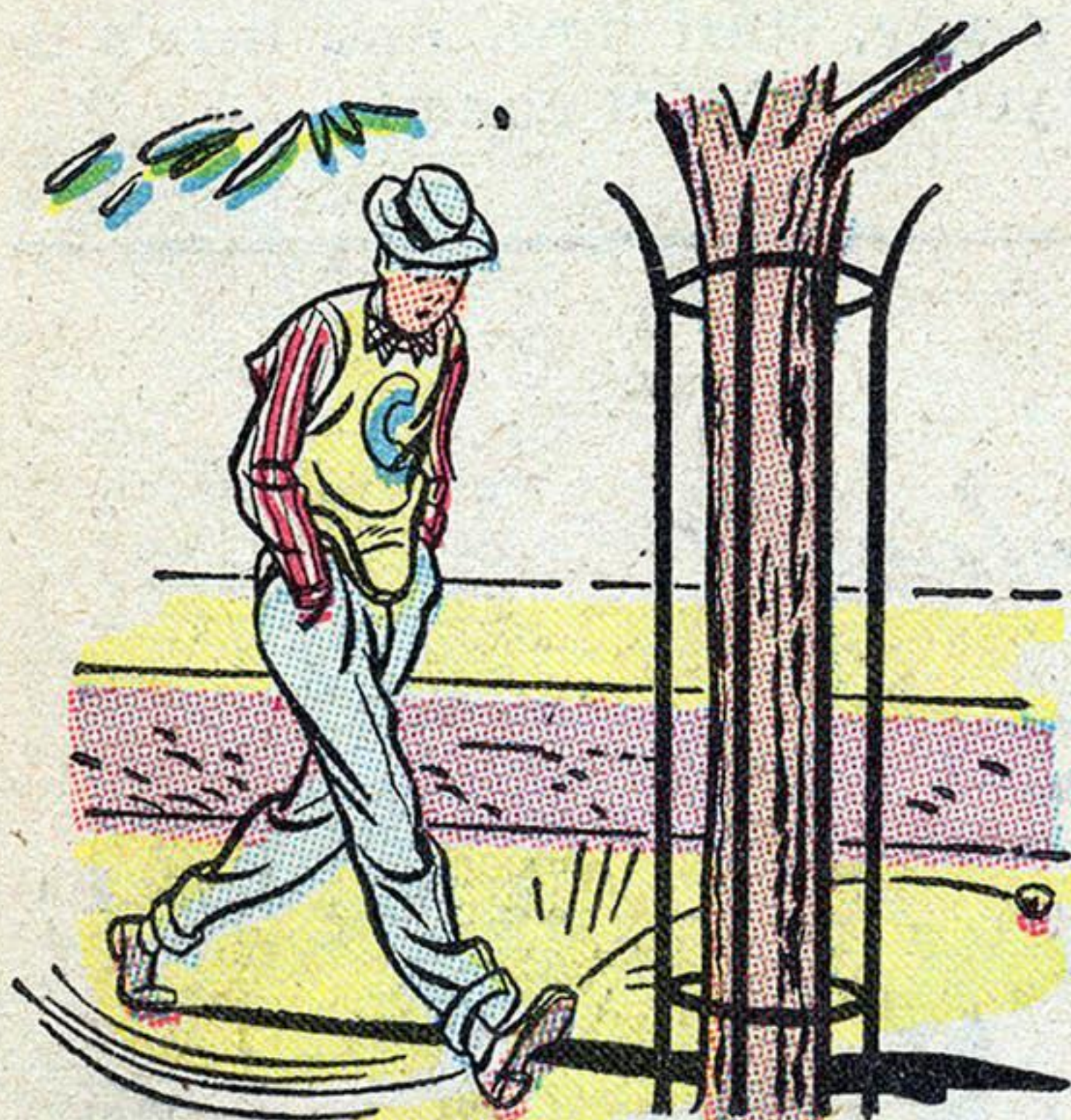


MINUTES LATER---

WHAT'LL I DO--- MY OWN GIRL WON'T GO WITH ME--- MISS FITZPATRICK IS GOING WITH JIMMY--- AND SHE THINKS HE'S ME! AND I'VE GOT NO GIRL TO TAKE WITH ME!

LATER---AT THE PROM---

LOOK, MISS FITZPATRICK-- THERE'S MY PAL--- DAN-- EH, I MEAN JIMMY! LET'S SAY HELLO TO HIM!



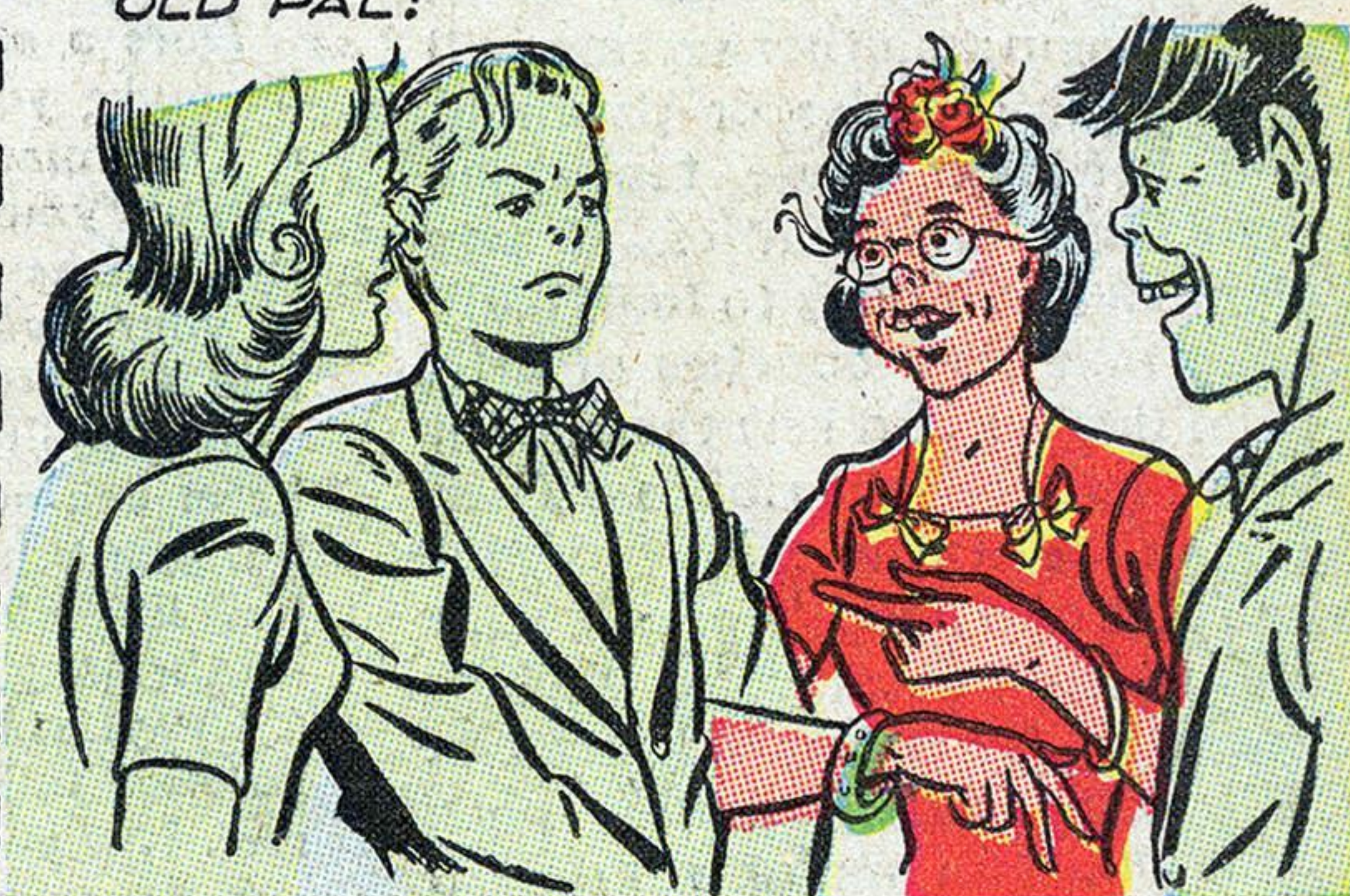
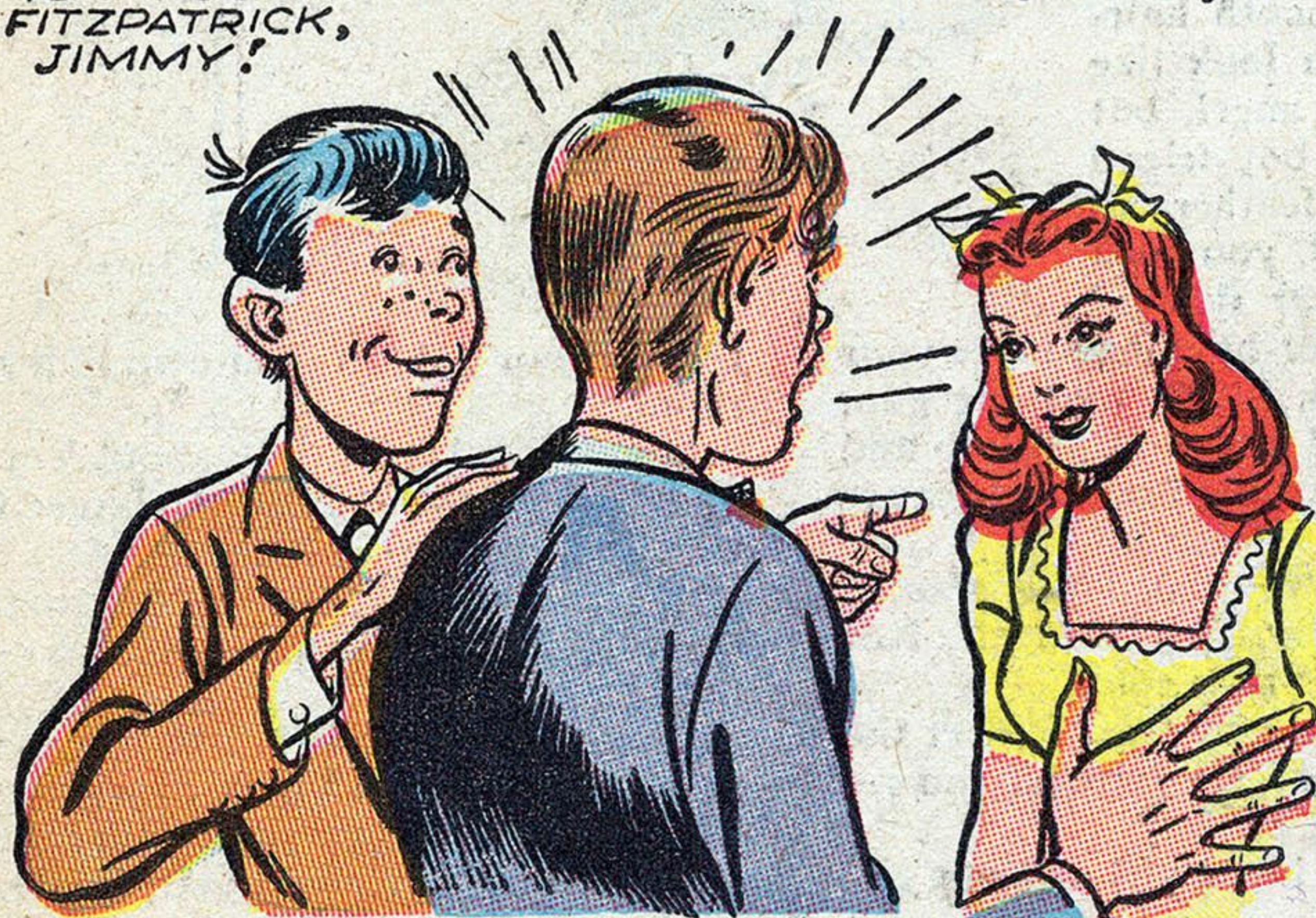
EH, HELLO--- J-JIMMY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET HELEN-- THIS IS MISS FITZPATRICK, JIMMY!

IS **THIS** HER? EH, I MEAN GLAD TO MEET YOU!

HELLO---WHO HAVE YOU BROUGHT TO THE PROM, JIMMY?

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND, PETUNIA PENTIGRASS--I THINK YOU KNOW HER, DANNY, OLD PAL!

HELLO, EVERYBODY--- ISN'T EVERYTHING JUST DEEVINE!



AND THAT, DEAR READER, IS WHY, TO THIS DAY, DANNY SMITH IS APT TO BE SLIGHTLY ANGRY WITH YOU IF YOU MENTION THE WORD 'PROM' TO HIM--- AND THEN SMILE!

find you have room for twelve or fourteen shoe holders. Then hang the shoe bag on the inside of your closet door, or on a free closet wall.

Now for your clothes. Skirts should be hung either on skirt hangers, or hung on clothes pins (the clip variety) suspended from wire hangers. A skirt laid over a hanger will make wrinkles, a skirt hung on a hook will pull it out of shape. Hang your dresses next to each other, so you don't have to go fumbling madly through the whole closet to find the right dress. And always be sure that the dresses or suit coats are well hung — that is the arm-holes are in the hanger, not half in and half off. That wonderful pastel evening dress of yours should be in a cellophane or fabric bag of its own so that it won't touch the floor, or touch your everyday clothes.

Dress up your closet shelves with gay borders, or if you don't want to do that, paint them with bright shiny enamel.

Now let's leave your closet and take a look at your dresser drawers. Messy? Ashamed of them? If so, let's fix them up quickly. Keep 'em neat. And the way to do that is have a certain place in each drawer for certain things . . . don't try to mix 'em. Because they just won't mix and be right.

Let's take that undie drawer of yours. Divide that drawer into sections. And you can do that with lingerie ribbons. Lay ribbons over your slips, ribbons that are long enough to tuck down under them; another section will hold your nighties or pajamas, and beribbon these too; then your bras and panties. If you want those ribbons to look truly gala, take tiny bunches of artificial flowers and sew them right in the center of the ribbons. Then there's the drawer you keep your hairpins and handkerchiefs, your gloves and even your pocket-books in. An empty powder box will hold loads of bobby pins. And you can make yourself a handkerchief holder in a jiffy. When you make it, remember to slip a fragrant bag of sachet into

the lining. Or just lay it in with the hankies; it will give them a delicate lovely scent. The best way to keep your gloves is to smooth them out and then lay them straight in a glove box.

Another wonderful way to keep your drawers straight is with boxes. Boxes that you save of various sizes. Cover them with all sorts of bright gift wrapping paper or wall paper. Then, into each one of them put definite things. Like your compacts, your hankies, your gloves, your nick-nacks—nicknacks being all those things you collect in your pocket-book, want to keep, but don't know where to put. And here's a hint about that pocketbook. Don't keep it stuffed. Every day when you come home, empty it, put everything in it in a place in your drawer; then put the bag away. When it's empty, it will keep its shape, sort of draw its breath and be ready for all the

things you'll cram into it tomorrow.

You have a lot to do, but you don't always remember when you are supposed to do it; dates and duties and things like that. Make it easy; make it easy for you and at the same time, make your room more attractive, more interesting. Buy yourself a cork bulletin board. And some thumb tacks. Then take a piece of paper and mark off on it each day in the week, and divide the day into your waking hours. Pin that on the board. Then, with that board tacked onto your wall, write on the paper the dates you have, the work you must do; in other words—that board is your schedule . . . that board is your date book with yourself. It's fun and business all at once.

So now you see that your own room can be fun for you, and fun with you. If you aren't that sort of fun and personality addict already, start now. And here's to you! Let's get going!

Are you a Chameleon?

A CHAMELEON has no color of its own, but takes on the color nearest at the moment.

Are you afraid to say you love Shirley Temple when your gal-pal's rave is Betty Grable?

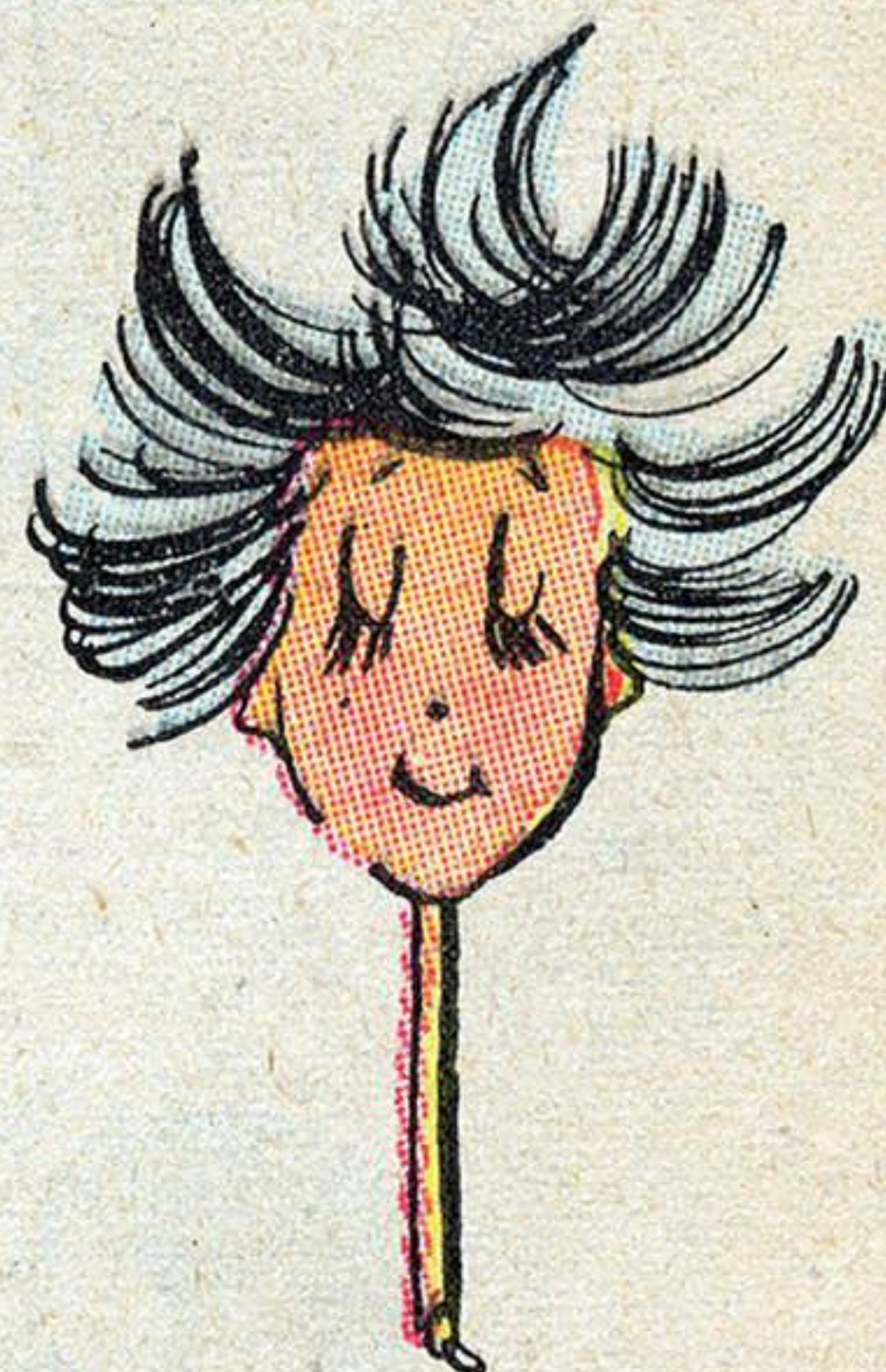
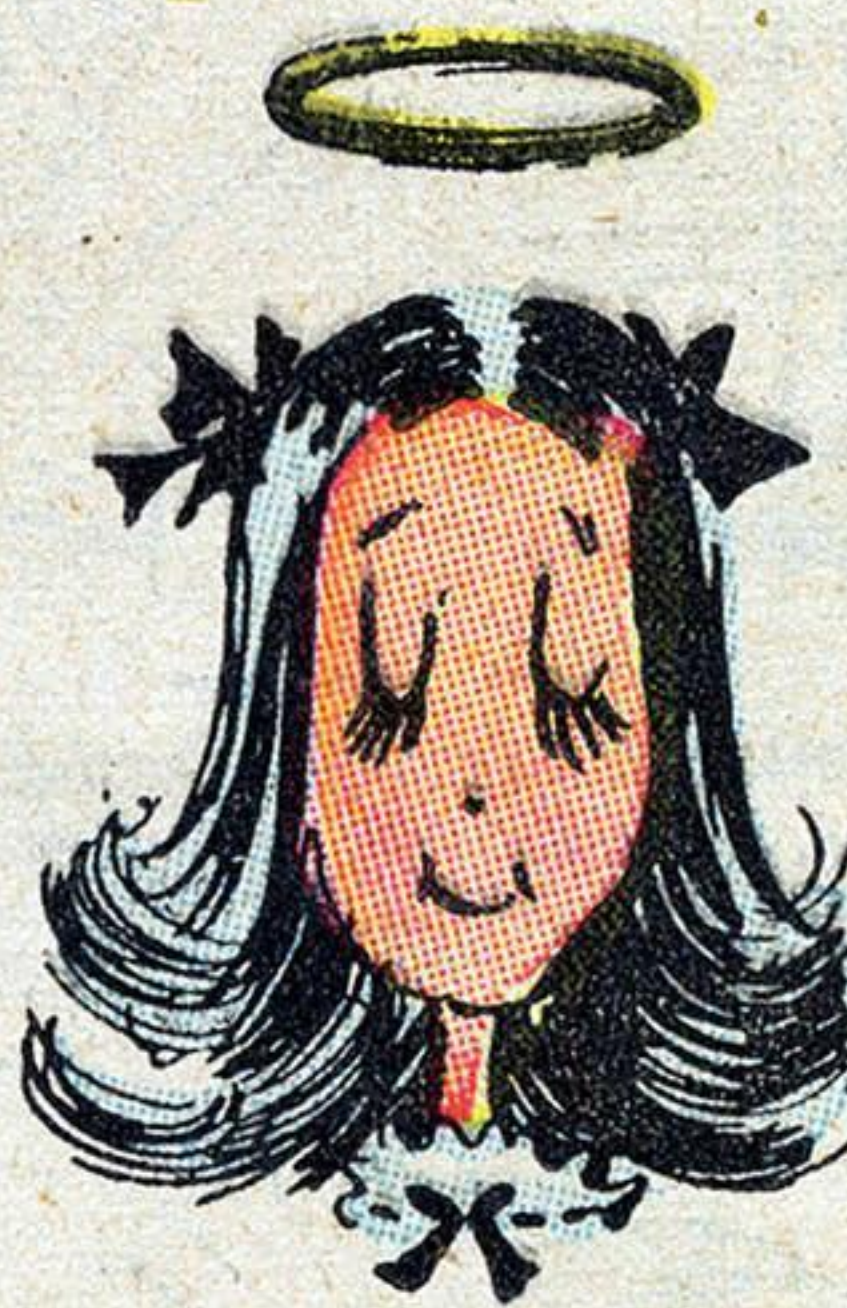
Does a smooth hair-do make you look like a Christmas angel, but because your boy-friend ruffled the feather-cut of your rival, you look like a pre-war duster?

Maybe jitter-bugging makes your heart ack-ack like a machine gun, but you bend and whirl, stamp and kick like a bucking broncho because all the gang is doing it.

Baby, you've joined the *phonus balonus* family. Not yourself. Not real. Not your own color.

Turn over a new leaf. Reflect the color of nobody. Be yourself and see what happens.

If you're a home girl at heart en-



ertain your date in your own living room.

If you like books, talk about 'em, and some boy who reads himself will find you fascinating.

If you prefer sports to dancing, there are lads whose souls are starving for you.

Be your color, sister. It'll become you. You'll feel good in it. And some day the boy who likes your color best of all will slip a ring on your finger.

You've heard it before, you'll hear it
again and again and again. There's
a purpose in repetition...

By PEGGY McGARRY

BE YOURSELF!

HHEY!!
C'mon out from under that get-up. You might look like someone we'd like to know. Only now, you've got the real "you" so snowed under, that even Sherlock Holmes would have trouble with the disguise. In short, what's the matter with you, pigeon? Don't you think you're as good as that uniformed six-footer who's got you nicely hypnotized? Well, you are, every bit as good. So stop jumping through his hoop, running when he whistles, and sitting up when he crooks his little finger.

How about a quick look-see at this trained puppy act you've been playing?

He's a smoothie. A natty dresser, a fast talker, a low-dipper. He likes his women svelte, sophisticated, with a cigarette holder, drooping lids, and an "oh, I could yawn" face. Comes your cue. Mom gasps when you make your entrance that night, but you've got a run-of-the-play contract with yourself. That's what he likes. That's what you'll give 'em. He'll see a dead white face, a bored, black-lipsticked mouth, straight, drooling hair, spiked heels, and a dress that would make an eel blush. Carelessly, you place your bloody fingertips on his arm, and in a voice that comes from your ankles, you say your hoarse "hello". Much later on that evening, you wonder why he paid so much attention to that young snip in your party. She wasn't even wearing nail-polish.

Then, there's the class clown. Laughs, laughs, laughs. That's his dish. So you throw yourself on his plate. You're a comedienne.

A super-dynamic Betty Hutton. A zany. A high-tension screwball. Never a serious thought. You've two jokes to his one. You scream with laughter when he laughs politely. He howls, you roar. Always a step ahead. That's your routine. You're the original "Hi'ya pal, what's cookin?" kid, herself. If it's good for a guffaw, you'll happily stand on your left ear on Times Square. Remember how you died with humiliation when he asked that mousy, quiet, little Mary Jones to the Senior Prom?

He's an artist with his head in the clouds, and if you can't do a neat "pas de deux" you're on his blacklist. Remembering the five tap-dancing lessons you had when you were twelve, you get to work. Back goes your page-boy in a plastered bun, on go the hoop earrings, straight go the skirts, flat go the heels, down go your lids, throaty and oh, so arty goes your voice. Only Russian music, the ballet, and vodka make life worth living. But darling Boris suddenly ups and marries shiny-faced Tilly O'Conner.

He likes jive and gals with spirit. Woosh! You're a hep-cat. You swoon for Frankie, knock yourself out jumpin' (Continued on page 55)



Dear Betty Ann—

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betts:

Isn't life complicated! And now that romance is here to stay, at least it's that way with me, I wonder if it is worth it!

Of course, I'm not exactly twitterpated about men! But I will confide to you, Betty Ann, that two of them at the same time are really a grind.

Now take Rusty Bramwell, The Third. (Of course, Sally says I've been trying to take him for the last six months. But I really define that as an expression of a basic jealous streak in her nature, even if Sally is my very best girl-friend next to you.) Well, I've been wondering and wondering what I would do when Rusty kissed me. And the mortification of it all is that after going steady—well practically—since he's my secret hunk of heartbreak, he has never even tried to kiss me!

Really, Betty Ann, I have shed many a private tear over this situation. I have carefully and minutely examined my appearance in the mirror. I can see nothing wrong. In fact when I turn my Lauren Bacall look (yes, I've decided now that I look more like Lauren than Lana Turner) on a boy—he really should mellow but fast. But what happens with Rusty? Just nothing.

I read an ad: "Get wise to yourself girls! Eat violet drops after onions on hamburgers for your favorite date." For a whole month I sacrificed the onions on my hamburgers, just in case that that might be the reason. But still no rush from Rusty.

I even get to thinking, Betty Ann, that maybe I'm not such a dream-puss after all. But I am whistle-bait, because you should hear the

Victoria Allen Dunford faces a devastating fact—she's sweet sixteen, beautiful, Lauren Bacall-ish—but—well on the road to become an OLD MAID.... Vicky confides her troublesome thoughts to Betty Ann, her most intimate and devoted friend...

soldiers and the sailors when Sally and I walk by the Hollywood Canteen. Really, we must be on the beam!

To make my life more puzzling, there is Walter Miller the other man in my life. Now Walter would kiss me if I gave him a half a chance. And sometimes when I think of being unkissed at my age, I begin to wonder, if maybe I shouldn't consider Walter a little more. But then I can't imagine kissing Walter! He's nice but such a stupor-man.

Betty Ann, maybe you'll think I am khaki-wacky, but I really did try to do something about Rusty. About him kissing me I mean. At least if a girl has to brush a fellow off and tell him "No, you can't kiss me,"—it does give her more confidence, than if she's never been asked.

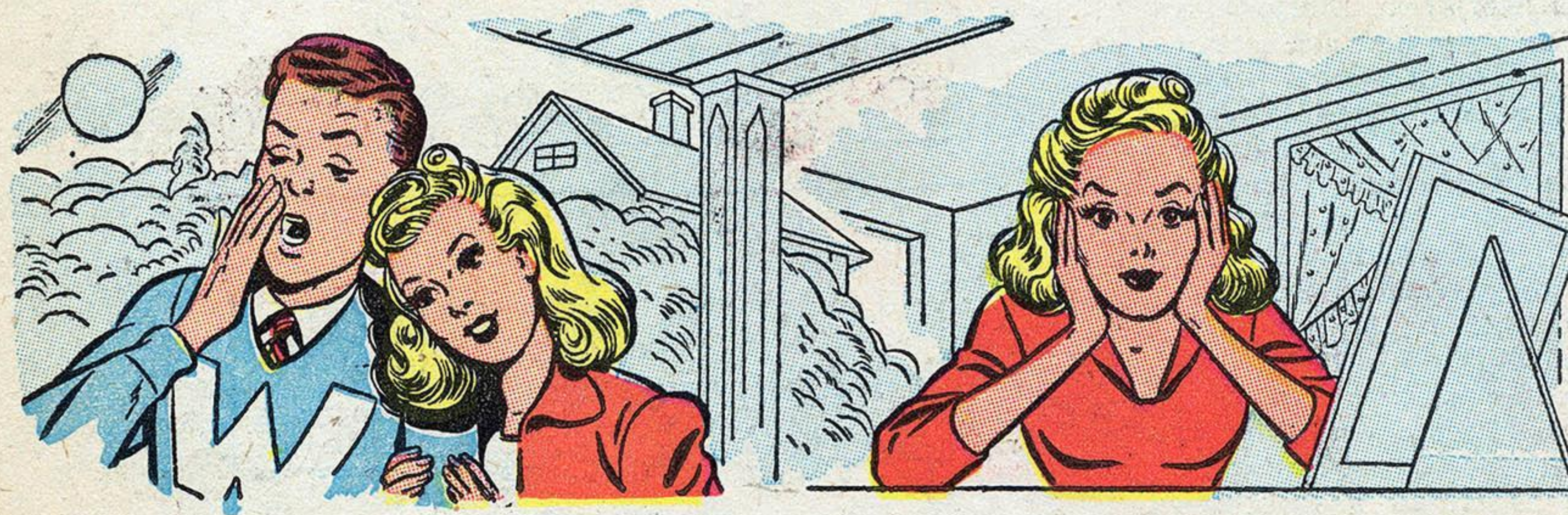
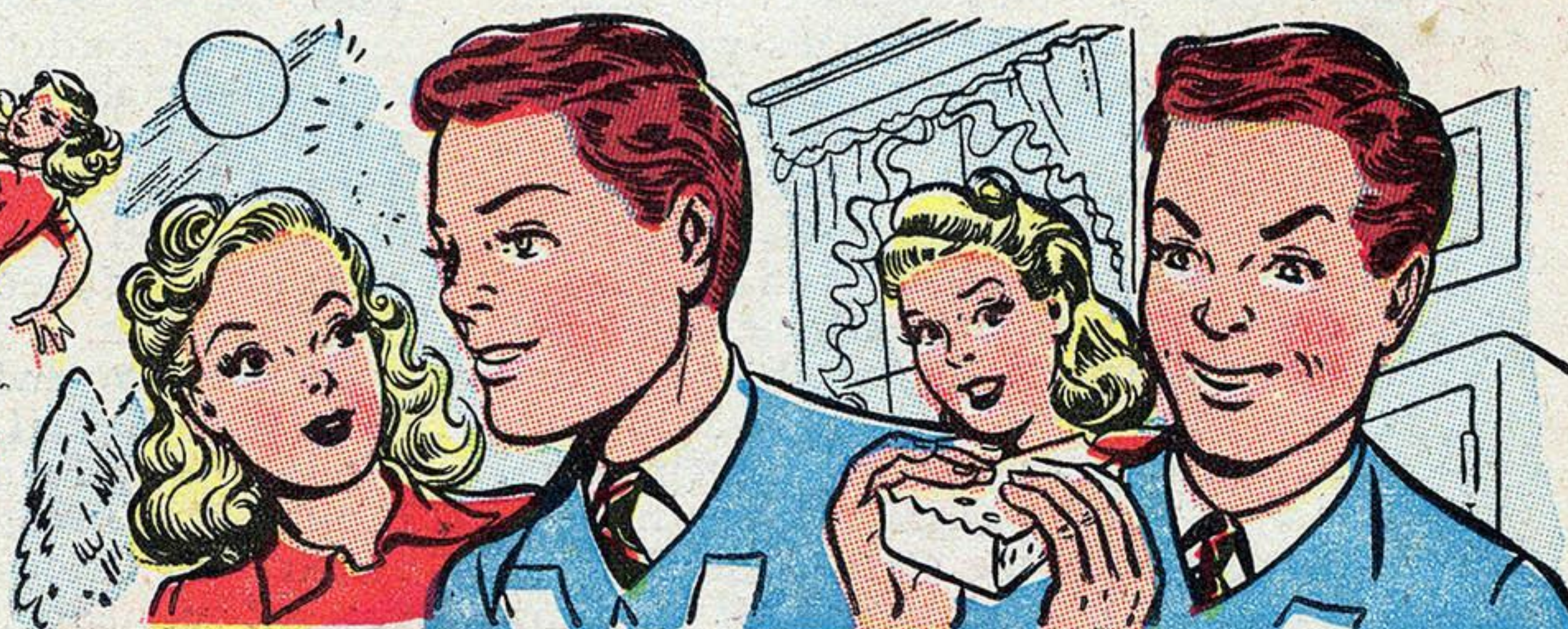
After careful delibera-

tion, Betty Ann, and much consideration, I decided that perhaps Rusty was the shy type. I read somewhere that football heroes have the courage of tigers on the field, but in the drawing room they feel awkward and ill at ease. So I decided to make a deliberate conquest of Rusty!

One Friday night Rusty asked me to go to the school dance in the gym. When we were dancing I swept my lashes a lot and looked up at him, and really looked deeply into his eyes—exploring his soul—if you know what I mean.

"What's the matter with you, Vicky?" he said. "Don't you feel well? You have a sort of sick-calf look in your eyes. Have you a headache? Is it too warm in here—? Do you want to go out and get some fresh air?"

(Continued on page 59)



BE POISED FOR CHARM

From page 16

has just passed her sixtieth birthday!

Is Anna poised? Of course not! If she were, it would not make you so nervous just to watch her walk.

What is the matter with Anna? She is in a hurry. Maybe, she is in a hurry because she is afraid she will be late for school. Perhaps, it is for some other reason. It doesn't matter. She is in a hurry—and you cannot be poised if you are in a hurry.

So the first thing to remember if you want to be poised is to make plans to get everything done on time so that it will not be necessary to hurry.

Now, let's look at Esther. When Esther walks, she leans backward. She moves so slowly that it hardly seems as if she is moving at all. Her eyes are glued to the ground, and, when you speak to her, you wonder if her tongue is glued to the roof of her mouth. For she hardly says a word. You feel that you would like to shoot off some dynamite somewhere near her to see if you can put some pep into her.

What is the matter with Esther? She is afraid. She is not afraid of some special thing, like being late for school. She is afraid, in general. She is afraid of herself.

Esther suggests to you the second thing you must have for poise. You must believe in yourself. You cannot be poised if you don't think you are just as good as the next person.

Here is a third girl. Her name is Marjorie. Marjorie is not in a hurry and she is not afraid. —Wait a minute! Did I say she isn't afraid? Well, she isn't afraid to do what she wants to do to attract attention. When she is in the corner drug store or, perhaps, her English class, she puts herself into some graceful position and then holds that pose until she is sure everyone has noticed her. But Marjorie is afraid, too. She is afraid that she is not attractive enough to create a favorable

impression by just being her natural self. Really, she makes people dislike her because she is always thinking about how she looks and everybody knows it.

So—here are three girls who are not poised. One is in a hurry. One does not believe in herself. One is trying to show off. All of them are afraid of something. Now, let's look at a girl who is poised and see what makes her that way.

Jeanne walks along the street with her head up. You can see that she knows where she is going because she does not lean backward or shrink away from you. You can tell that she is glad to go where she is going because she leans a little forward. Just enough to show that she is eager to arrive.

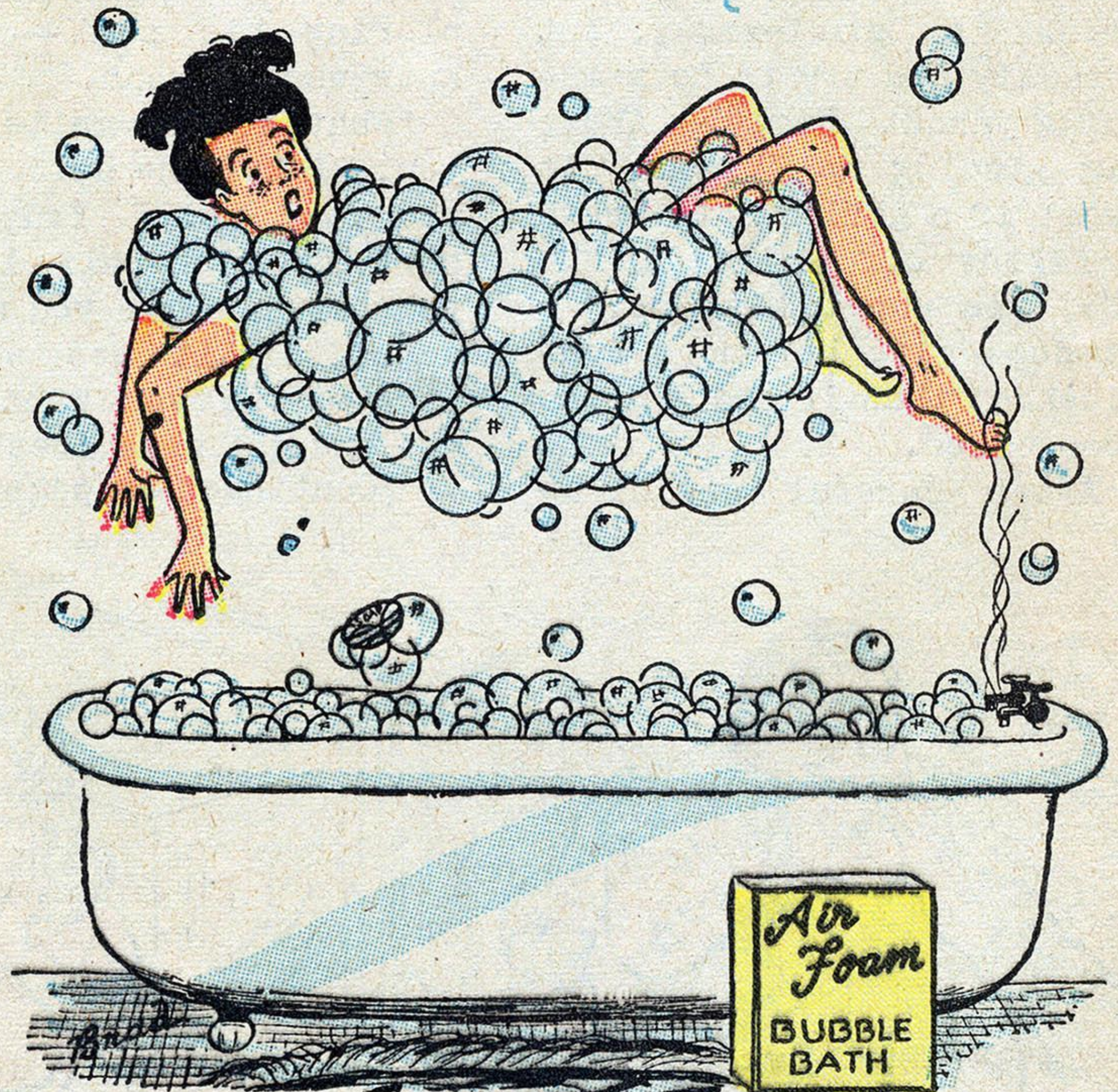
That is poise: not shrinking away from something; not rushing toward it—always keeping control. Poise is wanting something, but taking your time about getting it.

Perhaps, you thought that I would tell you to hold your

hands a certain way and stop fidgeting if you want to be poised. Instead, I have told you how to think about things! The reason I have done this is because you can never be really poised until you stop worrying about whether you are doing everything right. This kind of worry only ties you up in knots. Remember that poise is not something to put on from the outside. It is already within you, just waiting for you to give it a chance to become real.

But when you become poised, you will find things happening to your hands and feet—and even your pencils. You will find your muscles relaxing. You will begin to walk with a natural rhythm. You will find your fingers holding themselves still when they are not needed. You will lay that pencil down instead of drumming it on the desk near by.

You will make motions freely when you need to make them; when you don't need to make them, you will remain quiet. That is the beautiful result of poise!



Oh! Mom—Help!—Ma!

"Spring Fancies"



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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, Empire State Building, Room 1407, Dept. P-D, New York 1, N. Y.

out of *D*arkness...



Jane walked grimly ahead, her face burning. Her ears strained for the footsteps that she thought would follow.

Jane's pretty eyes clouded with hate and jealousy . . . She'd show that "foreigner" Jeff belonged to her . . . Thus Jane plotted to get even with her rival, only to discover . . .

"THIS is Lisa Masay," said Miss Norris indicating the slim blonde girl beside her. "She hasn't been in this country very long and I hope we'll all do our best to make her welcome to Midville High School."

There was a slight murmur around the room. In the rear Jane Bently nudged her neighbor, Sue Green, "A real foreigner! And will you get a load of that outfit!"

"Oh, I met a few of them when I was East; they're pretty smart, catch on to things fast. Just give this one time."

"Well, will you look at that!" Jane's eyebrows raised in disapproval as she saw Miss Norris indicate a seat next to Jeffrey Lane. Jeff gave Lisa a friendly smile.

"Well," Jane muttered under her breath, "if she thinks sitting next to Jeff will do her one bit of good . . ."

"Why, don't tell me you're jealous of the 'foreigner,' already," Sue's eyes danced mischievously.

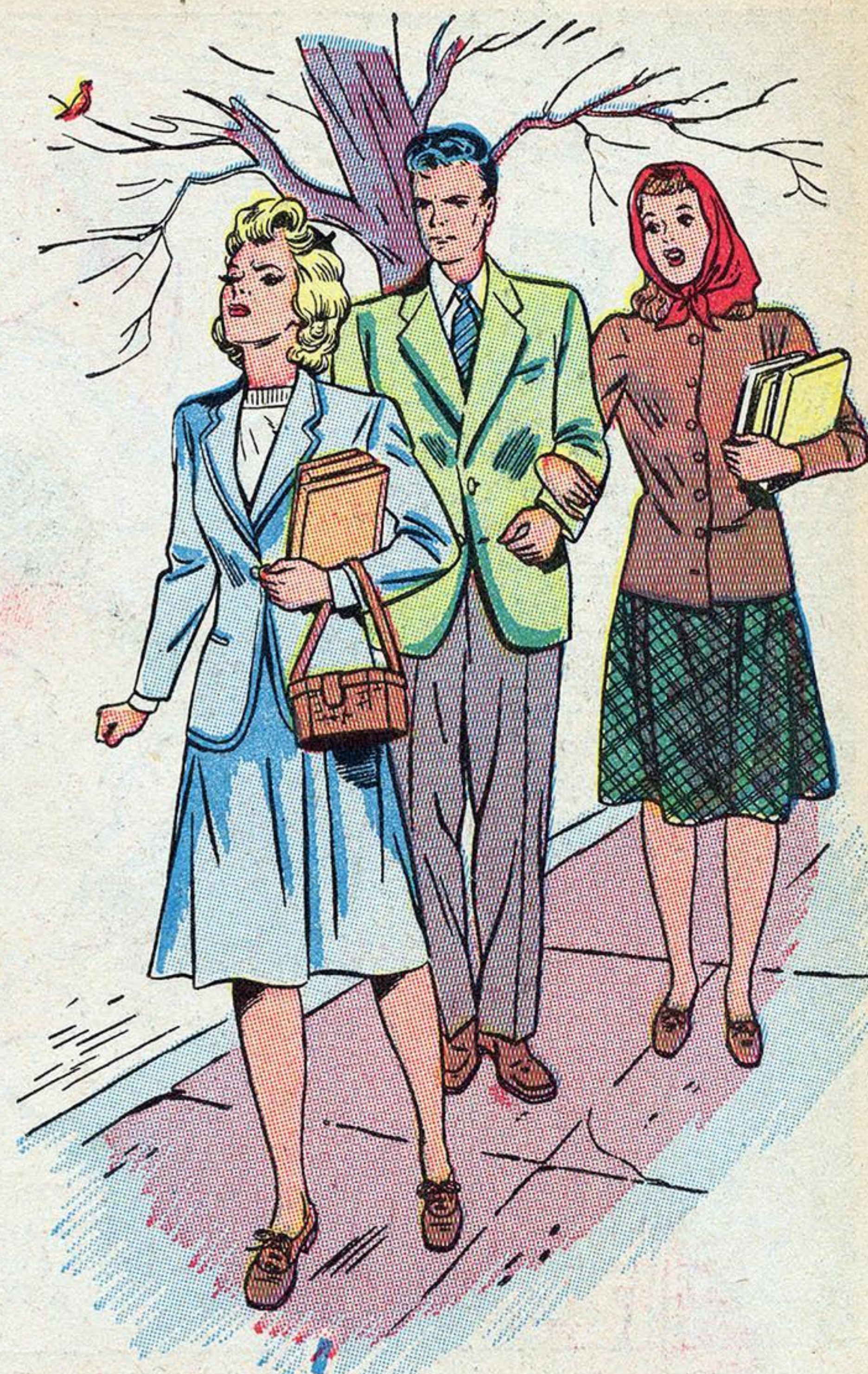
"Don't be silly. What would I have to be jealous of her for?" retorted Jane, voice cool, cheeks flushed.

"She is kind of attractive—in a different sort of way."

"Different is right; she's *different* from all of us. We're Americans!"

When the bell rang there was a spontaneous surge for the door. History over, and a glorious weekend ahead, Jane felt gay again as she made her way toward Jeff, who was waiting in the hall. As she approached him, her dimpled smile turned into a frown . . . Lisa was at his side.

"Hi, hon. We can all walk home together. Lisa should be able to give us lots of interesting info. She's been almost all over Europe, South America, too. Just the sort of stuff I could use in an interview for the *Midville Meridian*." Jeff had a fast, breathless way of



talking, and his black eyes flashed when he became enthused over something. Jane felt weak all over. He was quite a conquest. She had worked hard at first to get him to notice her, but he finally succumbed as did most of the Midville males to what Sue referred to as her "irresistible charm." Jane admitted to herself that it wasn't an easy conquest . . . "and that's what makes him more intriguing."

There were still doubts in her mind. Jeff definitely did not fall into the same pattern as did most of her boy friends. There was something about him she couldn't understand. The others had always become slaves to her every whim, she mused. One of them was Pete Davis; he was in the Navy now and she received the gooiest letters from him. But this Jeff . . . It had been a triumph to have

(Continued on page 55)

Jane felt like a heroine from a book telling Jeff about Lisa. His reactions were far from what she expected.

By BUNNY KERMAN

BETTY BLAIR

REPORTER

The Jackson Heights Teen Ag. Canteen, operated by the Queens AWW's and the Child Welfare Service, is a place where the boys and girls of the neighborhood can find a place of their own. They have succeeded in being the fact that the canteen has 169 paid-up members and 60 more, clamoring for admission.

The canteen is a place where the boys and girls can find a place of their own. They have succeeded in being the fact that the canteen has 169 paid-up members and 60 more, clamoring for admission.

Job Service Veterans

The State Employment Service found jobs for more than 100 veterans in 1944. The service found jobs for more than 100 veterans in 1944.

THIS IS BETTY BLAIR---
TEEN-AGE REPORTER---
A TYPICAL MISS AMERICA---

Roosevelt Sees How City Boys Are Trained for Seafaring Trades.

New York City is doing to train boys for the seafaring trades was served by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when she made a tour of the maritime school, when she made a tour of the maritime school.

SUBSTITUTES LOSE CLAIM TO TENURE

Trenton, Jan. 5 (P.)—The State Supreme Court today reversed a decision in a case involving the tenure of substitute teachers. The court ruled that substitute teachers do not have the same tenure as regular teachers.

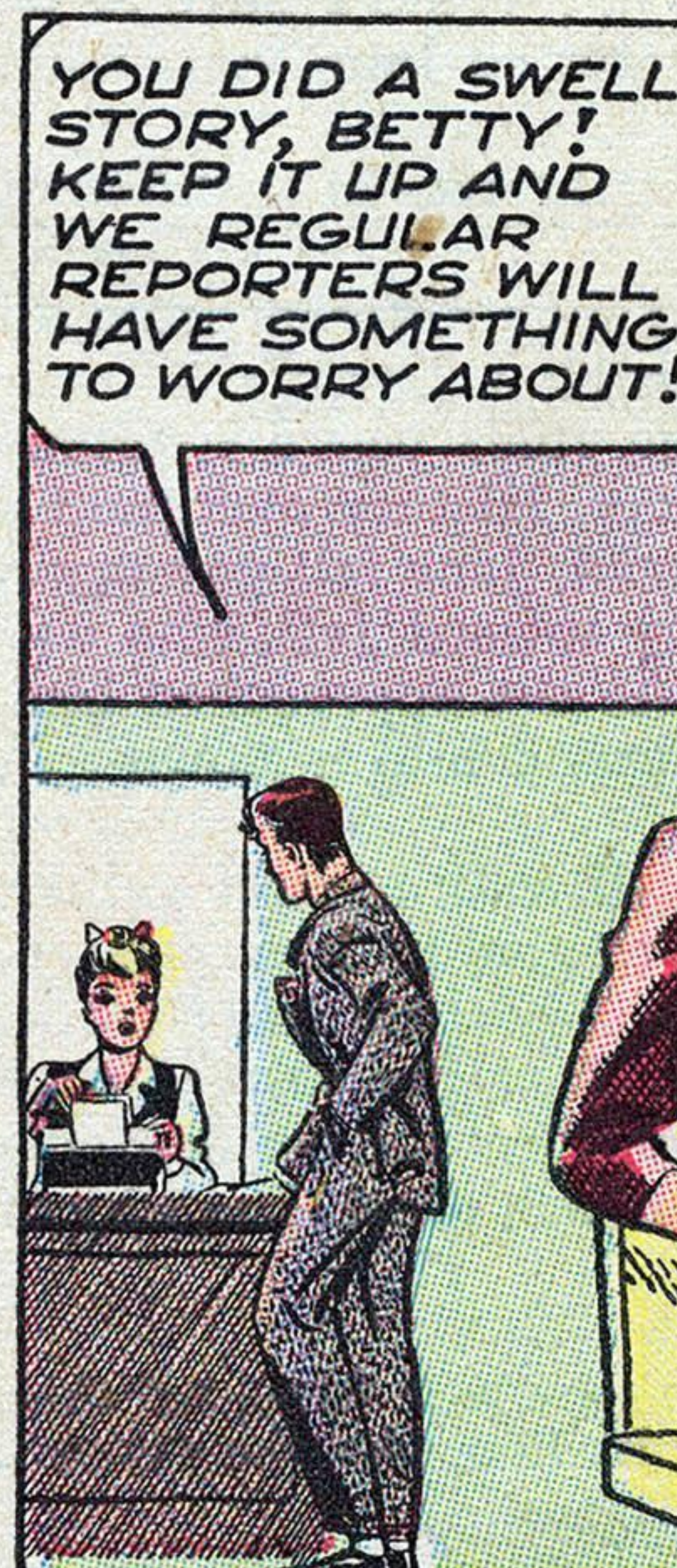
Mr. Sumner From the Pacific. In or of the shops, a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt.

THE OFFICE OF THE "MIDDLETOWN CLARION!"



OH! DO YOU THINK SO, MR. SUMMERS?

I SHOULD SAY SO! ALL IT NEEDS IS A FEW MINOR CHANGES! AND SKIP THAT "MISTER" STUFF!



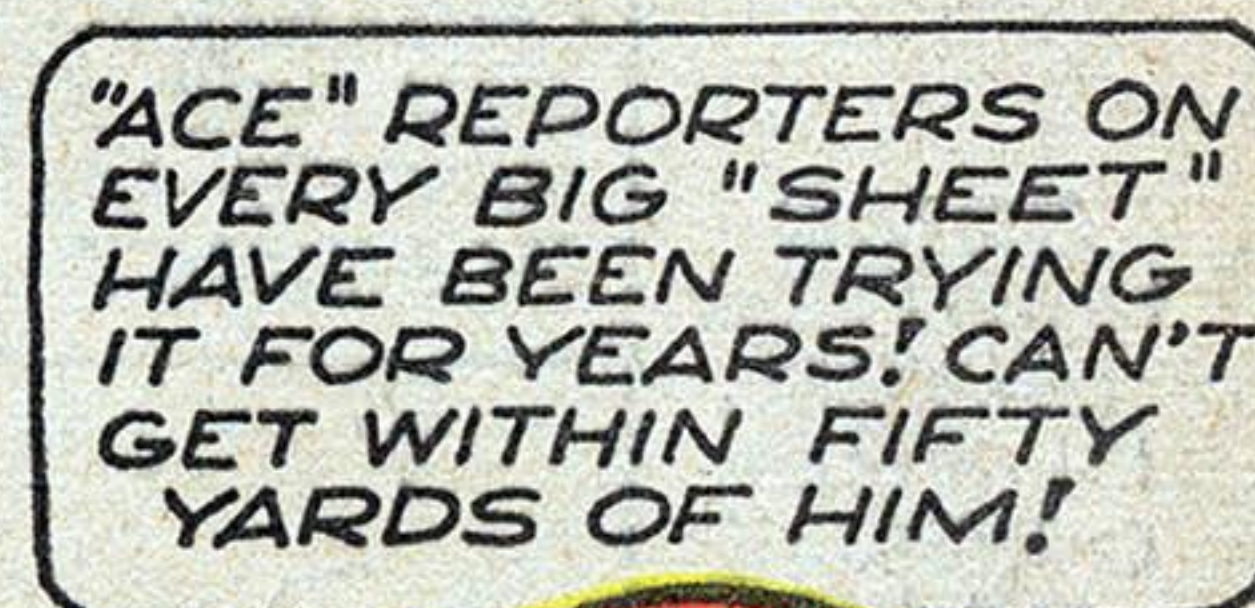
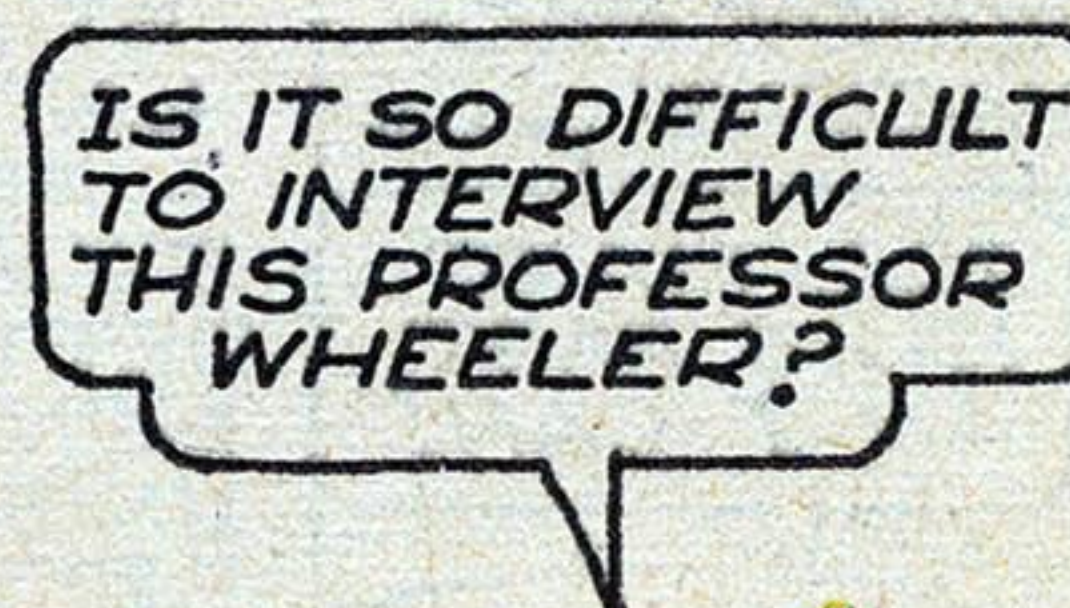
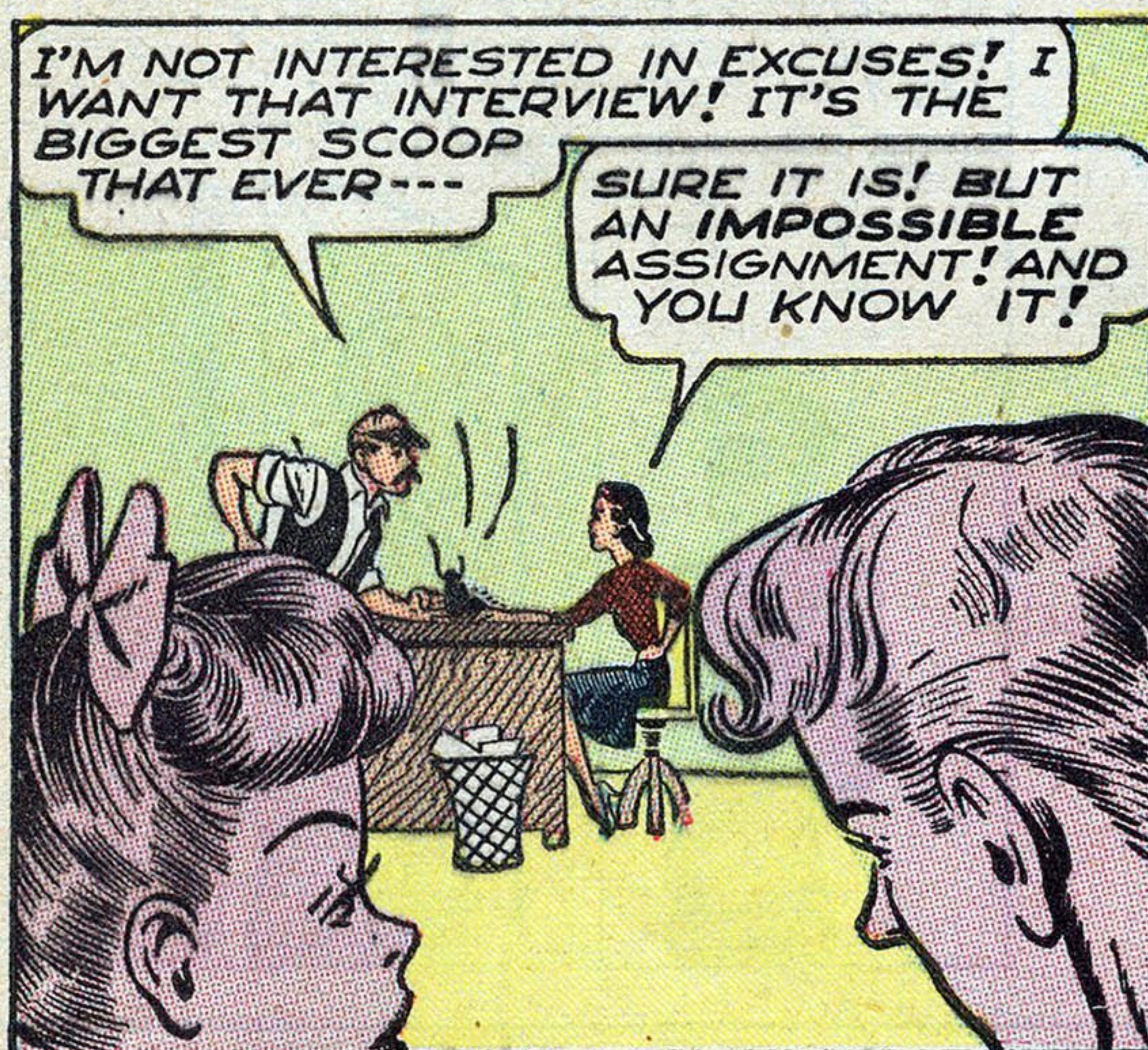
YOU DID A SWELL STORY, BETTY! KEEP IT UP AND WE REGULAR REPORTERS WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



(SNIFF) SHE'LL NEVER BE ANYTHING BETTER THAN THE "CUB" SHE IS!

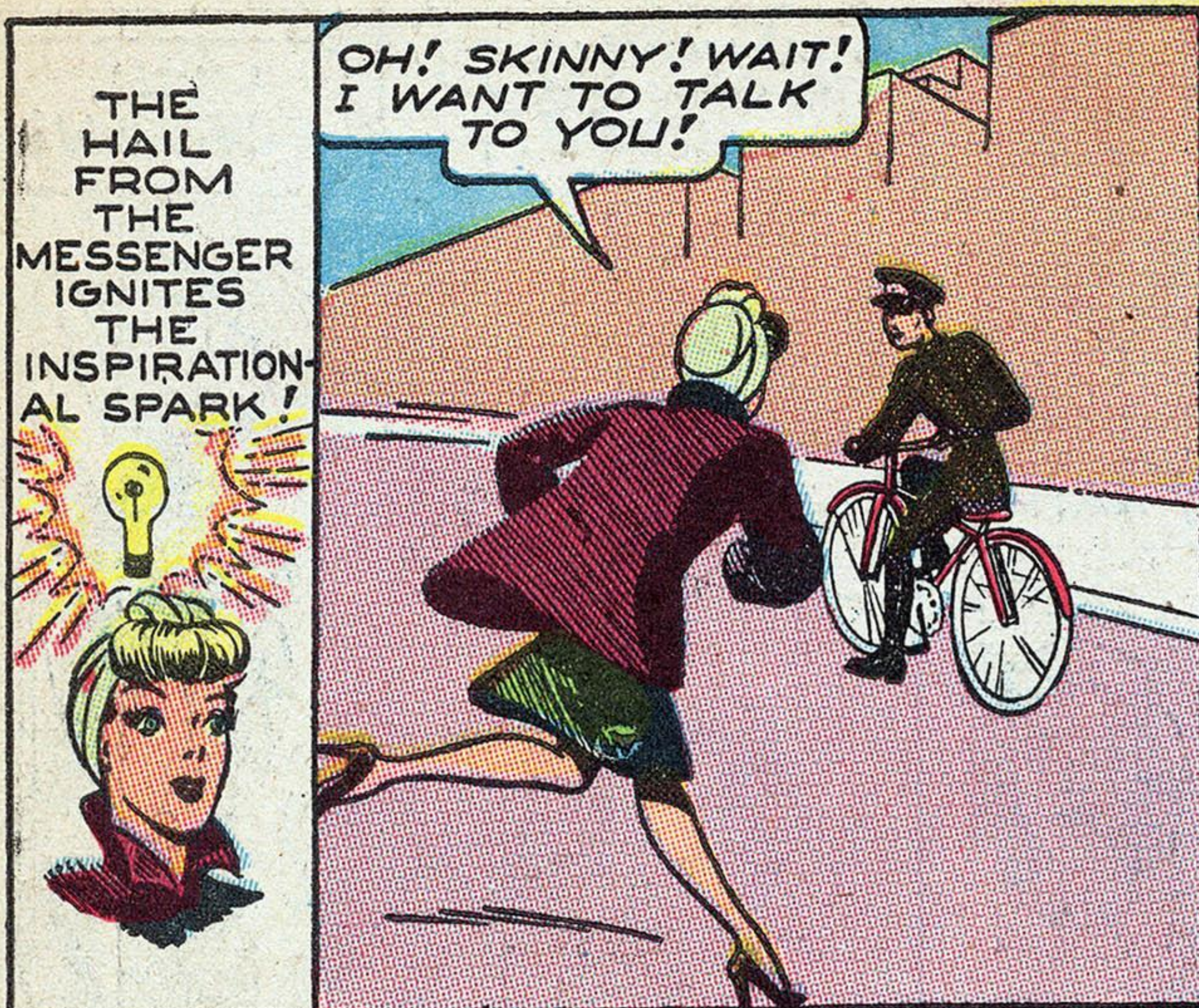


THE EDITOR'S BULL-LIKE VOICE SAVES THE COPY BOY FROM VIVIAN'S WRATH!



THAT EVENING AFTER WORK, BETTY WALKS HOME, HER MIND CHURNING WITH IDEAS--!



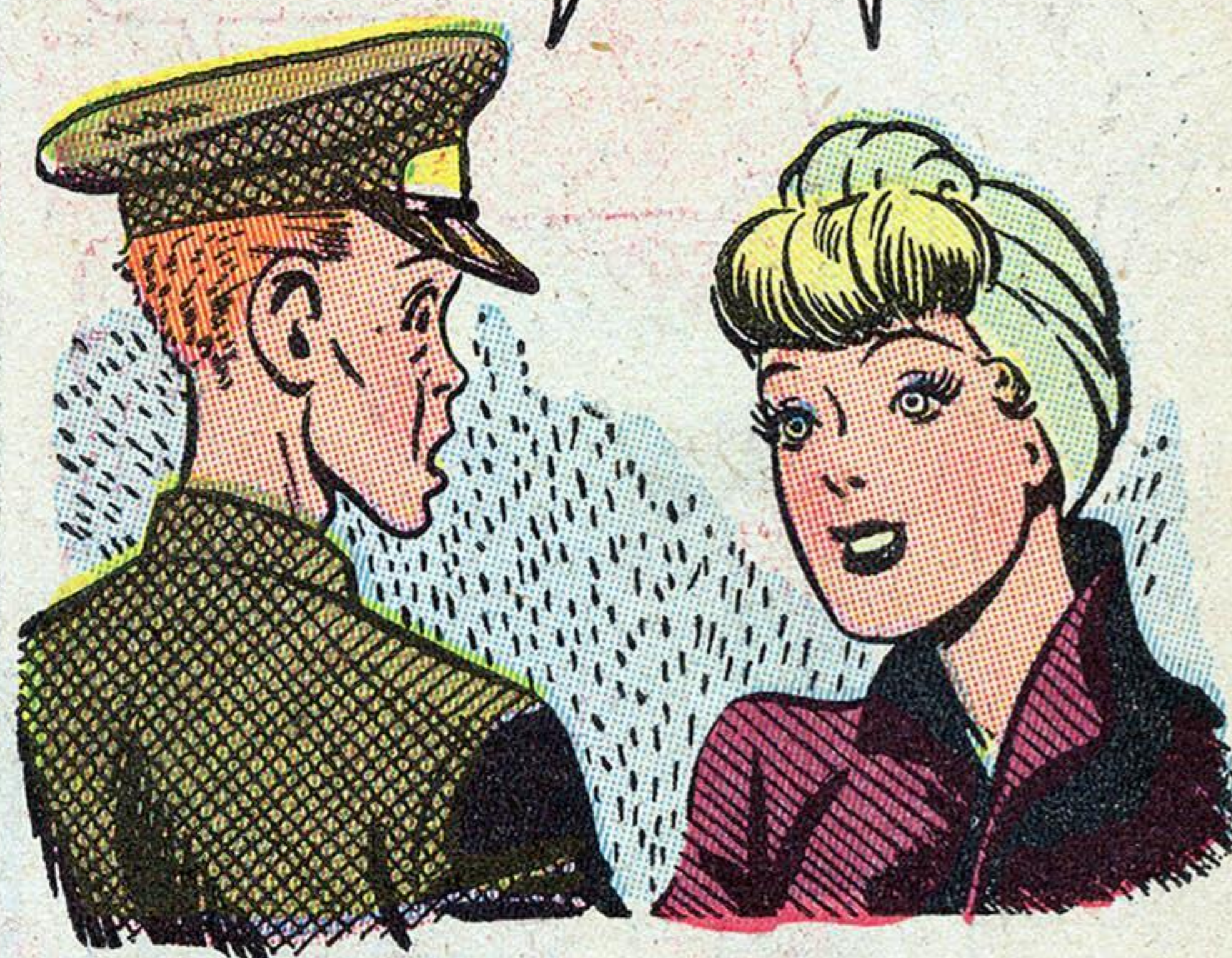


THE HAIL FROM THE MESSENGER IGNITES THE INSPIRATIONAL SPARK!

OH! SKINNY! WAIT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

I CAN'T, BETTY! I'D LOSE MY JOB! BESIDES, WHERE COULD WE GO TO---ER---CHANGE!

SKINNY DARLING! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FAIL ME! COME ON!



SOME MINUTES LATER, IN THE GARAGE BACK OF BETTY'S HOME!

(BR-BRR--) HURRY BACK BEFORE SOMEONE SPOTS ME IN HERE!

I'LL MAKE IT AS FAST AS I CAN!

STILL LATER, AN EXCITED BETTY IN SKINNY'S UNIFORM REFUSES THE MURDOCK BUTLER'S DEMAND FOR THE FALSE TELEGRAM!



SORRY! I-I HAVE TO DELIVER IT TO HIM IN PERSON!

VERY WELL, BOY! WAIT! I'LL INFORM MR. WHEELER!



(GULP) YOU---- ARE MR. WHEELER? WILL YOU SIGN PLEASE?

LET ME HAVE YOUR PENCIL!

BETTY IN HER EXCITEMENT, TUGS TOO HARD AT THE PENCIL AND THE MESSENGER CAP COMES OFF!



(GROAN) MY HAIR!

WHAT THE--?? A GIRL IN DISGUISE!!!

WITH HER TRICK DISCOVERED, BETTY QUICKLY GATHERS HER SENSES AND PLEADS HER CASE WITH QUICK TONGUE AND SINCERE LOGIC---THE PROFESSOR LISTENS STONILY, THEN, BETTY, THINKING SHE HAD FAILED, TURNS TO GO---

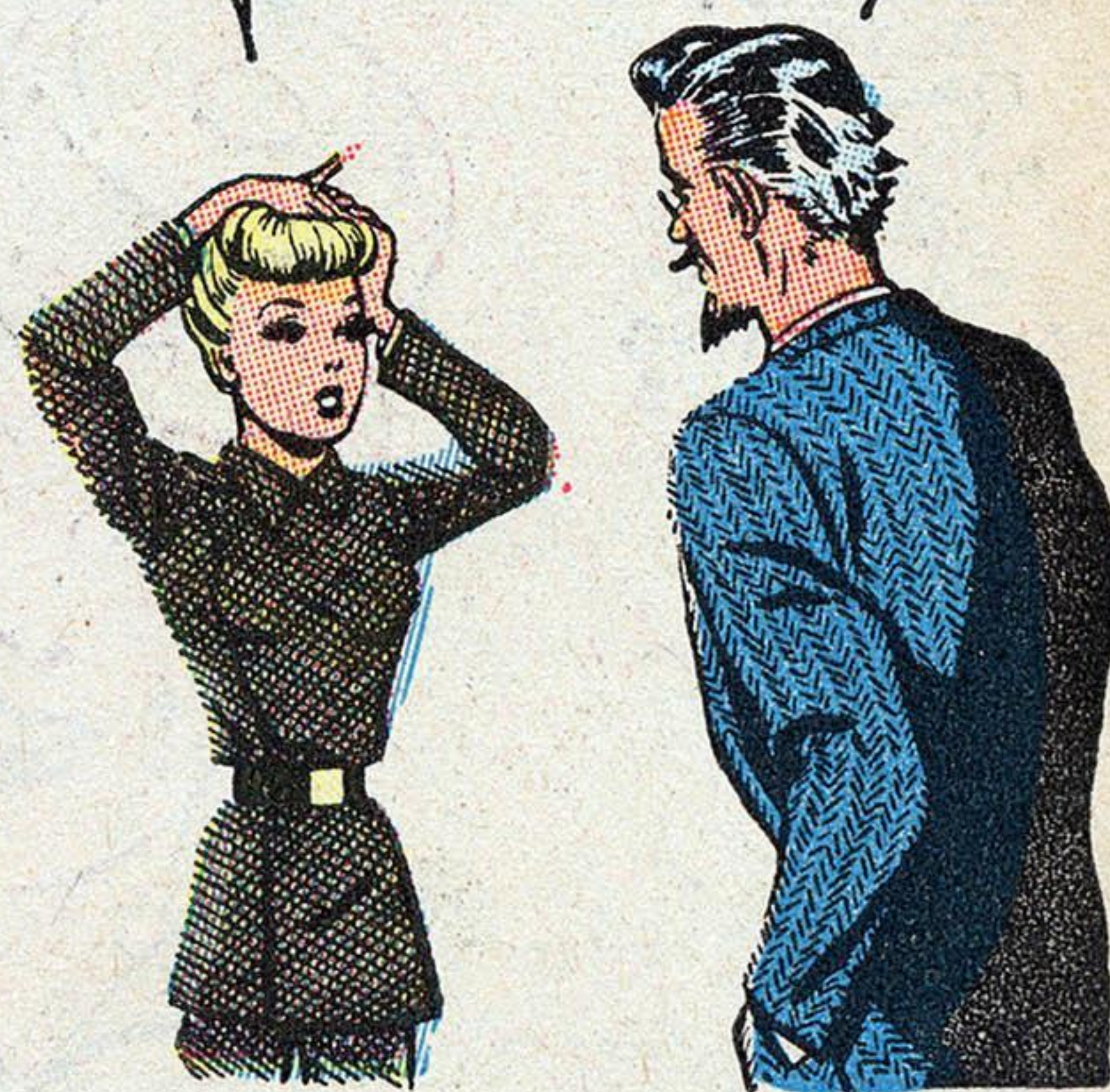


WELL, THANKS FOR LISTENING, PROFESSOR! SORRY I BOTHERED YOU!

WAIT, MISS BLAIR!

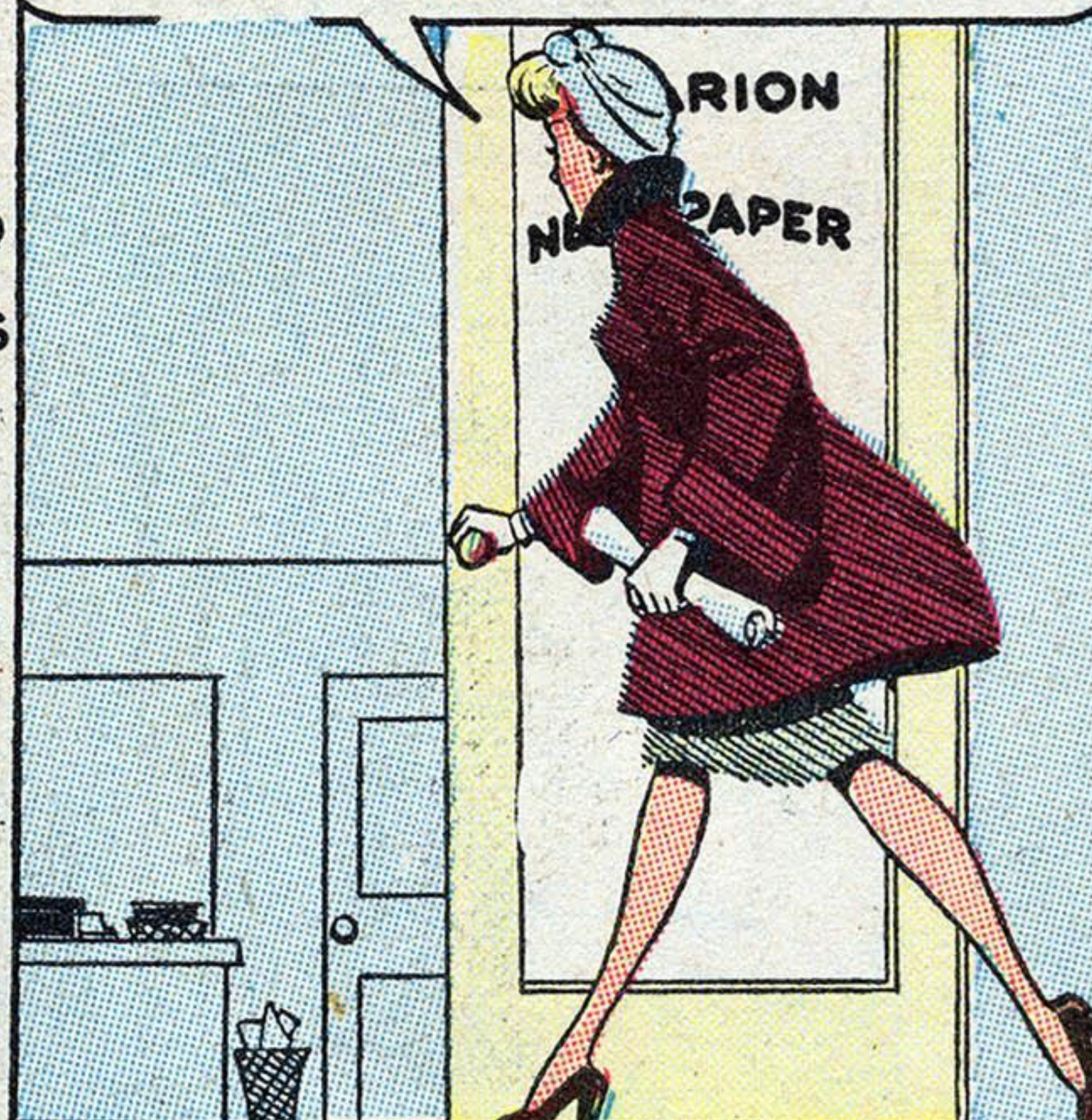
(GULP) YOU'RE --- GOING TO GIVE ME --- THE INTERVIEW?

YES! I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE!



ELATED AT WHAT SHE MODESTLY TERMS HER GOOD FORTUNE, BETTY, ARMED WITH HER NOTES, RUSHES BACK TO THE OFFICE AFTER EXCHANGING CLOTHES AGAIN WITH THE SHIVERING SKINNY!

EVERYONE'S GONE HOME! I'LL TYPE UP THE INTERVIEW!

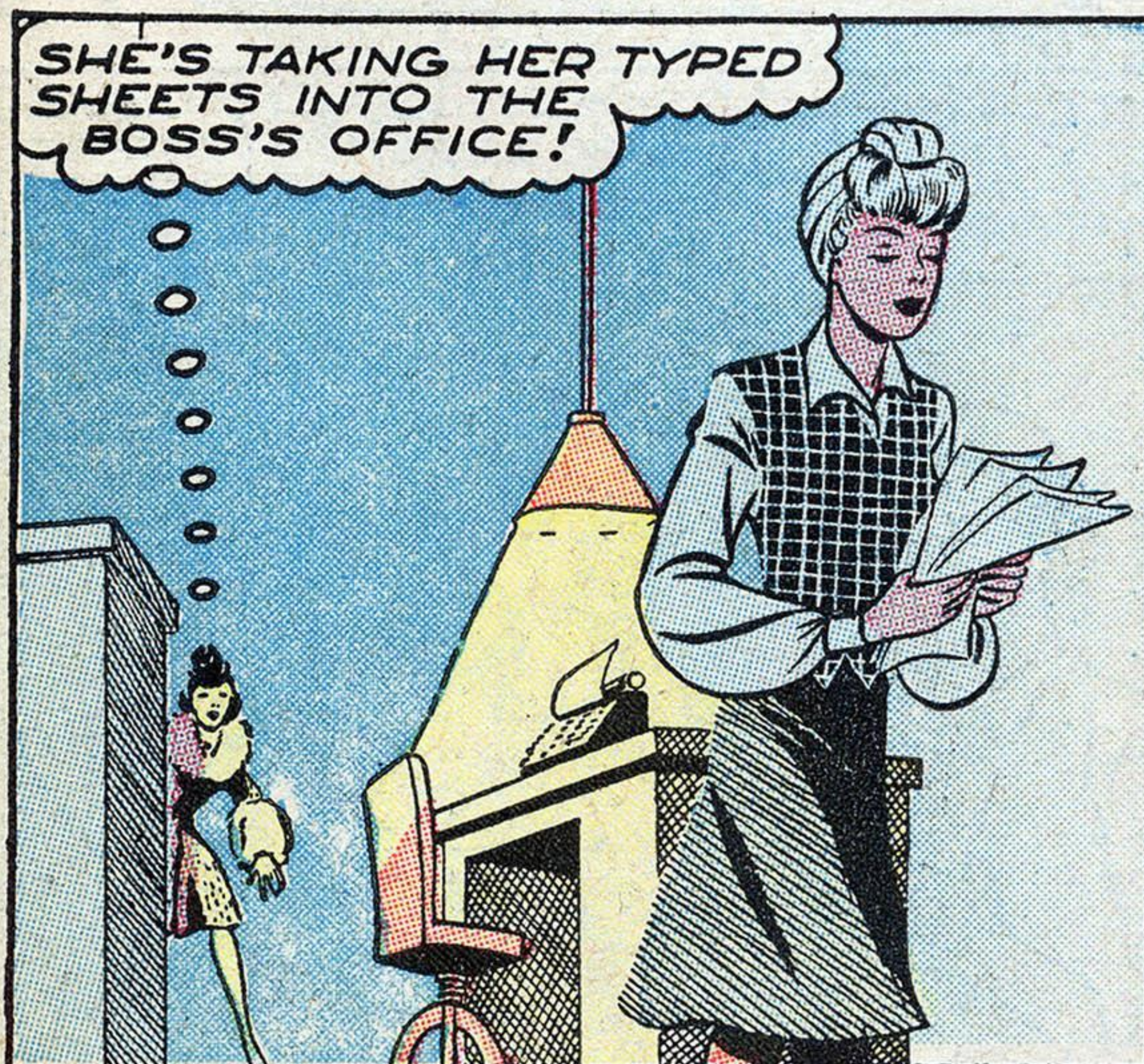


BETTY ENGROSSSED IN HER TYPING, IS UNAWARE THAT ONE PERSON HASN'T LEFT!

SHE APPEARED ALL EXCITED WHEN SHE CAME IN! WONDER WHAT'S UP? I'M STICKING AROUND UNTIL I FIND OUT!

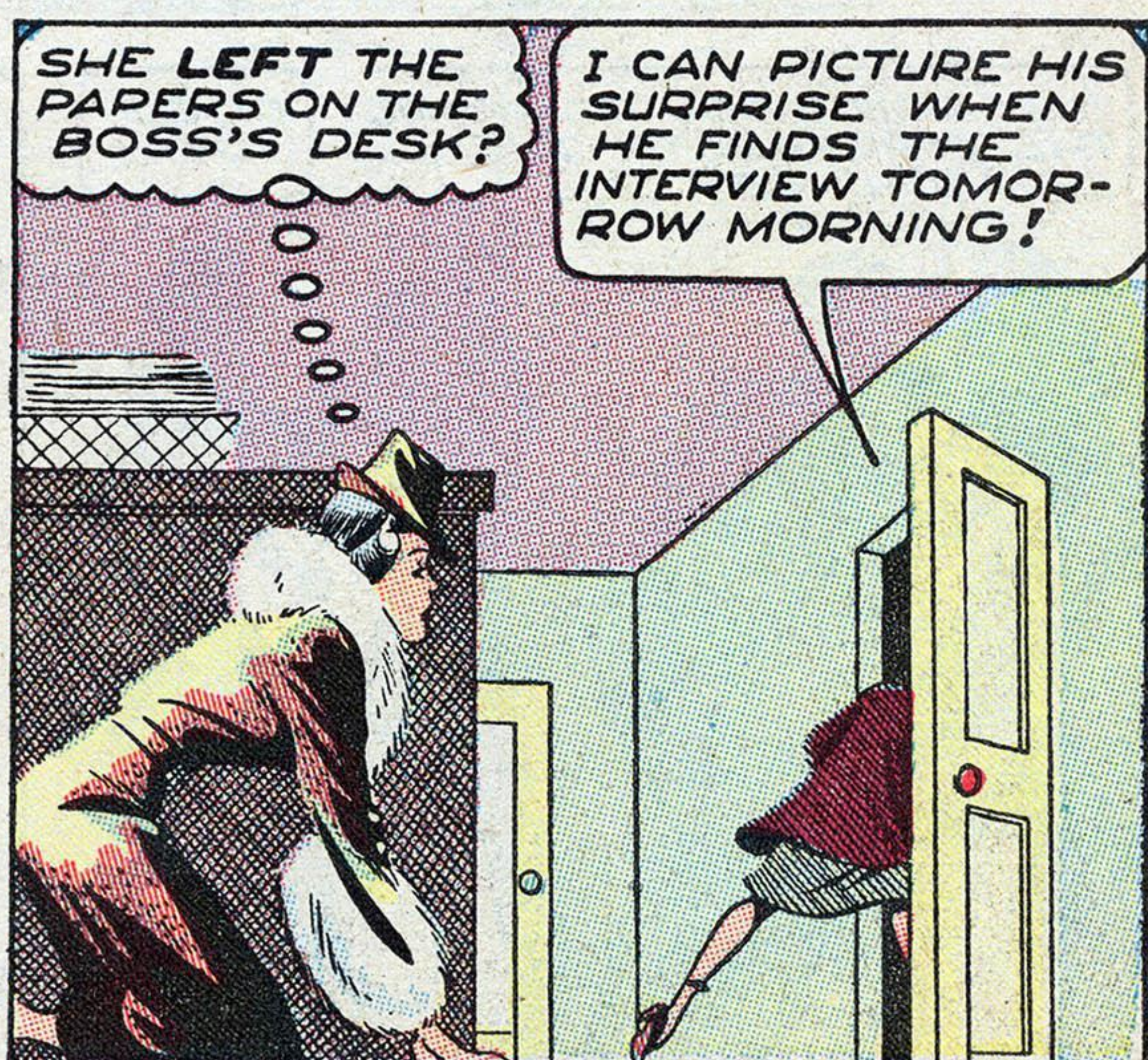


SHE'S TAKING HER TYPED SHEETS INTO THE BOSS'S OFFICE!



SHE LEFT THE PAPERS ON THE BOSS'S DESK?

I CAN PICTURE HIS SURPRISE WHEN HE FINDS THE INTERVIEW TOMORROW MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING, BETTY DASHES TO THE "CLARION" OFFICE, EAGERLY ANTICIPATING THE RESULTS OF HER SCOOP!

"GOSH," HOPE THE EDITOR LIKES IT! MAYBE I'LL GET A JOB AS A REGULAR REPORTER INSTEAD OF A "CLUB!"



WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT, JIMMY?

THE BOSS GAVE GLAMOUR PLUS A BONUS FOR GETTING THE WHEELER SCOOP!



EASY, BETTY! THAT'S A SERIOUS CHARGE!

I GOT THAT SCOOP AND NO ONE ELSE IS GOING TO GET THE CREDIT!

QUICKLY OVER-COMING HER SURPRISE, AN ANGRY BETTY EXPLAINS TO BOB!



WHY---YOU LITTLE THIEF! HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME!

HERE! STOP THAT!



WHY DON'T YOU COMPARE THE TYPING WITH THE MACHINES?

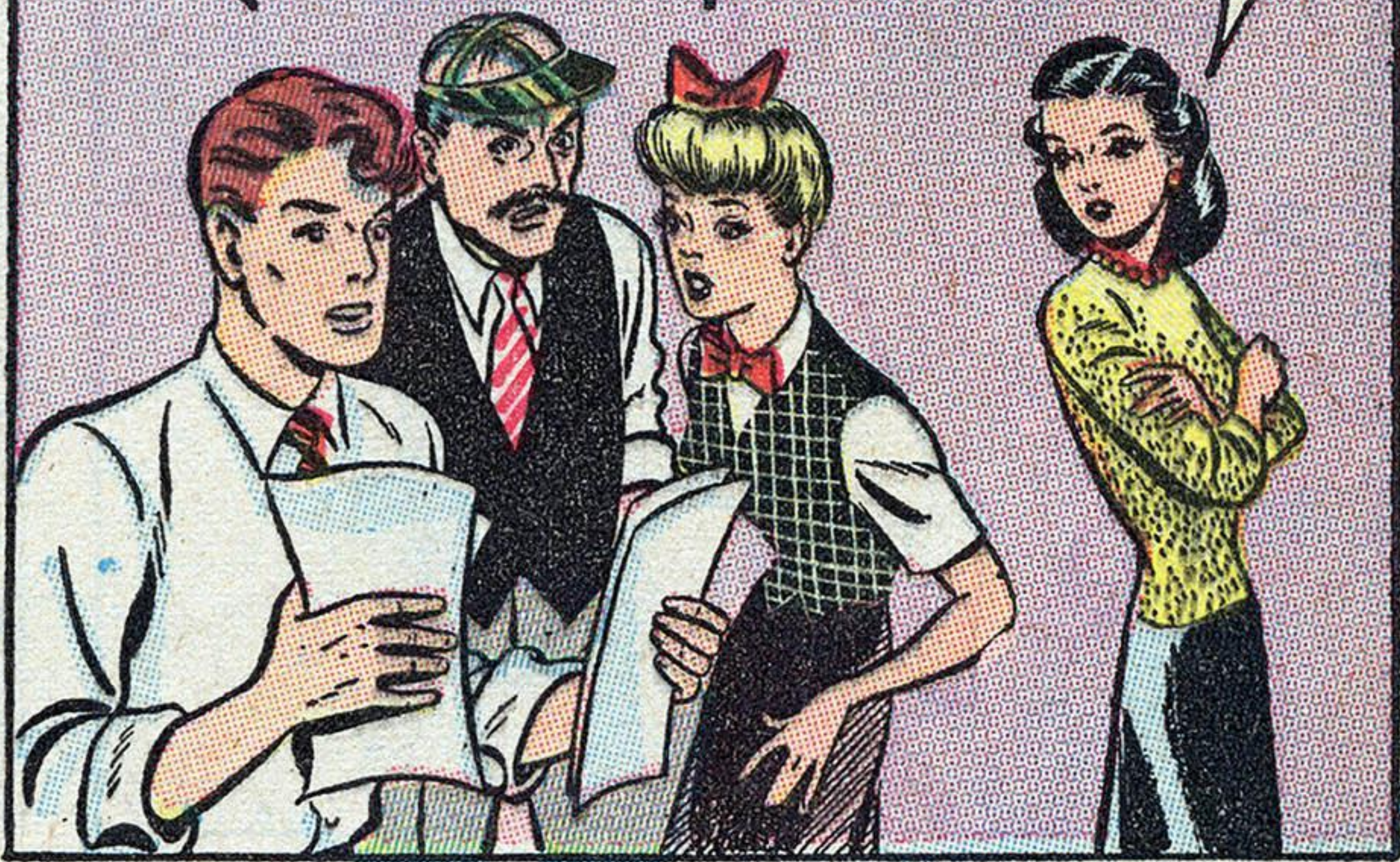
GOOD IDEA!

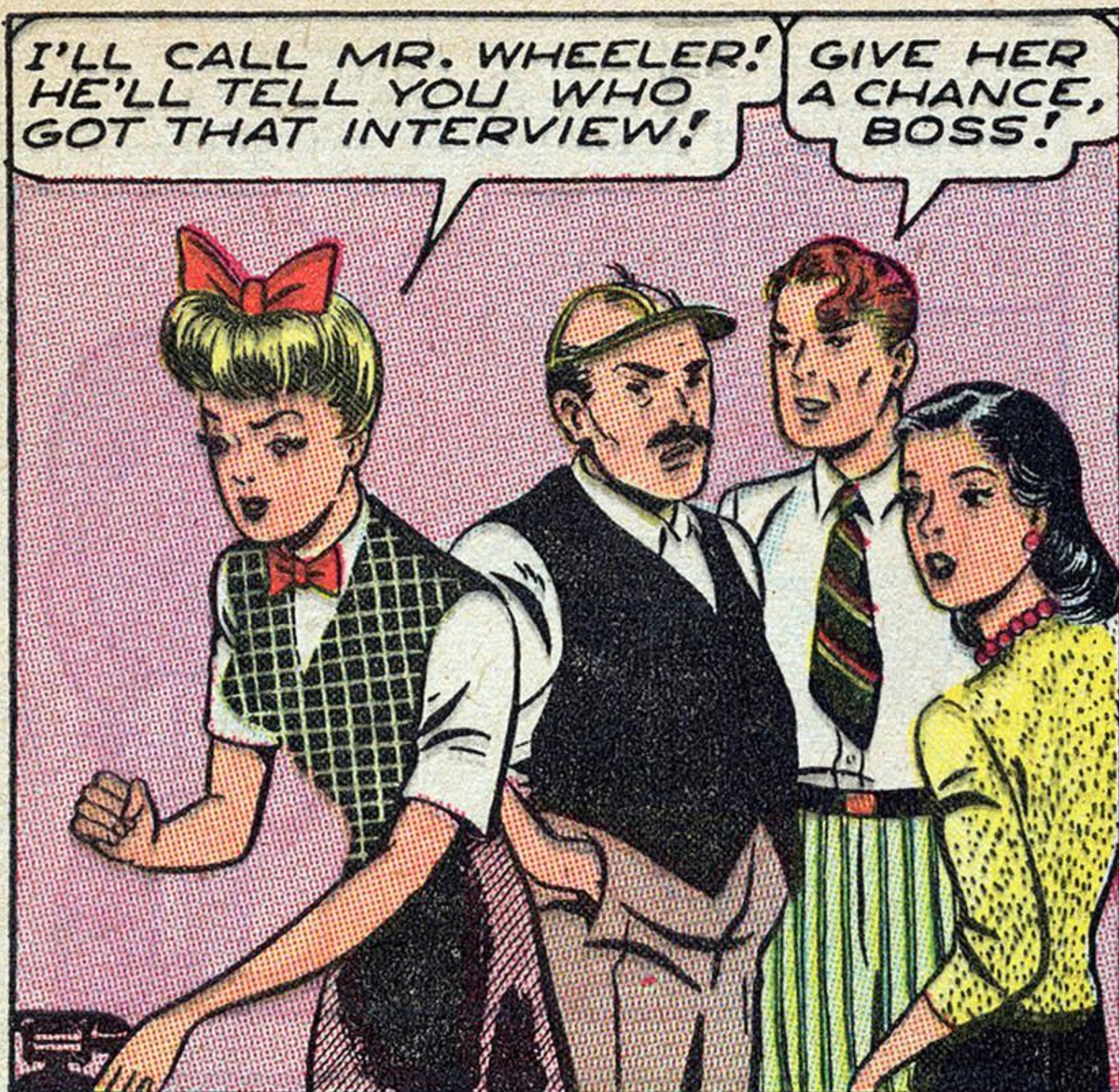


WELL--- CAN'T DENY IT! IT WAS VIVIAN'S TYPEWRITER!

BUT---THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE! I TOLD YOU SO!

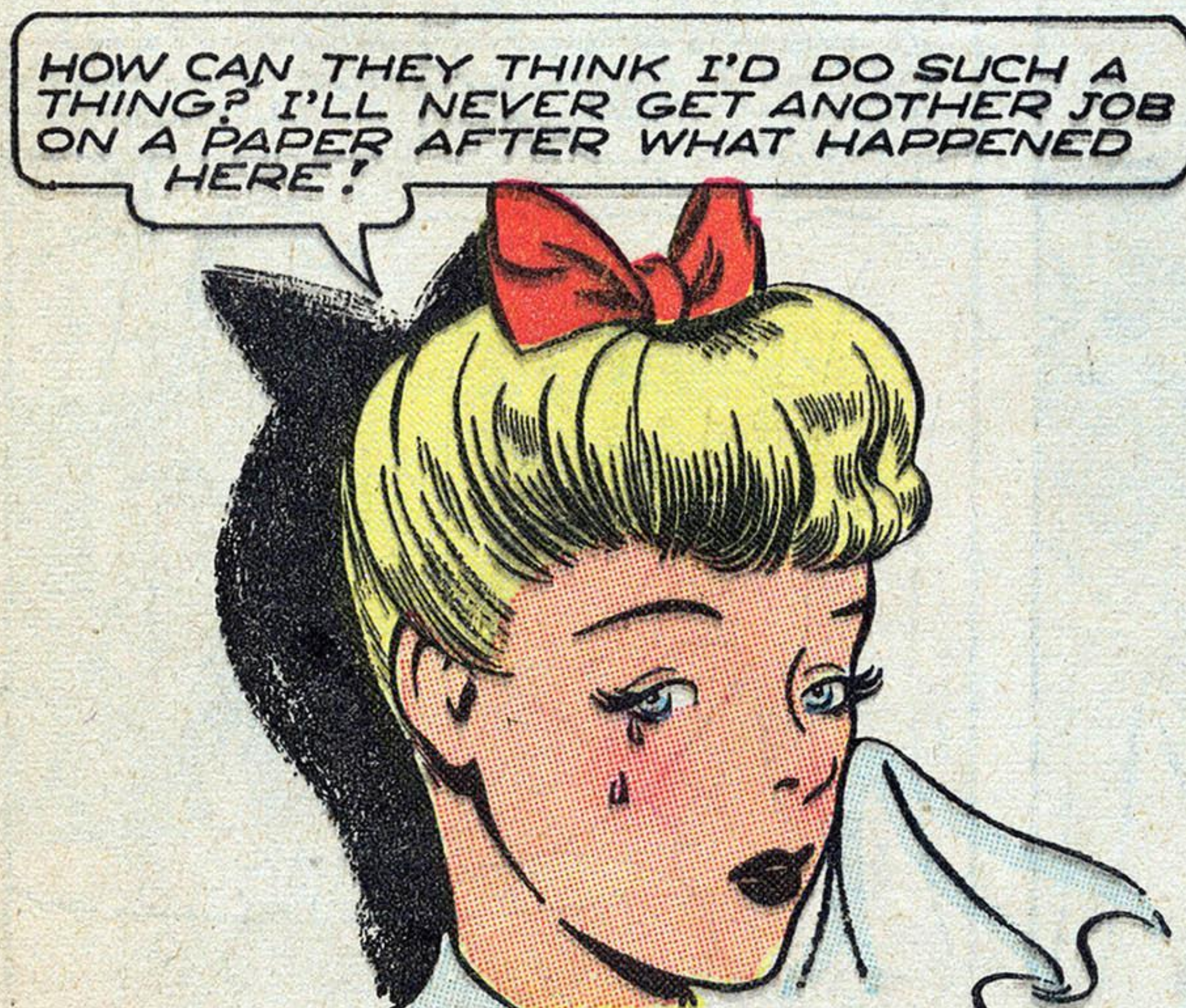




BETTY'S
LAST
DESPERATE
HOPE
CRASHES!



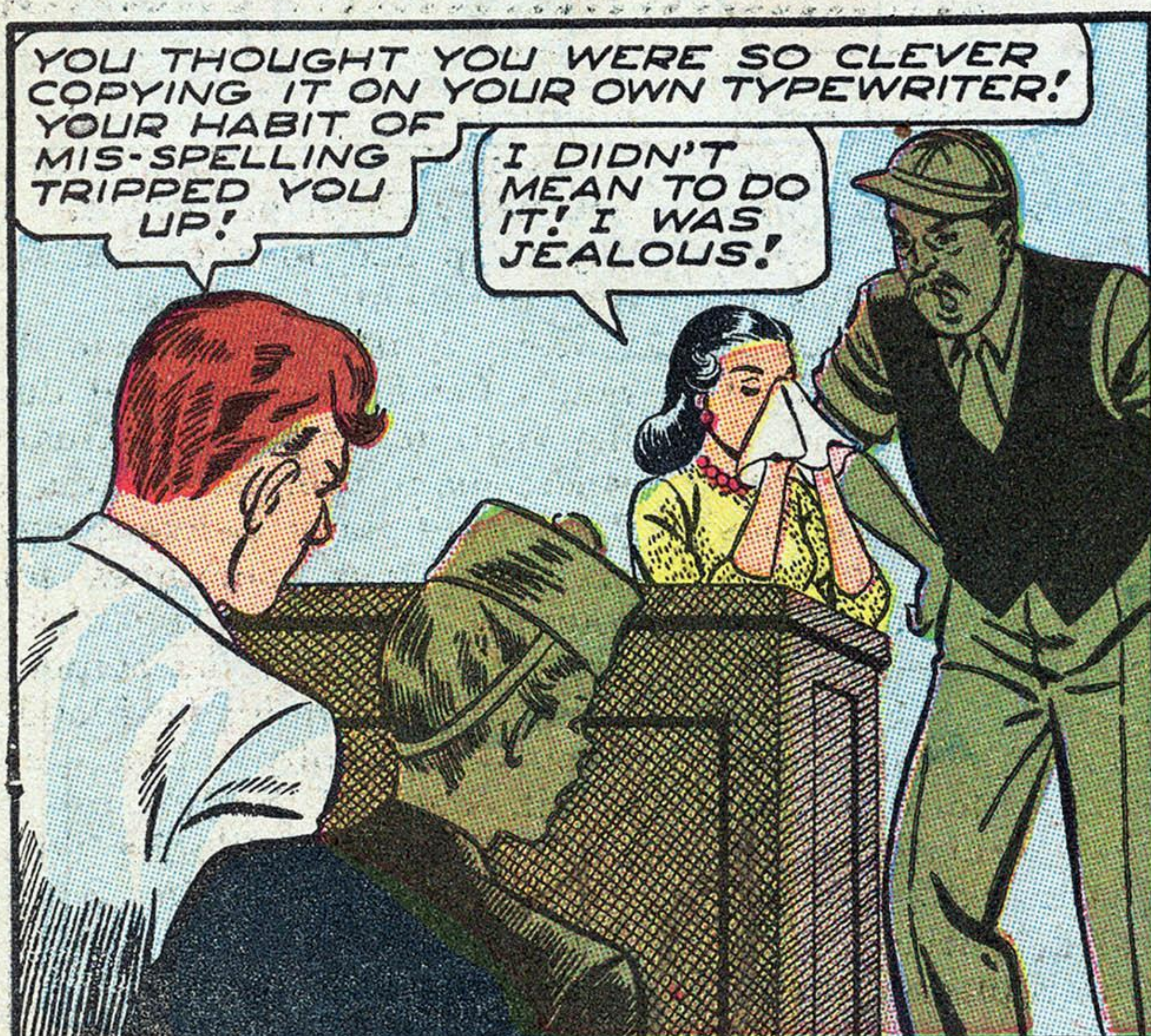
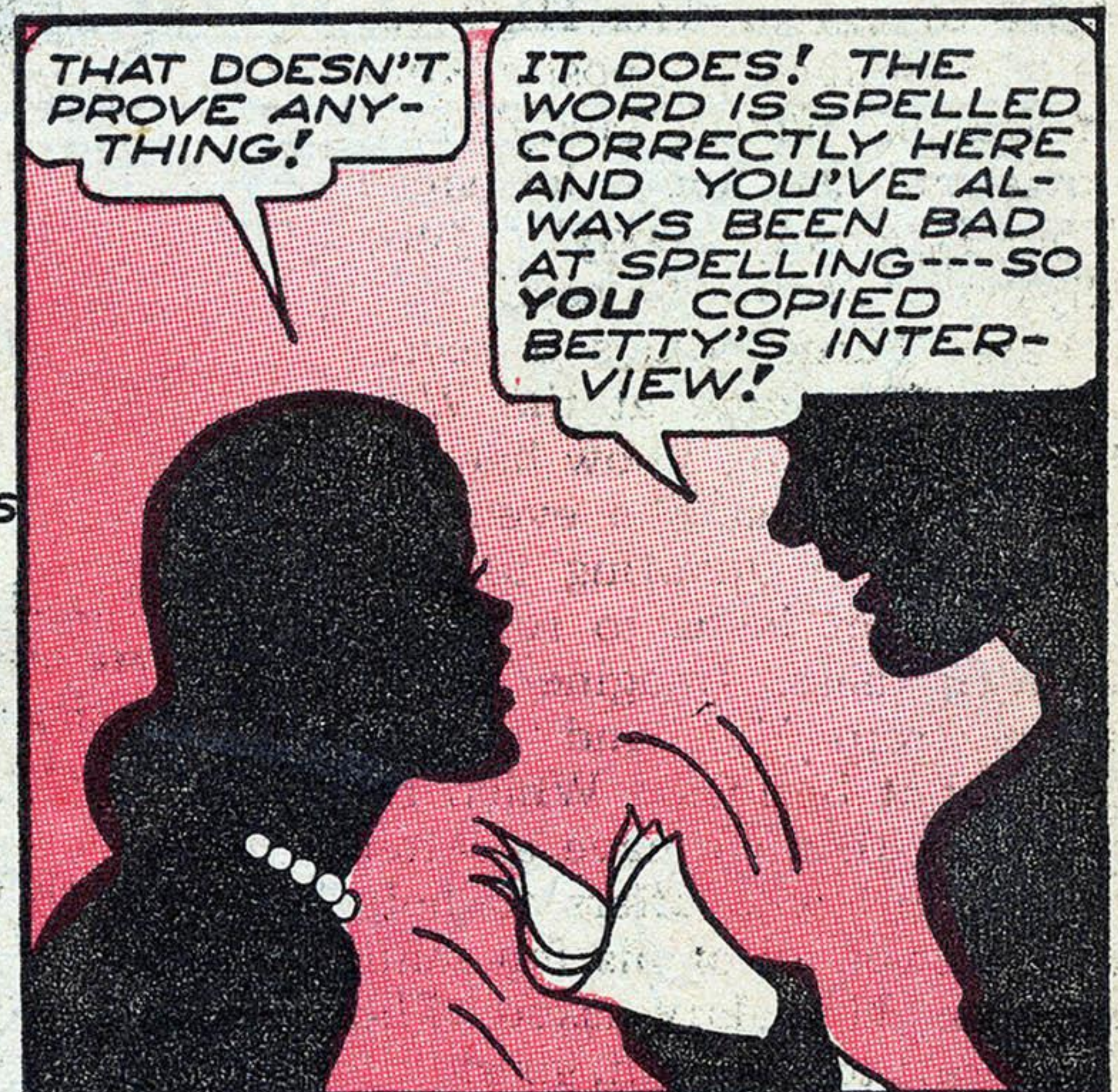
BETTY
BRAVELY
FIGHTS
BACK
HER
TEARS
AS THE
CLEVER
VIVIAN
CLIMAXES
HER
TRIUMPH!



THEN
SUDDENLY!



VIVIAN
GOES
TO
PIECES
AND
STAMMERS
WEAKLY
UNDER
BOB'S
ACCU-
SATION!



YOUNGER SET

From Page 15

"Glad To See You" opened in Philly, weathered a few days, and went to Boston to be revamped for a Broadway opening. Janie wants so to make good on Broadway and she received such good notices—let's hope hard for Janie!

Lauren Bacall is the "rare dish" at Warners since "To Have and To Have Not". Lauren's fan-mail jumped from less than 100 to 3000 a week, on release of her first movie. And her telephone "jingle-jangle-jingles," but constantly, with all of the glad-lads making for dates!

Hedy Lamarr is back at Metro to star in "Her Highness and the Bellboy", opposite Robert Walker. This is Hedy's first movie on her home lot since "The Heavenly Body" June Allyson is also in the cast!

Lana Turner plays a secretary in "Weekend at the Waldorf". She has to know her "p's and q's" because she even has Van Johnson dictating to her; a letter that leads to romance between them. Imagine taking letters from Van and getting paid for it besides! Which reminds us that we have a letter from a girl who offers to help Van answer all of his fan mail, and free. No salary asked. The line forms to the right, girls!

Kathryn Grayson, Maureen O'Hara and Greer Garson are not only next-door neighbors but they are Hollywood's walking champs. All three live in the Bel Air district and most any morning, when they are not at the studio, they are walking up the road into the hills. Kathryn with her St. Bernard. Maureen with her Great Dane and Greer with her French poodle.

Rosalind Russell's up and well again after a long illness brought on from overwork. Her baby's a darling, and Roz is more beautiful and happier, too, because her husband Freddie Brisson is home on furlough.

Hollywood says that Bette Davis, who is living in Georgia, between movies, may be marrying one day very soon. He's a

Your initials or first name in gold on a new, beautiful plastic *Stadium Girl* Compact



Compact is over 3 inches in diameter

Featured is *Sunset Pink*, newest of six exciting shades.

Stadium Girl Compact and Cosmetics are sold individually at leading 10¢ stores.

... when ordered by mail ... together with an alluring shade of new *Stadium Girl Lipstick*. Both for only **75¢** (tax and postage included)

A swank plastic compact of sleek design that's guaranteed leak-proof. And it's personalized with your own monogram (3 initials) or first name on the cover in gold! You will be proud of owning this graceful compact — in the color of your choice. Take advantage of the special introductory offer and order yours by mail today, in combination with a Stadium Girl Lipstick. Long a nationally-sold favorite, Stadium Girl Lipstick is now made from a new formula giving it a smoother-than-ever texture becoming to your lips. Packaged in a new, convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. • Fill out the coupon and mail it with your 75¢ today!

Tear out coupon and mail today!

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411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 75 cents, which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The three initial letters that I want in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ First Initial ☐ Second Initial ☐ Third Initial

or First Name (PRINT)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... () State.....

My first choice of color for my compact is:

☐ Red
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

handsome young corporal. Bette, who is the inspiration and the angel of every serviceman who has visited the Hollywood Canteen, which she founded, has all of the love and good wishes of all of us, for her happiness. That girl more than deserves it.

Effie Klinker, Edgar Bergen's new bachelor girl character has a ready reply to her master's question, does she intend to marry anyone: "Yes—anyone!"

Lana Turner and young daughter Cheryl Christine made a special trip to Metro to pose for their first formal portrait. Cheryl is a year and a half old, and pretty as a peach.

Bob Hutton is playing the ro-

mantic lead opposite Joyce Reynolds in Warners' "Janie Gets Married". Don't be surprised if Joyce up and marries her soldier, in real life—and soon.

Betty Hutton, back from the South Pacific, reports that during visits to Saipan and Guam, where many isolated pockets of Japs were daily being discovered, she was sometimes surrounded by "thirty M.P.'s as a protection against Jap snipers." Some excitement for the blonde-blightz, who usually causes quite a hit, herself. Betty's set to make "Too Good To Be True" opposite swoon-able Sonny Tufts.

And that's Hollywood!

HOSTESS HINTS

From Page 9

quite simple. Perhaps to Janie she says: "Glad you could come. What's a party without Janie's piano playing!" This makes Janie feel pretty welcome and the last sentence may be addressed to some others who have already arrived, thereby drawing them together. When Shy-Jack appears, she doesn't shout: "Well, look who's here!" causing him to blush to the roots of his hair and attracting attention to him. She greets him quietly, and perhaps a little later when he is off by himself, she asks him to help her with the rug so they can dance. Give Shy-Jack a little chore to do; get him into action, and he'll forget his self-consciousness.

Informality has charm, and certainly helps toward putting guests at ease. But there is a great difference between informality and chaos. When I said a while ago, to prepare in advance for your party, I did not mean that everything should be so arranged so there is no spontaneity to the proceedings. On the other hand, it takes a real hostess to be completely unprepared; and if you do not have some outline for the evening's amusements, you may find your party going haywire. So, organize some games; that doesn't mean you have to play each one of them on schedule. There is little charm to the over-busy hostess who wears her guests out with activities.

Then there is that awful situation which occurs sometimes in which all the girls seem to have ganged up together and the boys go off by themselves. To avoid this, try, as the guests arrive, to get Mary talking to John; then add Eve and Tom to the twosome when they arrive.

When you have a few activities tentatively set for the evening you can juggle them around as the occasion demands. If the gang gathers around the piano to sing and some of the others are uncomfortably outside of the group and it doesn't seem easy to get them to join, don't let the song festival con-

tinue too long. Naturally you don't want to rudely interrupt it, but one of the pieces may remind you of some new victrola music you have. Wouldn't they like to hear it? The playing of a number or two will change the course of the entertainment; then you can slip on a dance record, and there you are—everybody's on their feet and off into a new mood.

If some of your guests just don't seem to be getting into the mood of the dance after a little while, try getting a few people together who just like to sit and talk. But do this in a non-chalant way. Don't seem to be maneuvering, anxious or worried about your guests. That only adds to the discomfort of the shy ones. Again we say—Take it **EASY!**

When you contemplate having a party, don't feel that you have to "put on a show." If your home is simple and small, don't be ashamed of it. The fact that Dolly Gotrocks gave a party last month in her parents' great big house has nothing to do with **YOUR** party. More dull parties have taken place in houses that were full of brocades and butlers and banalities. And more fun has been had at parties in cottages, where cosiness and comfort and kindness were the priceless furnishings.



Can't you just see the fellas going ga-ga over darling Wanda Hendrix. She's sweet and young and has just received a picture contract at Warner Brothers.

The number of people you invite is important. If it is going to be a small party, have it small enough so that everyone may join in a general conversation; or if you want a larger party, have enough people so that they will break up into congenial groups.

When your guests depart, thank them for coming, but don't have a set phrase for everybody. I recall one party where the hostess, a pretty girl in her teens, sounded just like a parrot as she speeded the parting guests. To each of them she chanted: "So **GOOD** of you to have come, my dear!" By the time she'd said it several times it didn't mean a thing, and everybody got so used to hearing that same old sweet song in exactly the same cadence, that the words didn't matter. If she'd said, "Your **SLIP'S** showing, my dear," nobody would have noticed the change, although any change would have been welcome.

Thank Janie for her piano playing; compliment Joe on the wonderful manner in which he told that joke; tell Mary it was nice of her to have come even tho' she had a headache—(it may be you're pretty tired of hearing about Mary's headache, but chances are, she'll be so pleased that you remembered it, she'll feel better for the attention); and to Shy-Jack, who helped you serve the refreshments (at your request—he'd probably never have thought of offering), say that you don't know how you'd give a party without his help, etc.

And just one more thing: Remember that a number of people in a house are apt to leave it rather untidy, and that Mother does have her Red Cross work early in the morning, and that a dining room with crumpled paper napkins all over isn't the nicest place in which to have breakfast. Give the place a twirl with a quick pick-up job, and go to bed happy that it's been a good party, and a gay and friendly evening—and that you've been the kind of a hostess your friends will refer to as "super."

Jam Session

Pat gives us the lowdown on the latest in records—both sweet and swingy. . . . Lots of stuff here on your favorite music makers . . .

By PAT PARKS

IDOL notes and chatter: If you are like we are, you had no sooner stopped humming "Shoo Shoo, Baby" and gotten your mind back to normal before you became haunted by the new "I'm Gonna See My Baby." It isn't often that we are so completely heckled by popular songs as we have been by that pair. Servicemen overseas have been under the same ghostly influence, we find. Marching into Rome they sang "Shoo Shoo, Baby." The same was true in France where the GI's trucked into Paris singing about the "Baby." One of our musician friends even reported that he heard a little French girl singing in her native tongue and when he leaned closer to hear her song, it was "Shoo Shoo, Baby" in French!

We thought that if songs could be that infectious there must be something equally contagious about the guy who writes them. As a consequence, in the interest of Miss AMERICA readers we went to the



The King of the Crooners (and don't you Sinatra fans start throwing stones at us), Mr. Bing Crosby, and the Andrews Sisters plattered "Don't Fence Me In" Take our hint and hear it.



Hal McIntyre, at left, makes "Don't Fence Me In" sound marvelous. Everybody's singing this singable, danceable hit about the wide open spaces. Hal and his band do things to it that make your feet itch.

home of Phil Moore on 65th Street in New York to see what he is like. We can hereby report that he is contagious.

Phil is a husky, handsome lad not far out of his twenties, married to lovely Jeni LeGon, Broadway actress who gave up the stage to become Mrs. Phil Moore and watch the songs roll by. He is a personable chap, extremely well educated, very talented and equally likeable.

"You know, they affect me that way too," (Continued on page 54)

JAM SESSION

From Page 53

Phil puzzled when we told him how his songs haunted our peaceful moments.

"They haunt me, too, and that's why I write them," Phil confided. "If I didn't write them down, they'd be pent up inside of me and I'd go crazy singing the tune. When I write a song down on paper, I can forget it. That's how 'Shoo Shoo, Baby' became a hit. I wrote it down to forget it one day after Lena Horne and I were humming that little phrase. It became a hit. I don't know why!"

Before we left, Phil sat down and played us another one he has written "to get it out of my mind." Phil plays a fine piano . . . has his own recording band and small radio-nightery combination. The only trouble was that when he played his new song, "My Poor Old Heart", we were trapped again. The melody which has raced through our mind ever since he played it is that of "My Poor Old Heart". It's a vicious circle and we can't get out!

Bandstand sweepings: Perry Como is doing a grand job as star of that new five-times-a-week NBC program.

Duke Ellington has been recording excerpts from his jazz concert work, "Black, Brown and Beige". The hour-long jazz symphony was originally offered two years ago at Carnegie Hall. Too long to be played before the average audience, the work has become one of the rarer gems in American jazz. The disc set will be awesome!

Spike Jones has done it again! If you don't fall on your face when you hear his version of "Cocktails for Two", you just aren't human. It isn't without cause that Jones bills himself as "Spike Jones and his Makes-You-Want-To-Blow-Your-Brains-Out-Orchestra"!

Decca records has just purchased a Hollywood 'pressing' factory and may move its main offices to a newly purchased building in Chicago.

Louis "Robin Hood" Prima breaking theater records every-

where he plays. He is reported as the hottest theater attraction in the East since his hit discs "Angelina", "Robin Hood" and "White Cliffs of Dover" on Hit records. To top it off he's a grand guy with a great personality. The band is good, too.

Eighth Notes: Add song titles by Duke Ellington. They're authentic, too: "Air Conditioned Jungle" and "Mood to be Wooed"! Typical of the Duke . . . More picturesque "musician lingo." Al Noble, singer with Hal McIntyre's band, calls a pumpkin field a "Hallowe'en Factory" . . . Crooner Jerry Wayne dickering for a forthcoming Broadway musical comedy . . . Dick Todd is now doing his boo-boo-booming overseas . . . And they say that Frank Sinatra will do a swoon session in blues tempo with Count Basie for Columbia discs. Basie is the piano wizard who rode to fame on his famous "One O'Clock Jump".

Dis(c) 'n Dat(a): "You've Got to Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive" is the statement made by Johnny Mercer in his latest novelty song hit. The tune is a honey and you have your choice of two stellar records of the song. Johnny, himself, disced for Capitol and did a fine



Say, isn't he nice! And young, too! His name is Stephen Richards and he's got a nice part in Warners' "Objective Burma", starring that Flynn guy, Errol.

job while Artie Shaw turned loose his new band on a version for Victor which has them swinging down the aisles. Imogene Lynn sings a torrid vocal and trumpeter Roy Eldridge blows the bell out of his horn! Shaw's clarinet also takes up the riff to "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive".

"Don't Fence Me In" is a cor-ker of a Western ballad and, for our money, Hal McIntyre on Bluebird has the best record on it. Ruth Gaylor and Al Noble turn in a grand vocal while the McIntyre band is unbelievably fine . . . Sammy Kaye also has the tune on Victor and does a good job with Billy Williams singing. Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters do it on Decca, as we told you last month, and Kate Smith whirls the lariat on Columbia. Incidentally, don't miss the jive instrumental "Peter Piper" on the McIntyre flip-over.

Harry James turns a swell ballad trick on "The Love I Long For" and "I'm Beginning to See the Light", the song which he wrote with Don George, Duke Ellington, and Johnny Hodges. The James band is great on this material. Ellington has also recorded "I'm Beginning to See the Light" and, if you take those weird harmonies dished out by the Duke, you may prefer his version. It's Victor.

Billy Butterfield, another trumpeter with a lot of heart to his work, leads his recording band through "There Goes That Song Again" and "Moonlight in Vermont" for Capitol. Butterfield's band is only a disc crew which is a sad condition. This band could be one of the finest in the country. Margaret Whiting sings, and well!

Grace Note: It's been great hearing from you and getting your comments on the new column. We're a little proud, too, because most of you seem to like it. If you do or if you don't, if you can suggest changes or if you can't, though, we're sure curious as to what you think of the column. After all, it's yours!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

From page 43

the editor-in-chief of the *Midville Meridian* choose her as his first subject in the column, "Character Chart." She had begun to feel that he was her personal property. Now there was this smug refugee to contend with.

Lisa had said very little as they walked down Port Avenue. Jane began to feel better about the whole thing.

"Do you plan to live in Midville permanently?"

"Uh . . . yes . . . I . . . that is my aunt and I we take rooms for now." She had great difficulty in expressing herself. "I . . . how you say, hope for permanently." Lisa stumbled through the sentence clumsily. She looked helplessly at Jeff and made eloquent gestures with her hands.

"Don't worry about how you talk. It will come easy. Give yourself a chance, Lisa. We'll help you. Won't we, Jane?"

"Yes, we will," Jane emphasized the "we" as she took Jeff's arm possessively. There are certain things girls understand even if they don't speak the same language and Jane wanted to be sure Lisa understood.

They walked along in silence for a while. Jane looked at Lisa appraisingly. She wasn't bad looking, she had to admit. Her figure would be all right in the proper clothes; her skin was fresh and clean looking; she had nice eyes, hazel color, and that long blonde hair was lovely even if she didn't know how to wear it. "Pure Aryan type, I guess," Jane viewed Lisa's "stock" in silence. Her thoughts were jolted by a flow of guttural sounds from Jeff. Lisa was looking at him in delight, her face beaming.

"Say, what's going on?" asked Jane. Jeff looked at Lisa, his eyes shining. "It took courage, but I did it," replied Jeff, proudly.

"What are you talking about?" Jane showed her annoyance.

"German . . . had almost three years of it . . . was afraid to spring it on Lisa for fear she'd laugh at my poor attempts . . . but I guess old Prof. Feiner knows his stuff, and she understands me." Again

Jeff's attention was all for Lisa. When they reached the corner Jane felt like the foreigner. She'd had enough of it.

"If you are going to continue that horrible jabbering I'm leaving!" Jeff turned and looked at her. For a moment his eyes expressed disbelief, and then they hardened, "Okay, Jane, if that's how you want it."

Jane walked ahead, her face burning. Her ears strained for the footsteps that she thought would follow. She listened for an apologetic "Aw, hon, come back, I didn't mean it," but there was no such call. She turned. They were walking up the narrow path to a rickety house. Jeff was holding Lisa's arm.

Well, she'd fix Miss Lisa Masay; probably a Nazi, too . . . That's it . . . a Nazi!!!

Jane hurried home, her anger mounting. In her mind plans for this new rival were already formulated.

A week later, over cokes at "Patsy's," Sue listened to Jane, her mouth agape "Oh, no, Jane—you can't make an accusation like that, not unless you can back it up."

"Well, I can" said Jane assuredly, "She's a menace to our community."

"Look, Jane, aren't you letting this trouble with Jeff get the best of you?"

"Jeff!" Jane banged her hand on the table angrily, "Jeff . . . why, what has he got to do with it!"

"You can't fool me, Jane; I know how you feel about Jeff. Ever since that day Lisa came into our class, you resented her."

"She's welcome to him—if he still wants her when I'm through." Her eyes held the hate she harbored. "When I get through with that greenhorn, maybe things will be all right with us again."

"What are you going to do?" Sue asked "So far, you've built up a serious case against Lisa. You've said she's been cold and aloof and has acted queerly."

"You agree with that?"

(Continued on page 58)

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BE YOURSELF!

From page 37

with the cats, spend your allowance on jam-session records, long sweaters and short skirts. You know all the answers, plus a smattering of groovy double-talk. But you still can't figure out why he took that awful greasy grind, that two left-legged creature, to the town forum, while you waited for his call.

Don't you know it's smart to be just you? Sure 'nuff! Let's have no more of those presto-chango acts for his benefit. Why not concentrate on just an improved edition of "you"? You're plenty cute just as mama and papa made you. With one or two minor alterations you'd be super. And furthermore, my pretty, if you've been playing a part just for him, you're wasting valuable time. Men have the strangest habit of falling for just what they've sworn they wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

He loves lobster, but chances are that you're the meat and potatoes he'll order. Okay then? Be yourself!

She's lovely to look at, delightful to hear
and such a treat to meet. . . . We're
bragging about Miss Ann Blyth . . .

THIS business of being a movie star is nice business—if you can get it! Pretty Miss Ann “Wide-Eyes” Blyth is making a nice job of it at Universal Studios. A nice job indeed!

Ann was lunching in the Universal studio cafe. A not amazing fact singularly, since when she is not making pictures on the lot, she is attending school on the lot, and subsequently has her luncheon every day in such an enviable and glamorous setting as the stars' room of the studio commissary. But amazing, that in that star-studded room “who” was rating the most attention? Miss Ann Blyth!

Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton sat undisturbed at a corner table. Susanna Foster and Turhan Bey nibbled on chicken and dumplings, at another. And Andy Devine lunched daintily, in keeping with his waist-line, at still another. And there was Ella Raines, Alan Curtis, Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan—and a host of Ye-Celebs! But little sixteen-year-old Miss Ann, sitting quietly in her corner eating bread and (Continued on page 61)

Ann looks like a dream girl in her latest picture and wears gorgeous clothes. The young thespian won wide acclaim in the Broadway production of “Watch on the Rhine”.



SWEET SIXTEEN
Cinderella...



Left, Ann celebrated her 16th birthday with this nice-looking Marine in New York. Ann, above, at another birthday, a make believe one in Universal's “Bowery to Broadway,” with Frank McHugh and Mantan Moreland.

"Yes, but I haven't thought her actions dangerous. I think it's only because she's strange and new in Midville."

"Okay, if you're not convinced yet," Jane's voice hailed off as she fumbled with her bag. Sue looked in wonder as Jane mysteriously produced a paper. She handed it to Sue in meaningful silence. Sue looked down at the neat scrawl, examined the sheet carefully, and raised puzzled eyes to meet Jane's whose were full of smug contempt.

"German," she said triumphantly. Sue waited for further explanation while Jane paused, as if expecting her verbal bombshell to excite reaction. Realizing she had not created the desired effect, Jane repeated shrilly, "German! That's all in German!"

"I'm sorry, I don't get it," said Sue, helplessly.

"I found that paper in Lisa's locker."

"Oh, Jane, you didn't go to her locker." Sue was aghast.

"I didn't go to it purposely, if that's what you mean. Her locker is next to mine. The other day I accidentally opened it and that paper fell to the floor. When I saw what it contained I decided to see that it was handed to the proper authorities."

"What makes you so sure it's subversive?"

"So far as I'm concerned her secretive attitude has been enough to convince me that she's up to something; but if you want further evidence I happen to know that she receives mail from Argentina. And Betty's sister, who works at the telegraph office, told me she sent a cablegram there, just the other day!"

"Oh, Jane, she might be sending information. . . ." Sue was plainly distressed. "And Midville is an important defense area! Why, if she were a —" Sue halted before she could bring herself to say it, "a spy. . . ."

"Hi, there," it was Jeff who interrupted. Jane hurriedly put the paper in her bag, and made a gesture of secrecy to Sue.

"Well, if it isn't my two favorite Midville terrors. You look as

though you've been cooking something up. Come now, out with it." Jane looked at Jeff coldly, but her heart beat wildly, "Long time no see," she said.

"Yeah, I guess it is," he answered lightly.

"Where's your shadow?"

"Huh?" Jeff stared at Jane quizzically.

"She means Lisa," said Sue, coming to her friend's rescue.

"Oh, she'll be along soon. You know, I've been wanting to talk to you about her. I don't think you acted very hospitable. How would you like to be in a strange country, far away from your friends and family?"

"Not everyone is as big-hearted as you, Mr. Lane. And in the future maybe you won't be so magnanimous."

Jeff looked puzzled. "You women. Always talking in riddles."

"Jane is trying to warn you . . . for your own good," Sue offered.

"Come on, give out," said Jeff, "Let's have it."

Jane felt like a heroine out of a story book as she dramatically told Jeff about Lisa. His reaction was strange to Jane. Indignant, outraged at the accusation, he demanded to see the paper.

"You might be wrong, you know," Jeff pleaded, "Why don't you take it to Professor Feiner, he'll be able to advise you."

As they left "Patsy's," Lisa came toward them; she was obviously disturbed. "I am sorry I am late," she faltered. "I was looking for something—*Ach du lieber*, I am so careless. I am, how you say, absent-minded professor?" The word "professor" had

a startling effect. There was an uncomfortable silence, then Jane said, "Excuse me, I have something important to attend to."

The next day Jane dressed carefully for school. She entered the room importantly. There was an excited buzzing. The rumor had traveled fast. Lisa was standing at the desk of Professor Feiner.

"Miss Bently," he called, "Will you do me the honor of reading a translation I made of the paper you gave me. I am sure everyone will find it most enlightening."

A hush fell over the class as Jane stepped forward. Clearing her throat she began: "A letter to Argentina. 'Dear Kurt, I was thinking of our beloved homeland this morning. Oh, how fine it would be if we were all together again.' Jane looked at her tense audience with satisfaction, continued. "The Americans have an expression: No place like home. How right they are!"

The words flowed smoothly. "Oh, how right, Kurt, my brother, for you and I know what home can be—a safe, happy place. A haven of peace and refuge! And that is what America is'."

Jane's throat began to ache, her voice trembled, "Yes, Kurt, if you are soon lucky enough to join me in this most glorious land, where people are really free, where friendly faces greet one everywhere, you, too, will know what it means to come out of the darkness, ignorance and hate, into a country where the torch of liberty shines brightly for everyone. I shall always try to deserve a small place in this most wonderful land' . . ."

The room was very still. Jane looked up, her face scarlet.

"I . . . I don't know how to say this," she spoke with emotion . . . "But if Lisa Masay can ever forgive me . . . I would like the privilege of trying to deserve her friendship. Her letter has brought me 'out of the darkness' of intolerance and suspicion."

Lisa rose and held out her hand to Jane. When the bell rang Jeff was at Jane's side. "That took courage," he said simply. Jane was filled with a warm glow as she and Jeff and Lisa walked arm and arm from school.

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You will find many other wonderful features in MISS AMERICA, the nation's leading teen-age magazine.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 39

Of course, I was furious to think that Rusty had no more depth of feeling than to mistake my Lauren Bacall expression of love and devotion as a dizzy headache or sick-to-my-stomach look. But I cleverly refrained from letting him know. Happy thought! Perhaps it would be just as well if we did go out.

So we walked out and stood on the steps. But would you believe it, Betty Ann, instead of standing by me Rusty leaps down the steps. He stands talking to me, from the bottom step.

Plainly the boy just has no idea of romance. It's incredible too, when he's so good looking. And I admire him so much. So I said very sweetly, "Rusty, I am getting cold."

What did Rusty do? He said, "I'll get your coat, Vicky"—

Rusty brought my coat back and we walked around the campus. Of course we saw a couple quite oblivious to the world, pitching woo like mad!

"Isn't love wonderful, Rusty?"

"Looks pretty silly to me, making a public display of themselves," he remarked dryly.

"But Rusty," I argued. "They are so in love, they aren't even aware of anyone or anything else in the world but themselves and the moon and the stars."

"Still looks silly to me," Rusty said. "I think a fellow should have more consideration for a girl than to smooch publicly."

Imagine a boy being so old-fashioned, Betty Ann! Isn't he wonderful! Such true chivalry!

All of the way home from the dance I kept thinking and thinking. When he said goodnight at the door, and started running down the steps I called and said, "Rusty, Mother has apple pie in the ice-box. Won't you come in and have some?"

That bait brought him right back. We sat down in the kitchen. Such a setting was not conducive to romance naturally, but I was making plans.

Well, Betty Ann, don't think me a vampire. But there are times when a girl simply has to take the situation in hand. As

we walked through the hall to the front door, I noticed the moonlight streaming through the front room windows. The lights were out. It was half dark and half moonlight. I said to Rusty: "Look at that beautiful moon!" Taking his hand I walked him right into the front room and we stood there by the front window in the half light and the half shadow, and my heart began going thumpty-thump. Any minute now, Rusty was going to take me in his arms and kiss me. I even reached for my hanky and wiped off my lipstick, because I know boys are so annoyed when they get lipstick smears.

Betty Ann, even I can't believe this, but Rusty never moved to kiss me. We just stood there in perfect silence and finally he yawned and said, "Well, Vicky, I must go. Got to get up early for track in the morning."

"Goodnight, Mr. Bramwell," I said in disgust and slammed the door good and hard.

The next evening about supper time Rusty called and said, "Gosh, Vicky, you seemed so strange last night. Did you have a headache, or something?"

Now isn't that just like a boy? Really, Betty Ann, I am squandering 50 cents of my allowance to send for a pamphlet on "How To Get A Man". I intend to follow it to the letter. If it doesn't work, I guess I'd better resign myself to the fact that I am a beautiful girl who is just a "sad sack," "a rusty hen" and "strictly for the birds."

But when I look in my mirror and turn on my Lauren Bacall smile and flash my eyes and look up in that adoring way, I can't understand how Rusty can fail to understand me.

Maybe I'll carry a broken heart and become a great dramatic actress—the very greatest. All because a boy at Hollywood High was too juvenile to understand the wonderful emotions of a girl like me.

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TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS...

From page 27

on May 7, 1833 and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897. In these days of 12-inch records he is best known for his four symphonies: Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Symphony No. 2 in D major, Symphony No. 3 in F major and Symphony No. 4 in E minor. You should learn to know these symphonies, for to know them is to love them and to love them is to be well-developed musically. Of course, Brahms also wrote a great many choral and chamber works, piano pieces and songs, all of which are still enriching the world of music. You will be glad to know that he was one of the masters who achieved fame in his lifetime, and also success.

ART

That portrait of George Wash-

ington that you knew so well even before you grew up to be a teen-ager is a reproduction of the "Athenaeum Portrait of Washington" which was painted by Gilbert Stuart, one of America's great artists. Washington sat personally for Stuart and considered him the finest portrait painter of the period. The original is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It got its name as a result of the fact that Stuart's widow sold it to the Washington Association which, in 1831, presented it to the Boston Athenaeum. Stuart should be of particular interest to you because his talent for painting was discovered in his early teens, but you should pay no attention to the fact that his deportment in school was not the very best. He

was born in 1755 and lived until 1828.

EXAM

(Editor's Note: Scoring same as last month.)

1. How many symphonies did Brahms write?
2. What are the two largest of the Philippine Islands?
3. What was the name of the painter of the "Athenaeum Portrait of Washington"?
4. What should be the major purpose of a good vocabulary?
5. How big was the American Army during the Revolution?
6. What is the total land area of the Philippines?
7. What forces other than the army saw action in the American Revolution?
8. How old was Brahms when he died?
9. How did the Washington portrait get its title?
10. Give five sentences in which long words are unnecessarily used and then simplify them.

“Sorry, all sold out!”

THAT'S what six newsdealers told Margarit Barton of Jackson Heights, N. Y., only two days after **MISS AMERICA** appeared on the stands. "Gosh," Margarit wrote us, "how can I, and my girl friends, be sure to get our copies of **MISS AMERICA** when they disappear so fast?"

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SWEET SIXTEEN CINDERELLA

From page
57

honey, was the "queen" of the day.

Electricians, cameramen, directors, producers, stars—everyone walked over to pay their respects to Ann. Why all of this furor, Ann?

"It is just that I have been away—to New York. A trip back home and this is the first day I have been back," she laughed. "Everyone is so wonderful to me out here. Gloria Jean is the sweetest girl. And Susanna Foster is the nicest—and—"

But no—Ann. This is an interview about Ann Blyth—Universal's newest star. The captivating, little cutie of "Babes on Swingstreet," and "Bowery to Broadway."

"I always wanted to be an actress—ever since I can remember," Ann began. She laughed—low, soft laughter, denoting the charm of her poise, that quality of refinement inherent in her behavior—the flavor of her unusual Irish beauty.

"So many girls want to become actresses," she said. "I was lucky, I guess, for when I was five I started on the radio. We lived in New York, where I was born, and it was easier for my mother to help me. I attended the Professional Children's School and I studied dancing, drama, and radio technique at Ned Wayburn's.

"Radio was perfectly enchanting. It was fun—more like play.

"For three years, I sang with the San Carlos Opera Company—and then came my wonderful opportunity. I still think of it as the most wonderful part of my entire life. I was given the role of *Babette* in 'Watch On the Rhine.'"

Ann appeared in the play during its eleven months on Broadway, and then, followed nine months on tour. During the Los Angeles engagement, a Universal talent scout signed Ann for pictures.

"It was all like a dream," Ann smiled. "I was like Cinderella really. After the opening night

on Broadway, a party was given for me at the Hotel Astor. There on the roof, there was music, and dinner, and flowers and the orchestra played my favorite numbers.

"Then in Washington, D. C., we played a command performance for President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the National Theater. We had supper at the White House and I met so many great important people in government affairs. During the tour, I saw many important cities and places in the United States. It was better than reading about them from books in school."

Now a high school senior at Universal's school, Ann remarked, "School this year is rather quiet on the lot. There are only three of us. Patsy O'Connor, Jean Davis and myself. Last year there were eleven. Gloria Jean graduated—and some of the others are going to public school."

Ann was especially pert in a little gray, two-piece woolen suit with a white blouse. "The blouse is my sister's," she laughed. "We like to trade blouses." Sister is 21, but Ann says she is "tiny, so our clothes fit."

The Blyths live in an apartment house directly across the street from the Hollywood Bowl.

From Ann's bedroom window, she can listen to the bowl concerts "free."

"Sometimes we buy tickets, and attend them. It is quite exciting," she admitted. Some day, maybe Ann herself might be singing at the bowl. . . .

Ann smiled at the suggestion. She is an accomplished pianist, as well as singer. And she loves roller skating, ice skating, bowling, badminton, skiing, bicycling and tennis.

The street car is her mode of travel. Each morning she takes the early car out to Universal Studios. Someday she hopes to have a little automobile all of her own. And perhaps a nice boy friend to take her to the movies!

"Last Saturday night, we all took the trolley and went down to the beach. We went on everything. Mother went right along. She is just like having another sister. We had hot dogs, and pop corn, and big, red candy apples and frozen custard. It was a lot of fun."

Of course, a very special, nice boy friend would not be amiss in Ann's life—she admits. But going to school at the studio with two other girls, and not having the opportunity of meeting loads of kids who might be potential dates at school, rather handicaps a girl. Even a lovely Irish beauty like Ann Blyth.



She says she has to be in the mood to bake a Devil's Food Cake!

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From Page 18

MISS AMERICA before plunging into the meat of her neat letter. Let Mary tell it:

"Most girls know what it is to sleep on bulky, hard curlers or bobby-pins. Uncomfortable, is the word. Buy a few packages of pipe cleaners at your drugstore or '5 & 10.' See how much softer and easier and more comfortable it is. And pipe cleaners are so inexpensive, too. Why, you can get a package of 20 for only 5 cents."

From Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, comes a letter of good-cheer for party-givers. Without mincing words, our lovely lassie plunges into her subject:

"I have a wonderful recipe for a sandwich spread. Here it is:

"One ring of baloney; five hard-boiled eggs; three or more sweet pickles; Miracle Whip dressing . . .

"Grind and mix these ingredi-

ents together and you have a delicious spread that takes care of two or three loaves of bread. If the mixture is a little dry, add more dressing, or some of the pickle juice. We teen-agers always like it at our parties."

Rena Schmidt of Philadelphia, Pa., writes briefly and to the point.

"If the sleeves of your pet sweater are worn to the thread, cut off the sleeves neatly and you will have a smart, new weskit." Not bad, Rena.

Mary Eilers of Brunswick, Ohio, comes up with a corking idea:

"If you have a dress you've given up for lost, because it has a bad tear in it, your troubles are over. Get yourself a piece of material out of the family scrap-bag and cut yourself a design in the shape of a heart, an apple, a pear, etc. Place it over the tear and you will

have a fancy little pocket that will make your dress look new."

Rachel Osborne of Boring, Oregon, addresses her letter to "MISS AMERICA Fans." That's nice, Rachel, and so is your letter:

"I am one of countless teen-agers who loves MISS AMERICA just as you do. I've gotten oodles of tips from the issues so far and I, too, would like to contribute to this wonderful magazine. I hope my tip proves helpful.

"Our wool skirts cost enough to last quite a long time, therefore we should find ways of preserving them. Next time you pull on that cute wool pleated number turn the placket to the opposite side from which you usually wear it. Have you noticed a skirt begins to look shiny and unattractive in the back when you continually wear the placket on the same side? Remedy that with my suggestion."

Join Miss America Speaks. Address your letters to MISS AMERICA, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A DESIGNER

From Page 13

set the styles. You see, "creating" is not the job of the 8,000 designers and draftswomen which we mentioned as "the field". These designers *re-design* the original custom-made models for mass production. They vary the detail, change pleats or tucks and arrange for the model to be produced in less expensive material.

Naturally, there is always room at the top. For instance, I think there is an excellent chance for the young designers of America to make names for themselves right here, designing (and eventually perhaps creat-

ing) sports fashions. We American women are much more sports-minded than the women in other countries and I think that California, if it hasn't already, will eventually become the Paris for Sportswear Designers.

As I pointed out before, however, you do not learn to design merely by sketching. To do this, you must first acquire an unerring sense of good taste. Study books, not only today's fashion magazines, but yesteryear's fashion books. Know "period" clothes, study their lines, and know why those styles were

the vogue. Start "good taste" games for yourself and your friends. To do this, copy a creation from a fashion book on one piece of paper and on another piece of paper show the same garment with a different skirt, or bodice. Then, ask your friends which model they consider in "good taste". Keep on trying more changes and adjustments until you consider your re-designed model in "good taste" and your friends agree with you.

Very well, you can sketch and you know the fundamentals of good taste. What next? I suggest sewing lessons. Study the various sewing techniques. Learn how to use a pattern. How to fit clothes to different figures. How to make a buttonhole, a pleat, etc. Learn to knit well. This can all be great fun, productive fun! Maybe you can even interest a few of your friends in a "Designers' Club". Then you can buy a bolt of unbleached muslin and practice on each other. Of course, you'll have to get patterns and learn to follow the directions exactly. With practice, you'll eventually get to know your models so well that you will be able to sketch a design, drape material on your model and cut without a pattern! You should become so good, in time, that you'll be able to flatter your model's figure even in unbleached muslin!

You'll have to learn, too, how



He's in on furlough from the Pacific Islands so I want him to feel at home!

to make a pattern. What I mean is to take a piece of muslin, cut out the parts for a pattern and attach detailed instructions on each section. And what will you make a pattern of? Why your re-designed version of one of my playsuits, of course!

Where are we now? You can sketch (not originate, but re-design). You have unerring good taste. You follow a pattern with amazing exactitude. You sew and knit extremely well. You can re-design a garment and make a pattern of your design for others to follow. Of

course, you haven't done all this on a week-end. It has taken time. But now at least you know where you're going. Your next problem is to discover how, specifically, to get there.

You might go to a school of design or you might continue practicing all that I have outlined here and at the same time get some practical experience in the business world that will help you immensely. A good idea is to get a job as a saleslady in a dress shop. Study the cuts of the various dresses. As you help your customer, ask her

'why' she dislikes one model and 'why' she likes another. A collection of these comments will be invaluable to you as you work your way into this designing world.

Very well. You've followed all the instructions and you're ready to try your wings. Fine. But one question before you take off. Have you the ambition, the creative ability, the mind and capacity for hard work, all of which are ingredients of the successful designer? You have? Then good luck to you!

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

From page 7

emphatically, "are sacrificing just as much in their way as the boys who went across to fight. You don't think any girl wants to give up that diploma, do you? When the men get back, they will be greeted with joy. The girls will return to campus, gladly. But I think if they have worked, they will get more out of their educations—appreciate school more. Once they have seen how hard it is to earn money, they will spend it more carefully, be more appreciative of that allowance Dad hands out. In fact, many educators have always advocated a year of work before college. As to whether or not to go to college, it depends on the individual.

"It depends on the type of career you intend to follow. I was graduated from high school, but I didn't want to go on to college because I felt—in my case—it was better to get started in the line I was going to follow, supplementing my education myself, at home. If you are going to follow a profession—such as teaching, home economics, business, law or medicine—then a college education is almost mandatory. But if you want to get started in some other line of work, you can earn and learn at the same time. I'm all for specialized training. If you are going to be a secretary, go to a good secretarial school; a dancer, a good dancing academy; an actress, then study with a little theater group. Education

is everywhere, not necessarily just in universities."

Sweet and serious Ann Withersbee, 17, president of the Student Association at Marlborough, exclusive Los Angeles' finishing school, says: "There is no blanket rule that applies to everyone. Some girls have to work and can't continue with their educations, no matter how much they may want to. And once they have become used to their own money, it won't be an easy adjustment to go back to an allowance. But I think they'll

realize the value of money, once they have earned it, and the value of people as individuals, once they have come in contact with different types. However, I still most firmly believe we school girls should not only finish high school, but go on to college if possible. We should leave jobs open for the boys who went overseas. Many of them have families to support.

"If we don't, the unemployment problem is going to be a tragic thing. You see, we are apparently getting along without the 11,000,000 men and women who are in the services.



The winnah! And congratulations, Marilyn Gingold, for winning first prize in the singing contest sponsored by the N. Y. City Police Athletic League for talented youngsters. Marilyn is 16 and lives in Brooklyn, N.Y.

I say 'apparently' because on every side we hear about the labor shortage. However, in the biggest boom in our history, the jobs created by this boom have been filled. We are still getting served at restaurants, waited on in department stores, and so on. Some of the workers may be green and unskilled, but in many cases experience will take care of this. So, if everything is operating with reasonable efficiency now, what will happen when our heroes return if the girls DON'T give up their jobs? There are millions of men who will be absorbed, of course, men who are highly skilled and irreplaceable. But what of those millions who held jobs girls took over with the same degree of efficiency? We simply **MUST** open every path for the men who have given up so much.

"Teen-aged girls can certainly take the lead in this program. They have a place to go—*back to school*. But those women of 30 and 35, will they give up their jobs? Perhaps, if they have husbands. But if they are single, they must also support themselves. Where will **THEY** go? This older group makes it even more mandatory that the young girls of America stay in school. The time needn't be wasted. They can prepare themselves for future jobs after America has had time to get adjusted.

"I think you should go to college, if you can. As for how long you should stay in college, that depends on what you want to accomplish. If you're going into a profession, four years, of course. If you're going into the social world, you should go to college at least two years. I feel that even a little of college gives a person a broader view on life. You touch subjects you might not go into if you weren't in school: languages, art, music, history, and so on. If you aren't mature enough to realize what you eventually want to do, the more things you familiarize yourself with, the more apt you are to discover the thing that will interest you the most. College is a good sounding board."

At the equally exclusive West-

lake School for Girls, young Shirley Temple, 16, spoke quietly on how movies could help in this vital post-war problem. "The school girl should be glorified," says Shirley. "Movies should make staying-in-school the smart thing to do. The girls of my generation love their movies, and—if they follow fashions in hairdos and clothes—they will also follow fashions in conduct. There is no doubt that movies influence the thought patterns of the world. We follow examples set us—the policeman is always right in movies; so we feel that the side of the law is right. Well, it's also right that the boys who come back have jobs waiting for them. Pictures can be made presenting this problem and its solution. Sixteen-year-olds: back to school, even giving up that after-school job; your motto: jobs for the boys **FIRST**. Wives: stay at home, raise families and make a home for your husband who has been away. Single girls who must work: prepare for stiff competition, become adapted to the idea you must be well-qualified to hold a responsible job.

"I think the teen-aged girls will cooperate. After all, we aren't apart from this war. We have seen our boy friends leave. Some have come back, and some have not. To those who return we have an obligation—to help them find themselves once more.



Bright-eyed Dickie Tyler (and isn't he cute?), the whiz Quiz Kid, makes his movie debut in the side-splitting comedy, "It's In the Bag", starring Fred Allen.

If they are *wanted*; if there is a place for them and a job for them, that adjustment will be easier. And that's where movies can help. Through example and dramatization, they can show specific ways *how*."

One other teen-ager, pert Jean Porter, 19, whose exciting, lively face decorated MGM's "Bathing Beauty", summed up this survey with these words: "After the war, teen-aged girls will be more important than ever before. They have met the emergency with flying colors; taking war jobs, taking care of the home, adapting themselves to the times with wonderful maturity. Many times they have had to give up school to do this, a great sacrifice for any young school girl. But this sacrifice will not have been in vain, either from the general or personal viewpoint. Working, sacrificing, giving has given them more breadth and understanding than they had before. In a way, they've been lucky. They'll go back to school now, not having *lost* anything. When they are finally prepared either to marry or work, they will be better equipped for life than women have ever been before. They'll go back to school, not quite the same as when they left; but they won't be poorer, they'll be richer—having gained something that only comes from meeting life with maturity, judgment and gallantry."

That's the verdict, Miss America. Five out of five say: **STAY IN SCHOOL**, or, **GO BACK TO SCHOOL**. Prepare yourself for post-war competition. Make way for the boys who will be coming home. But, remember, also, that blanket rules do not apply to everyone. If you've worked hard and long to learn a job, *and you would only return to it once you get out of school*, then keep that job. If you love it, if it's what you want to do, then buckle down and do such fine work that tough competition won't rob you of it.

Work or school? This is a deeply personal decision. When it comes right down to it, the only one who can make it is *you*.

BOY CRAZY

From Page 5

him since he left for camp.

"Guess we haven't been around together yet, have we?" said Jeff Pollard, breaking the silence which had frozen chillingly around her. "Would you like to try it with me?"

"Thanks," Diane said.

They skated off. Things were all right again. It was easier with Jeff than with any of the others to pretend it was Bob skimming along beside her. Jeff was so much like Bob.

Getting better acquainted with Jeff Pollard ought to be fun. He seemed nice, the kind of boy you could have a good time with, share crazy jokes, silly happenings, confide in, laugh with.

"You can skate, can't you?" she asked admiringly, as he guided her rhythmically around the pond.

"You're a match for me," he said. "As good as a boy."

"Going on to Liz's tonight with the crowd?" she asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

"I usually do," said Diane. "Friday nights we always have something to eat at one of our houses, cut a few rugs or play games, listen to records. I think you'll enjoy it."

"Sounds fun," he said.

"How do you like our town by now?"

Jeff had just moved here from another state. His father was the new inspector in the big aircraft factory here in Worthington.

"Fine," he said. "Of course, it's always hard at first, moving to a new place."

"I can imagine," said Diane.

"Then, too, our family's pretty well broken up. My sister's a Wac and my brother's overseas."

"So's my brother," said Diane. "I miss him a lot. Bob and I were close. Did everything together. I—I can't seem to get used to his being away. Things aren't the same at all."

It was good to get it out, to talk with somebody about Bob.

"I know," Jeff said.

"Bob's older, nearly two years. But that never made any real

difference."

"Of course it wouldn't," said Jeff, understandingly.

"Hello, there—Jeff darling!" Elaine Humphrey hailed them, skated out to meet them. "Mind if I cut in, Di? You can't have all the boys, you know—not with the present shortage. Besides—I have lots of terribly important things to discuss with Jeff."

What could Diane say, or Jeff, providing he'd wanted to? Probably he hadn't. Elaine was considered, by others as well as herself, the prettiest girl in Worthington. Luminous skin, a pale fluff of hair, she made Diane feel too sturdy, too much a tomboy. Diane faced facts. You couldn't grow up keeping pace with a lively big brother like Bob and remain soft, clinging and ladylike. Oh well . . . Jeff was just one boy among many.

Skating off, she hit a rough place in the newly frozen surface and fell.

Clumsy. Hadn't been on the lookout. Flushed, Diane picked herself up. Her knee was badly skinned. One ankle pained a little. Not much, but enough to make her want to sit down and take it easy. Fortunately, the warming house was near.

She flopped down on the



The title of Marc Cramer's RKO film, "Isle of the Dead", sounds scary, but not Marc who is going places in pictures. Plenty swoon-able too, we'd say.

bench in the alcove by the lockers. From the main room, girls' voices reached her, a mingled hub-bub at first, then words, sentences. . . .

"Even the boys are finally catching on," someone said. Sylvia Craig, it sounded like.

"I never saw anyone so boy crazy in my life! Why, she can't leave them alone a minute." That was Kathy Lenard, who was pretty wacky about males herself.

Diane grinned. A cat session. Somebody getting a clawing. Who? Maybe Elaine . . . maybe Liz. She bent to unlace her shoeskate.

"Did you see how Tom Ganter snaked out of it, by pretending he'd promised Liz? I don't think she caught on, though, even then. Somehow, she managed to hook Jeff Pollard."

"Poor Jeff." Sylvia's voice again. "If he even looks at her sidewise, she'll be all over him like flypaper. Someone ought to rescue him."

"Don't worry," said Eleanore Knapp, "somebody did. Didn't you see Elaine cut in a few minutes ago? Very neat."

Diane grew cold, then hot. Why, they were talking about her! Her fingers stiffened on her half-unlaced shoe. Pain. Real pain now. In her heart and in her mind. So that was what they were saying about her—that she was boy crazy. Boy crazy—Diane Paul! It didn't make sense. It wasn't true—it wasn't! Didn't they realize that it was just Bob, her brother, that she saw and liked in all the boys? She liked to be with them because they were like Bob. That was all.

"Di never used to be that way. She's changed just in the last few months."

Of course. Since Bob had gone. They didn't understand. Not even the ones who had brothers in the service.

"I suppose," said a girl's voice shrilly, "Diane will make a nuisance of herself at Liz's tonight, too. Trying to monopolize all the boys and playing for Jeff Pollard."

"What'll you bet she won't get Jeff? Too much competition. Don't forget Elaine's in there trying, prepared to sacrifice even Duke."

"Who wouldn't? Jeff's something new—a dream boy," sighed Kathy wistfully.

Quickly, Diane got her skates off, shoes and galoshes on, and stole out of the warming house into the darkening night. They were wrong, all of them. She wouldn't be making a silly nuisance of herself at Liz's tonight, because she wouldn't be there. She wouldn't be hanging around like—like flypaper, getting in people's hair. She'd show them. She'd never look at another boy again, ever, except Bob. Tears smarted under her lashes as she took the dark cross-lots path for home.

"That you, Diane dear?" called her mother from the kitchen, when Diane came in.

Diane dumped her skates in the front hall closet. "Yes, Mom." She kept her voice casual. "Got some homework to do. Any supper left?"

"Why yes, but I thought you were going on to Liz's after skating."

"Decided not to."

She stooped to hug Bob's wriggling red cocker spaniel, Scamper. His rough red tongue slapped at her salty cheeks. Someone else Bob had left behind, someone who understood about missing Bob, even if he couldn't talk about it.

Supper was tasteless, but Diane choked it down so her mother wouldn't guess, kept talking brightly, asking and answering questions.

Diane got up. "Well, guess I'll get at my Spanish. Test coming up next week. Unless—you want me to do the dishes?"

"Run along," said her mother understandingly.

Diane was grateful to run along.

What if she could tell Bob? What would he say?

"Go on out and skate it off. Go on out into a world that's bigger than you are, bigger than anybody, than any hurt—go on out into the out-of-doors. The universe is clean and high, far

and wide. Stick your foolish head in the stars, keep your feet on the turning earth and taste the singing wind." Not in those words, but that's what he'd mean. Get out into space. There's healing there.

She went back downstairs. Impossible to be quiet about it with Scamper hurtling excitedly behind.

"Changed your mind?" asked Mrs. Paul. "Decided to go, after all?"

"It's too nice a night to spend studying, I guess," said Diane.

"I hoped you'd decide that," said her mother quietly.

Skates clanking over her shoulder, Diane stepped outside with Scamper, and hurried over to the rink. It was deserted. Diane's friends were all at Liz's, of course, hungrily consuming oyster stew, listening to the latest records. She thought briefly of Jeff Pollard, wondered if he'd enjoy himself.

The ice was light under star-shimmer and moon-glow. Diane soon forgot the stiffness of her knee and ankle, in the free flying feeling of skimming around the rink. Gradually the ache inside her eased. Almost, she could believe Bob was beside her, gliding with her in that silent understanding they so often shared. Moving toward her across the rink...

Yes, here he came. She could see him. Those long firm skating strokes. High-held unruly head, wide shoulders. Memory. The wonderful magic of it. . . .

Or was it that? Diane caught in her breath. That form coming toward her looked so—real. It must be. It was!

"Hello, Diane?"

"Oh," she said, "you."

"You don't seem very glad to see me," said Jeff Pollard uncertainly.

"Why—yes," faltered Diane.

"Yes, I am. Of course."

"I—I hope you don't mind my coming. I looked for you at Liz's. You weren't there."

"Well—no."

"I missed you," he said awkwardly.

Diane laughed, a bit ironically. Apparently no one had tipped him off about the fly-

paper, yet.

"Don't tell me you came back just to look for me," she said.

"Why, yes," he said, embarrassed. "Got sort of worried. Aren't you—aren't you even hungry?"

Just like a boy. Thinking about food all the time. "Had supper at home," Diane explained. "Then came back here. You see—my brother and I never used to waste a night like this inside."

"Sure," Jeff said. "I know. Like my sister Marge and me." Jeff took her hands warmly. "Come on, let's do our rug-cutting tonight on the ice, shall we?"

"Why," said Diane uncertainly, "all right."

"If you'd just as soon," he said humbly. "Maybe you wanted to be alone?"

"No."

"You see," he blundered on, "I don't want you to think I'm being fresh, but when I'm with you it's like being with my sister again. The one I told you about, who joined the Wacs. She and I were—well, like your brother and you, I guess."

Slowly, they began to skate over the pond.

"You understand how it is, don't you?" asked Jeff Pollard.

"Yes," said Diane softly.

The understanding came to her gently, warmly, like the lighting up of a dark place. Jeff Pollard missed his sister just as she missed Bob. That made him able to understand when none of the others could. He didn't think she was boy crazy, never would. She could be at home with him, just like with Bob.

Suddenly Scamper, having made up his mind to approve of Jeff Pollard, darted between them with a sudden rush.

Sent off balance, they tangled, fell headlong.

"Good heavens!" said Jeff. "A hurricane!" He sat up, rubbing his knee, laughing as Scamper launched a furry body at him.

Diane sat up laughing, too—free, clear laughter. Whole laughter that she hoped might carry across the world to Bob, and to Jeff Pollard's sister, too. . .

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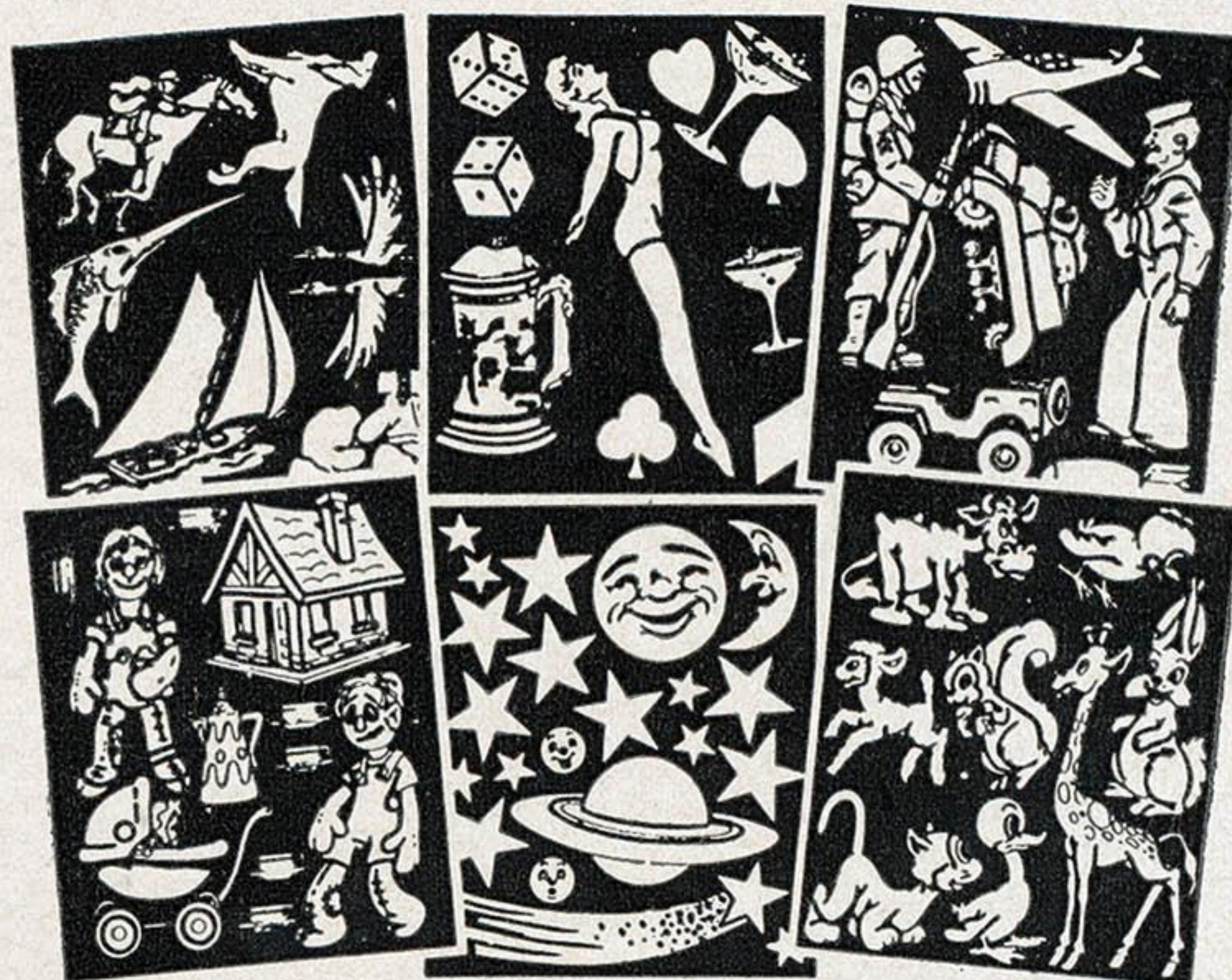
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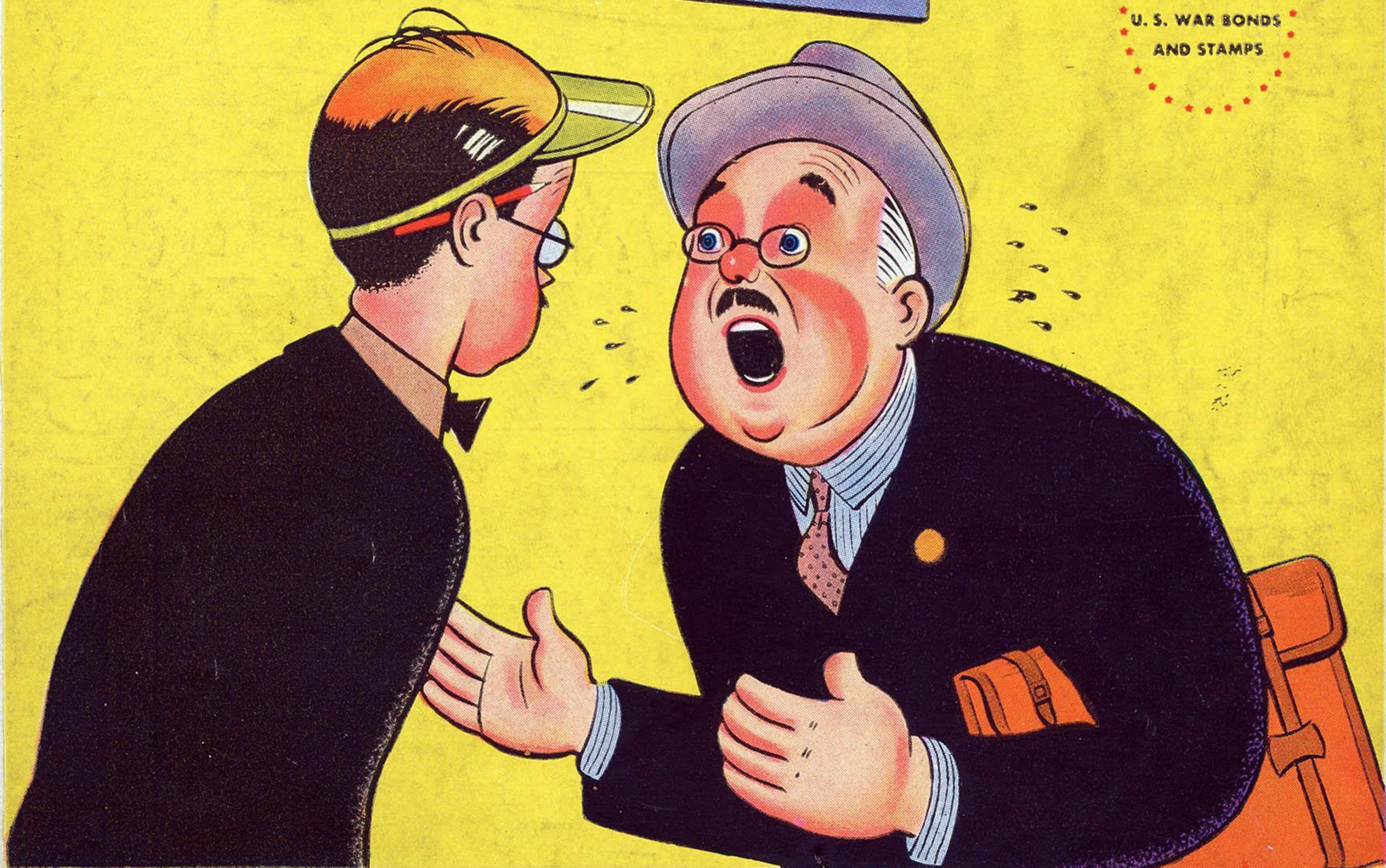
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